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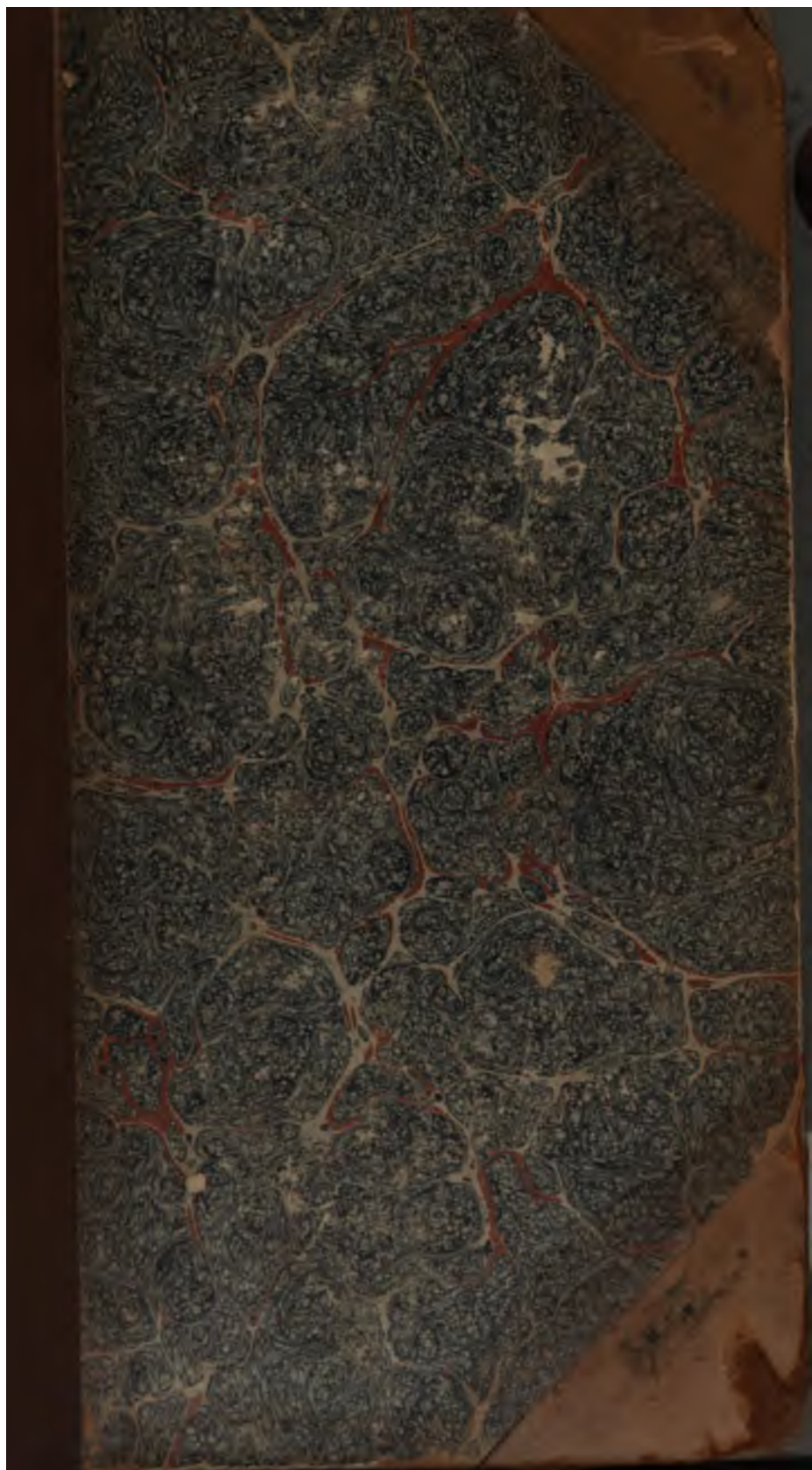
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APRIL, 1824.

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THE people who emigrated from Europe two or three centuries ago, and who have continued, generally speaking, in the spots first occupied by them, have undergone revolutions as various in their character and circumstances as the periods and countries from which they sprung.

The colonies planted by England in the western hemisphere, though the latest founded, were the first to separate from the parent state. There were peculiar circumstances in their establishment and growth which favoured the assumption of independence, and adapted them for the exercise of it. The first settlers left Europe at a period when a mental excitement of the most stirring kind was universally felt. Topics were then discussed which created an intensity of interest very far beyond what the cold and calculating desire for wealth alone has ever been found to inspire; and eager and anxious inquiries into the present condition of man, and the foundations on which to build his hopes of future felicity, agitated every bosom and called into exercise faculties of the highest order. Though with the vulgar this produced much fanaticism which naturally and perhaps necessarily degenerated into hypocrisy; yet it called forth the master spirits of the age, who assumed their due stations as the leaders of mankind, and retained an influence in human affairs which endured long after the enthusiastic excitement amidst which it was generated had ceased to operate.

The religious fanaticism of the New England settlers was restrained by the strong force of moral integrity, and sobered down by the necessity of severe labour, and by the practice of that temperance which the endurance of numberless privations imposed upon them. The English had carried with them their wives and families, and by those ties, in addition to their religious feelings,

were kept from the corrupting associations with the savage females which have so much tended to degrade the colonists from the more southern countries of Europe. In their mental speculations they confined themselves strictly within those boundaries which the laws and constitution of England had marked out for temporal affairs, and which the scriptures presented to them on sacred subjects as the limits beyond which it was forbidden to expatiate. The neighbouring colonies originally founded by the Swedes and the Dutch, and the later establishments of the Quakers, in Pennsylvania, with some slight shades of difference, partook of the character of the New England settlers. Those shades gradually softened on proceeding to the south, and terminated in the slave colonies. In them the prevalence of an aristocracy, distinguished by complexion, formed a body of haughty and wealthy proprietors, who, though liberal to those of their own race, and hospitable to visitors, were not without the faults which form the peculiar characteristics of an aristocracy wherever it exists. Those faults were more conspicuous, because the distinction of colour between the higher and the lower ranks acted as a standing impediment to the latter, and prevented them from blending with the former in that gradual and scarcely perceptible manner which daily takes place in the free countries of Europe.

The colonists were all established on the sea-coast or in the vicinity of the great rivers, by which a constant and easy intercourse with Europe, as well as with each other, was maintained. Whatever of science, of literature, or of a commercial, agricultural, or political nature transpired in Europe, was quickly conveyed to and more or less circulated through all the colonies. The administration of justice in their courts of law was guided by the decisions of the courts of Westminster; in which perpetually new combinations of interests were discussed, and the laws relating to them determined as they presented themselves. Though the local laws were made by themselves, yet they were expounded and put in force by men of better legal knowledge than their provincial institutions could educate. For all duties but that of the highest expounders of the law, the whole population was in a constant course of training. Men qualified for senators, representatives, sheriffs, justices, constables, jurymen, and other offices on the English system, were formed, as in the mother-country, by the hope or the expected duty of being called upon to execute such offices; the number of these was augmented as the want of them arose, till, in due time, a selection could be made of the most eminent who were fully adequate to discharge the highest duties in their new condition of independence.

With this kind of education the government was carried on with regularity

regularity and order, under a chief in each province nominated by the parent state, but whose functions were so simplified as to be discharged by any man of moderate talents, and perhaps better by a native than by a European. The assumption of independence made little or no other change necessary but that in the nomination of the chief executive officer in each colony. Every thing besides remained as before the change of dominion. The same laws, the same mode of administering them, the same classes of society, the same municipal rights, the same divisions of districts, and the same pretensions to public employments were preserved with a fondness that was truly paternal. This attachment to existing institutions was so strong that, amidst the fluctuations of opinion which a revolution generally has exhibited, and amidst the alternations of success and defeat which were experienced in the hostile operations, the same persons were maintained at the head of affairs; through the agitating period that passed between the recognition of independence by the parent state and the establishment of that federal form of government by which, for the last forty years, the North American provinces have been ruled.

This constancy in adherence to institutions and to their leaders, restrained or mitigated the evils of the long contest which terminated in independence. There was no internal war, no civil commotion, no proscription of classes of people. The citizens of America were not goaded by factious democrats, to speculate in new schemes of governments or new projects of constitutions; nor were they urged to suspend or depose their leaders to make way for the exercise of those imaginary rights which theorists have fancied to exist in a state of nature, to be only in abeyance in practical systems, and proper to be reclaimed at all times and at all hazards. The people demanded not the rights of man, of which they knew nothing; but they claimed the rights of Englishmen, with whose practical benefits they and their ancestors had been long and familiarly acquainted.

Never, perhaps, did any war of equal duration, but especially any that partook of the character of a civil war, cause less suspension of beneficial labour. The industry of the North Americans was chiefly directed to agriculture, and, in the next degree, to commerce and the fisheries. The presence of an army which paid with the precious metals for whatever the country supplied to them, created an increased demand for food; and the consequent advance in the prices more than repaid the cultivators, who were not in the identical spots on which the troops rested; and the profits thus gained by some classes of the people were far beyond the losses sustained from local depredations by others. The fisheries, indeed, were much curtailed, but the capital occu-

pied in that branch of industry, and the active seamen who conducted it, found employment in pursuits of a warlike nature, in the numerous privateers which were equipped in the different ports. The commerce of North America, before the war, had been exclusively confined to the British dominions; this was indeed destroyed; but the ports of France, Spain, and Holland were opened, and to them were consigned those products which in the regular course would have been sent to England, or her islands, to discharge the large debts owing from the American to the British merchants. America had no vast establishments of individuals, in which capital was embarked, like the mining concerns of Spanish America, or like the great manufactories in this kingdom, by the destruction of which the country could be extensively and for a long time injured.

Having thus cursorily traced the progress of the English plantations from their colonial to their independent condition, we may proceed to another part of the same continent. Spain formed her colonial establishments in America at that dark period which preceded, by more than a century, the date of the English plantations. The excitement which the incipient reformation of religion had created in the north of Europe was scarcely felt in Spain, or was suppressed by that horrible tribunal the Inquisition, or counteracted by that strange mixture of superstition and chivalry which produced the crusades, and which had been kept alive in the Peninsula by the reiterated and ultimately successful efforts to extirpate the Moorish power. Their religion, and the feelings which it excited, constituted a species of knight-errantry which led them to fight for the beauty of a mistress, the honour of St. Jago, or the immaculate conception of the Holy Virgin, with equal pertinacity and ferocity. Imbued with such feelings, to an intensity now scarcely conceivable, the expeditions to America were composed of soldiers, stimulated, in addition, by an ardent thirst for that gold in which the newly-discovered countries were represented to abound; they spread devastation wherever they marched, and inflicted on the simple and uncultivated natives, tortures and sufferings, differing little, except in duration, from those pains which the priests who accompanied them announced as awaiting the wretched victims in another world.

As the Spaniards brought with them from Europe few or no females, they speedily formed connections with the wives or daughters of those whom they had sacrificed. Hence has arisen a race proud of the imagined dignity of their male ancestors, and uniting with it much of the apathy and want of sensibility which distinguished the aborigines of America. Spain became early aware of the kind of population which was thus scattered over its
boundless

boundless dominions. It sent them troops of priests to continue among the emigrants, and to propagate among the natives that blind submission in spiritual matters, which she fancied would equally secure civil dependence. Few of the colonists were allowed to carry arms; hence, after the lapse of more than a century, the settlers were so little prepared for defence, that they became the easy prey of those bands of sanguinary and lawless ruffians, known by the name of *Buccaniers*, who looked only to plunder, and thought of no permanent establishments.

The same anxiety to retain subjection, which had induced the court of Spain to leave the colonies defenceless, was extended to every branch of policy. Not only were viceroys and other chief governors sent from Europe, but all the judges, supreme and subordinate—all the administrators of revenue and expenditure—the members of the municipal corporations—the officers of the police—the inquisitors, and their inferiors or familiars, were nominated by Spain. Thus whilst the natives were not likely to be called upon to exercise any public functions, they had no inducements, even if they had enjoyed the means of instruction, to qualify themselves for the discharge of the lowest public services in society. The laws were unknown to all but the Europeans who presided in the courts of judicature; and by the Americans were supposed to be strained or interpreted in such a way as to favour those natives of the Peninsula who were settled amongst them.

The only institutions they venerated were those of a superstitious nature. The only object to which they looked up with respect, was Spain and its monarch. The only subject of pride which they dwelt upon with complacency, was that they were Spaniards. They believed, for it had been artfully and sedulously impressed on their minds, that the King of Spain was the chief monarch of the universe, in whose dominions the sun never set; and that France, England, Italy, and the other countries of Europe, were tributaries to the nation of which they formed a part. The lowest of the Creoles, if but a tenth part of the blood that circulated in their veins was of Spanish origin, would exclaim *somos Espanioles*, with a tone and emphasis that bespoke a sense of the dignity which they imagined to be derived from that nation.

The portions of literature and science that existed in the Peninsula were very insignificant. From the reign of Charles V. down to the present day, whilst England, France, Germany, and even Italy, had been steadily advancing in every species of knowledge, and in every art that contributed to promote the comforts, the enjoyments, and the wealth of their several communities, the
sluggish

naturally obnoxious to the greater numbers who possessed nothing; they were speedily plundered, and many of the rich owners reduced to an equality of possessions with those who had destroyed them. With the neglect that followed the destruction of the works, inundations necessarily ensued; and their suspension has been continued and is long likely to be continued.

Anarchy naturally leads to military despotism. This has been its course in Spanish America as well as elsewhere; but there, either from want of that severity which military despots usually exercise, from the absence of long-established and generally known respectability of character in the chiefs, or from a peculiar fickleness of disposition in the people, the power has, with a single exception, passed as quickly from the hands of the military as from those of the civil tyrants. During its possession each description has exercised it with equal rigour, though the mode of using it may have been different. The civil chiefs confiscated wealth, and imprisoned, sometimes massacred, its possessors; whilst the military commanders forced into their ranks the strongest and boldest of the peasantry in numbers so far exceeding their means of subsisting them, as to occasion a greater loss of human life from that cause than either from the climate or the sword of the enemy.

The great difference between the effects of war as exhibited between the colonies planted by England and those settled by Spain, may arise in some measure from the comparative ignorance of the population of the latter, and from the longer duration which civil wars commonly maintain; but the moral character of the actual combatants seems the principal cause. In North America the forces for the most part were composed of a local militia, of which every individual had a home and some comforts to return to when the short period for which he was called out had expired; but in Spanish America, the forces were composed of the coloured and mixed nations, the cowardly Indians, the artful Mulattos, the ferocious Zambos, and the patient Negroes. These descriptions of beings, forced into the service for an indefinite period, cut off from all excitement but of plunder, had never any other home than a cage, no utensils to preserve, no accumulation of food to rely upon, and scarcely a rag to cover them. They had no sympathy with the more civilized classes, and whilst they could obtain a bare subsistence from the spontaneous products of the earth, recked little of the destruction of houses and farms, which to them must have appeared not worth preservation, or at least as things in whose preservation they could feel no interest. We have drawn this contrast between the circumstances of British and Spanish America at the time of their separation from their respective parent states with feelings of regret. We had indulged the hope
and

and even the expectation that the establishment of independent, free, and practically good governments in the western hemisphere, would be an augmentation of the sum of human felicity. We had overlooked the materials of which it was to be composed, for the sake of the beauty of the edifice which our imaginations had pictured. Those materials have been drawn from their quarries, have been tried and found utterly unfitted for either foundation or superstructure. In South America we see no termination to the contests that we can contemplate without pain. Whether the communities of Spanish origin in that division of America shall be reduced to the savage condition of the settlements of Paraguay since the abolition of the Jesuits, or to that of the negro population of St. Domingo; or whether, after still further exhaustion and depression, they may be induced in despair to throw themselves again at the feet of Spain; in any case we see nothing to console humanity for the tremendous evils to which the conflict has given birth. We would wish to indulge the hope of a better fate for Mexico, but with regret we feel those hopes gradually become fainter and fainter. We cannot conceal from ourselves that the elements of society there are too nearly similar to those whose failure in South America we bitterly lament, to admit of any but hesitating apprehensions amidst our ardent good wishes.

The circumstances which have given rise to the establishment of an independent government in Brazil are so singular in the history of mankind, and especially so very different from those which gave rise to the independence of the English and Spanish colonists, that whilst they invite examination they excite hope for the future.

The first establishments in Brazil differed but little from those formed by the Spaniards. The two nations, who were indeed under the same monarch for a long period, were similar in their habits, their laws, their religion, and especially in the progress which they had made towards civilization; their colonial settlements necessarily therefore resembled each other. Brazil, however, enjoys a much more fruitful soil upon the whole than the Spanish territories; and, if the vicinity of the great river Orinoco, and the internal plains which are in some seasons extensively flooded by it, be excepted, is more salubrious: its extent is nearly equal to that of Spanish South America, as was its population before the inhabitants of the latter countries had been thinned by the destructive civil dissensions of the last fourteen years. As far as regards the adaptation to the purposes of human life and human enjoyment, Brazil is the largest country; as that stupendous range of mountains, the Andes, within the Spanish boundaries, covers nearly

nearly one-third of its surface, is incapable of cultivation and is scarcely fitted for the residence of mankind.

The Portuguese establishments on the opposite coasts of Africa, and the facility of transport from thence, first gave rise to the introduction of slaves from that quarter of the world; a traffic which, to the disgrace of humanity, has continued and been gradually extending ever since. Partly from the greater labour which the African race can perform, partly from the superior fertility of the soil, and partly from the easier access of the products of agriculture to markets for their consumption, and in some degree from a less portion of the labour and capital having been destined to the comparatively unprofitable operations of seeking the precious metals, Brazil advanced in wealth and in surplus productions at a more accelerated pace than either Peru, Chili, or New Granada, though it was restrained by the same impolitic system of monopolies, and equally excluded from all knowledge but that which had passed through and been diluted in the parent state.

Such was the condition of the province when, in the year 1807, the invasion of the mother-country compelled the royal family and the government to remove to Brazil. The emigration of the court drew with it that of the chief civil, military, and ecclesiastical rulers; and those capitalists, who could emigrate without great sacrifices of their property, followed in considerable numbers. Both the military and commercial shipping, during the occupation of Portugal by the French armies, removed, and, wherever they voyaged, considered Brazil as their home. Whilst Portugal, thus disencumbered of what would in her circumstances have been a dead weight, was nobly contending under our Great Captain in the common cause of humanity and of Europe, Brazil was left to increase in cultivation, in population, in knowledge, and in wealth, undisturbed by the great and agitating convulsions which shook the old world to its centre. The government of Portugal was in a state of actual decrepitude; the new circumstances in which it was placed demanded more reflection and more energy than had been before called forth, and though the deeply-seated corruption, favouritism, and profusion were not entirely banished, they were much corrected by the trial of fidelity to which many of the courtiers had been subjected, by the few means which the American dominions could furnish to extravagance, and by the necessity which the court felt of conciliating the feelings and interests of that portion of its dominions to which it had removed.

It was less, however, to the improvement of the court than to the general spirit diffused by its emigration, that the country to which it had removed became indebted for a rapid advancement.

The

The direct and almost immediate intercourse which was opened with England produced great effects in Brazil. All the supplies needed from Europe were brought to them at a cheaper rate than before; all their peculiar productions yielded them advanced prices. The rewards to industry were thus increased, and the internal provinces, as well as the towns on the coast, found their riches augmented. Without sufficiently investigating the subject to discover the effect to be owing to the exchange of a trade of monopoly for a free trade, the people were led to ascribe the improved condition in which they found themselves, to the presence of the royal family and the residence of the court and government. Though the administration was neither wise, nor mild, nor enlightened, it was felt to be well-intentioned, and the vices which the Brazilians observed in it were lamented and winked at with the tenderness which a dutiful child would practise towards the infirmities of its parent.

The advancement of Brazil was favoured by the convulsions which ravaged the other countries in the western world, whose productions were of a similar kind. As cultivation was ruined in St. Domingo, the sugars of Brazil supplied the deficiency thereby created. The settlements of Spain were too much convulsed to attend to cultivation, and Brazil reaped advantages from their distresses. When the United States chose to quarrel with England, the cotton wool of Brazil supplied the space which that of Georgia, Carolina, and Louisiana had before occupied. Their tobacco and rice found an increased demand and advanced price as long as Virginia and South Carolina were precluded by the war from transmitting their productions with safety to Europe.

The transfer of the throne from Portugal to Brazil was not favourable to the increase of wealth alone in the latter country. Knowledge kept pace with it. By the free intercourse which was permitted with England, many of our arts and some portion of the sciences were introduced. The same fashion which prompted the Brazilians to assume our dress, to use our furniture, and to practise our domestic habits, led them to seek for information from the writings of our best authors. England, though not the parent state, became, in a great degree, the metropolis of Brazil. The Portuguese Americans looked to it for protection against foreign enemies, as the channel through which its prosperity could alone flow, and from which all those writings which could favour their progress in useful knowledge must be drawn. Our language was understood by the more assiduous; and useful writings in an English spirit and tone were sought after and circulated. Brazil owes much in political, statistical, judicial, and commercial know-
ledge,

ledge, to one of the best periodical publications that has been produced in any language. We allude to the *Correio Braziliense*, which was published in London monthly, during the first twelve years of the existence of a free intercourse between England and Brazil. Its editor, Hipolito Da Costa, possessed industry, intelligence, and a vigorous style in native composition; he was besides a rational friend of practical freedom. The loss of this able man and the cessation of the works conducted by him, would have proved a serious calamity to Brazil had it occurred at an earlier period, and even at this time cannot be easily repaired. Residing in England and being well versed in the views entertained by the most able and intelligent men of this country, he was far too independent to be influenced by the party politics or the petty intrigues of Rio Janeiro, and could deliver the soundest principles of politics with an authority which made itself felt and acknowledged equally by the court and the people. Besides the work of Da Costa, another, entitled *Investigador Portugez*, produced by three writers of talent and information, Abrantes, Carvalho, and Nolasco, continued to issue from the London press till 1819. A third work, under the title of *O Portugez*, appeared in the year 1814 by Joaõ Bernardo da Rocha. It was written with much elegance, and acquired very great celebrity; though some of the author's views were considered too theoretical for the state of society which existed in the countries in which alone it could circulate. The impulse thus given to Brazil and to Portugal, from the printing presses of London, was diffused through both countries, and gave birth to numerous publications, of various titles and different degrees of merit, but all contributing in their several ways to excite inquiry and to diffuse knowledge.

When peace was restored in Europe, it found the dominions of the house of Braganza in that singular condition of the colony having become the metropolis, and the parent state dependent on it. The jealousies created by this new state of affairs were nurtured in the European and American parts of the kingdom by mutual apprehensions of the decision which the monarch might adopt as to the place of his future residence. Before that decision was made, the army in Portugal, following the example of that in Spain, revolted, and under its auspices was promulgated one of those crude schemes of government, which, like its prototype in Spain, was found to be capable of producing nothing but — impracticability. The king was induced to return to Europe, and found, the instant of his arrival, that he was to be made the slave or the mere puppet of the democratic tyrants who had identified themselves with the small but violent part of the community.

Under

Under their stern and debasing sway he remained, till, by the same instruments which had enthralled him and his kingdom, both were suddenly and unexpectedly released.

The events in Portugal caused a sensation in Brazil, which the prudence of the prince regent seems to have guided with much discretion. It has, however, terminated in a firm resolution, adopted almost universally, that from henceforth the two parts of the dominion shall be separated into distinct kingdoms. Though no formal recognition has been yet made by Portugal of the independence of Brazil, we have no doubt but that it will be acceded to and acquiesced in, as soon as the momentary heats which late events have created shall have had time to subside.

Brazil, instead of being, like the Spanish colonies, the seat of wasting and wide spreading hostilities, for fourteen direful years, in which their capital has been destroyed, their cultivation diminished, their population thinned, and the brutal ignorance of their savage tribes been increased, has, during the same period, been advancing by regular steps in every thing that can qualify them for the enjoyment of the independence which they have gained. The few and short acts of internal hostility which have occurred, have been merely sufficient to make them dread the return of similar commotions; the government has undergone no other changes than such as were found necessary in transferring the supreme power from a distant country to their native land: and the laws, the religion, the administrations civil and judicial, the titles of families and of offices, as in the northern states, have scarcely sustained any alteration. These, as they require, will doubtless receive some variations; but if they are such as are accommodated to the general habits and to the progress in knowledge which the community have made, they must be advantageous, and far more beneficial than that general spirit of theorising which leads to experiments in legislation whose failure seems never to abate the ardour of its possessors for other experiments equally rash and hazardous.

We must now briefly notice the two works whose title-pages are placed at the head of this Article.

Mrs. Graham, who has conveyed to the public her account of Brazil during two visits to that country, has thought proper to introduce it with a hasty and ill-arranged abridgment of Mr. Southey's valuable history of that country. As she boasts to have performed the Herculean task of having 'read nearly all that are to be found in print of his authorities, and some that he does not mention,' it would have been as well to take care to be correct in her quotations. We can assure her that Villegagnon did not convey the young queen of Scotland to France in 1648, for both he and that unfortunate female happen to have been dead many years before.

Henry

Henry II., king of France, was killed in July, 1558, the year in which Villegagnon went to Brazil, and could not therefore, 'on his return to Europe,' have given him the command of two ships. Henry IV., king of France, was assassinated in May, 1610, and therefore could not 'send Daniel de la Touche, shortly after 1611, to examine Brazil in order to form a permanent colony.' The Earl of Cumberland died on his passage from Brazil in 1593, and therefore could not have equipped the expedition in which she states that Witherington and Raleigh sailed to Bahia in 1686. The trouble of correcting the press is undoubtedly great, but we would suggest to this lady that in dates it is of importance to the reader. Thus, from page 16, it must be supposed that Mary of Guise retained her activity when 140 years old; and, from page 6, that Christian Jaques was an able commander at a more advanced age.

If Mrs. Graham had copied nothing from the newspapers, and had been sensible that, with her slight knowledge of the characters with whom she mixed, her ignorance of the language in which they conversed, and her imperfect acquaintance with the customs and manners of the people, she was unqualified to write *political* disquisitions on Brazil, she might have presented to the public a small volume that would have been read with a considerable degree of interest. Her descriptions of the parties to which she was introduced are probably accurate, and in general characteristic. One of the most interesting events, however unusual with female adventurers, was an excursion from the city of Pernambuco, then in a state of siege, to the camp of the insurgents who had invested it; and is extremely well told.

'About two miles from Do Rego's last outpost, we came to the first post of the patriots, at a country-house on a rising-ground, where arms piled at the door, and a sort of ragged guard, consisting of a merry-looking negro with a fowling-piece, a Brazilian with a blunderbuss, and two or three of doubtful colour with sticks, swords, pistols, &c., told us an officer was to be found. After a few minutes parley, we found he was not authorised to receive our letter, so we rode on under the direction of the old Brazilian with his blunderbuss, who, being on foot, threatened to shoot us if we attempted to ride faster than he walked. The slow pace at which we advanced gave us leisure to remark the beauties of a Brazilian spring. Gay plants, with birds still gayer hovering over them, sweet smelling flowers, and ripe oranges and citrons, formed a beautiful fore-ground to the very fine forest-trees that cover the plains, and clothe the sides of the low hills in the neighbourhood of Pernambuco. Here and there a little space is cleared for the growth of mandioc, which at this season is perfectly green: the wooden huts of the cultivators are generally on the road-side, and, for the most part, each has its little grove of mango and orange-trees. At one of these little

little homesteads, we found a pretty large guard-house, established where four roads meet, and there our foot guide left us, and a gentlemanlike young officer, of the Brazilian *Caçadores*, rode with us, and entertained us by calling Luis do Rego a tyrant, and attributing the siege of Pernambuco entirely to the governor's obstinacy, in not joining the people of the province in throwing off the dominion of his master. Round the guard-house a number of negro-girls, with broad flat baskets on their heads, were selling fruit and cold water: they had decked their woolly hair, and the edges of their baskets, with garlands of the scarlet althæa; their light blue or white cloaks were thrown gracefully across their dusky shoulders, and white jackets, so that it was such a picture as the early Spaniards might have drawn of their Eldorado.

After riding a few miles, we came suddenly to the foot of an abrupt hill, on whose sides were scattered groups of the most magnificent trees I ever beheld. There we were met by a small military party, which, after a parley with our guide, rather ordered, than invited us to ride up. In a few seconds, we came to a steep yellow sandstone bank, shaded on one side by tall trees, and open on the other to a lake surrounded by woody hills, on the most distant of which, the white buildings of Olinda sparkled like snow. On the top of the bank, and in the act of descending, was a group of forty horsemen, one of the foremost of whom bore a white banner; several were dressed in splendid military habits, others in the plain costume of the landed proprietors. These were deputies from Paraíba on their way to propose terms to Luis do Rego; they had just left the head-quarters of the besieging army, where the provisional government of Goyana is stationed, and were accompanied by a guard of honour: after exchanging civilities, part of the guard turned back with us, and the deputies went on their way. Having reached the top of the hill, we found about a hundred men, tolerably well armed, but strangely dressed, awaiting us; and there we were detained till our guide rode forward to ask leave to bring us to head-quarters.—pp. 115—117.

Our guide soon returned with eighteen or twenty mounted soldiers, whose appearance was rather wild than military: the guard presented arms as we parted from them, and we soon cantered down the hill towards the main body of the troops. Not above two hundred had the arms or accoutrements of soldiers; but there were dresses and weapons of every kind, leather, cloth, and linen; short jackets and long Scotch plaids, and every tint of colour in their faces, from the sallow European to the ebony African. Military honours were paid us by these ragged regiments, and we were conducted to the palace square, where Mr. Dance and Mr. Caumont dismounted, and I determined to await the issue of their conference, with my cousin in the court.

This, however, was not permitted. In a few minutes, a smart little man, speaking tolerable French, came and told me the *government* desired my company. I suspected a mistake of the word *government* for *governor*, and endeavoured to decline the honour; but no denial could be taken, and the little man, who told me he was secretary to government, accordingly assisted me to dismount, and showed me the way

way to the palace. The hall was filled with men and horses, like a barrack stable, excepting a corner which served as an hospital for those wounded in the late skirmishes, the groans of the latter mingling uncouthly with the soldiers' cheerful noisy voices. The stairs were so crowded, that we got up with difficulty, and then I found that I was indeed to be confronted with the whole strength of the provisional government. At the end of a long dirty room, that had once been handsome, as the form of the windows and carving of the panels, on which there were traces of colour and gilding, indicated, there was an old black hair sofa, on the centre of which I was placed, with Mr. Dance on one side, and Mr. Glennie on the other; by Mr. Dance sat the little secretary, and next to him our interpreter, in old-fashioned high-backed chairs; the rest of the furniture of the room consisted of nine seats of different sizes and forms, placed in a semicircle fronting the sofa, and on each of these sat one of the members of the junta of the provisional government, who act the part of senators or generals, as the occasion may require. To each of these I was introduced; the names of Albuquerque, Cavalcante, and Broderod, struck me, but I heard imperfectly, and forget most of them; some wore handsome military coats, others the humbler dress of farmers. They politely told me they would not read the letter while I was waiting below, but as soon as we were seated, the secretary read it aloud. Instead of taking any notice of its contents, the secretary began a long discourse, setting forth the injustice of the Portuguese governor and government towards Brazil in general, and the Pernambucans in particular; that in order to resist that injustice, they had formed the present respectable government, pointing to the junta, without intending the least detriment to the rights of the king.—pp. 117—119.

'The junta was extremely anxious to learn if there was a probability of England's acknowledging the independence of Brazil, or if she took part at all in the struggle; and many were the questions, and very variously were they shaped, which the secretary addressed to us on that head. They are of course violent in their language concerning Luis do Rego, in proportion as he has done his military duty, in keeping them at bay with his handful of men; and, like all oppositions, they can afford to reason upon general principles, because they have not to feel the hinderances of action, and the jarring of private interests in the disposal and fulfilment of office.

'I was sitting opposite to one of the windows of the council-room, and had been remarking for some time, that the sun was getting very low, and, therefore, rose to go, having received a note from the secretary, ordering the officers at their advanced posts to offer no hinderance to the passing of any thing belonging to His British Majesty's frigate, *Doris*. But we were not suffered to depart without a hearty invitation to sup and spend the night: and a stirrup-cup (a huge glass) was brought, and a bottle of wine, with about half as much water, poured into it; it was then handed to me to begin, and all fourteen received it in turn. By this time the guard was drawn out, the band played the national hymn, to which we all listened bare-headed, and so we mounted among those

those wild-looking men, in that strange, yet lovely landscape, just as the evening mist began to veil the lower land, and the bright red evening sun to gild the topmost branches of the forest.

* Our journey home was much more rapid than our journey out. The evening was cool, and the horses eager to return; but we did not reach Mr. S.'s till two hours after sunset.—pp. 119, 120.

The description of the residences, their internal appearance, and that of the inhabitants of Bahia, is sketched in a manner that only a lady seeing them without the parade which usually accompanies the public exhibitions of the females, could have successfully executed.

† I accompanied Miss Pennell in a tour of visits to her Portuguese friends. As it is not their custom to visit or be visited in the forenoon, it was hardly fair to take a stranger to see them. However, my curiosity, at least, was gratified. In the first place, the houses, for the most part, are disgustingly dirty; the lower story usually consists of cells for the slaves, stabling, &c.; the staircases are narrow and dark; and, at more than one house, we waited in a passage while the servants ran to open the doors and windows of the sitting-rooms, and to call their mistresses, who were enjoying their undress in their own apartments. When they appeared, I could scarcely believe that one half were gentlewomen. As they wear neither stay nor bodice, the figure becomes almost indecently slovenly, after very early youth; and this is the more disgusting, as they are very thinly clad, wear no neck-handkerchiefs, and scarcely any sleeves. Then, in this hot climate, it is unpleasant to see dark cottons and stuffs, without any white linen, near the skin. Hair black, ill combed, and dishevelled, or knotted unbecomingly, or still worse, *en papillote*, and the whole person having an unwashed appearance. When at any of the houses the bustle of opening the cobwebbed windows, and assembling the family was over, in two or three instances, the servants had to remove dishes of sugar, mandioc, and other provisions, which had been left in the best rooms to dry. There is usually a sofa at each end of the room, and to the right and left a long file of chairs, which look as if they never could be moved out of their place. Between the two sets of seats is a space, which, I am told, is often used for dancing; and, in every house, I saw either a guitar or piano, and generally both. Prints and pictures, the latter the worst dubs I ever saw, decorate the walls pretty generally; and there are, besides, crucifixes and other things of the kind. Some houses, however, are more neatly arranged; one, I think belonging to a captain of the navy, was papered, the floors laid with mat, and the tables ornamented with pretty porcelain, Indian and French: the lady too was neatly dressed in a French wrapper. Another house belonging to one of the judges was also clean, and of a more stately appearance than the rest, though the inhabitant was neither richer nor of higher rank. Glass chandeliers were suspended from the roof; handsome mirrors were intermixed with the prints and pictures. A good deal of handsome china was displayed round the room; but the jars, as well as the chairs

and tables, seemed to form an inseparable part of the walls. We were every where invited, after sitting a few moments on the sofa, to go to the balconies of the windows and enjoy the view and the breeze, or at least amuse ourselves with what was passing in the street. And yet they did not lack conversation: the principal topic, however, was praise of the beauty of Bahia; dress, children, and diseases, I think made up the rest; and, to say the truth, their manner of talking on the latter subject is as disgusting as their dress, that is, in a morning: I am told they are different after dinner. They marry very early, and soon lose their bloom. I did not see one tolerably pretty woman to-day. But then who is there that can bear so total a disguise as filth and untidiness spread over a woman?—pp. 135—137.

The contrast between the private and public appearance of the parties is well described.

‘ This evening there was a large party, both Portuguese and English, at the consul’s. In the well-dressed women I saw to-night, I had great difficulty in recognising the slatterns of the other morning. The *senhoras* were all dressed after the French fashion: corset, fichu, garniture, all was proper, and even elegant, and there was a great display of jewels. Our English ladies, though quite of the second rate of even colonial gentility, however, bore away the prize of beauty and grace; for after all, the clothes, however elegant, that are not worn habitually, can only embarrass and cramp the native movements; and, as Mademoiselle Clairon remarks, “ she who would *act* a gentlewoman in public, must be one in private life.”

‘ The Portuguese men have all a mean look; none appear to have any education beyond counting-house forms, and their whole time is, I believe, spent between trade and gambling; in the latter, the ladies partake largely after they are married. Before that happy period, when there is no evening dance, they surround the card-tables, and with eager eyes follow the game, and long for the time when they too may mingle in it. I scarcely wonder at this propensity. Without education, and consequently without the resources of mind, and in a climate where exercise out of doors is all but impossible, a stimulus must be had; and gambling, from the sage to the savage, has always been resorted to, to quicken the current of life.’—p. 142.

The tables in the Appendix to this lady’s volume, showing the state of the trade of the province of Maranhão, are interesting as exhibiting the increase of surplus productions furnished by that district in exchange for the commodities of other countries. The progress seems to be so regular that it can scarcely be considered as either accidental or transient; but to have arisen from that necessary accumulation of capital which must take place in a fertile soil where labour and economy prevail. We observe with pleasure as Englishmen that, of the imports, those from our country nearly equal in amount those from Portugal, and far exceed those from all other parts of the world. The exports consist chiefly of cotton-wool,

wool, two-thirds of which is sent to this country. The trade with the United States appears to be very insignificant, and that of France to be scarcely worth mentioning. We should be glad to have seen similar reports of the other provinces which now form the empire of Brazil.

Among the other favourable circumstances arising from the intercourse opened with all the world as soon as the court had arrived from Lisbon, the visits of scientific travellers were not the least important. The Germans, especially, explored Brazil, and gave the public much valuable information concerning its natural history. Prince Maximilian of Neuweid, accompanied by Messrs. Freyris and Sellow, spent a good deal of time in examining its botanical productions; and what he has published on the subject, is equally creditable to his diligence and his science. Mr. Mawe went from Buenos Ayres to Rio de Janeiro, by way of St. Paulo, and continued his route from thence to Tejuco, in the diamond district. Von Eschwege, setting out from Villa Rica, penetrated westward from Rio de San Francisco to Rio Abaité, where a lead mine is now working. Auguste de Saint Hilaire visited several parts of the province of Minas, the Indian settlements of Passanha, Tejuco, and the Rio de San Francisco, at Salgado. To these may be added our countrymen Koster and Lucock, the latter of whom was an accurate observer of the rural economy of the districts which he visited.

The King of Bavaria, who has uniformly proved himself the zealous friend and patron of science, determined on sending an expedition to explore generally the productions of Brazil, and certainly the two gentlemen fixed on for the mission appear, from the work before us, to be admirably qualified for the purpose, and to have pursued the objects of their journey with a zeal and diligence rarely equalled. Only two volumes of their travels have yet appeared in English; but we notice them thus early because they do great credit to the translator, who fully understands the original language, as well as the several subjects of which the authors treat. We have often had occasion to regret that the works of some of the best writers in the German language have lost all their raciness and spirit from having been introduced into this country through the medium of French translations.

The entrance to the harbour of Rio de Janeiro has been celebrated for its beauty by numerous travellers, and is well described by our authors.

* Steep rocks, like portals to the harbour, washed by the waves of the sea, rise on the right and left; the southern, Pão d'acucar, of the form of a sugar-loaf, is the well-known guide for ships at a distance. Towards noon, approaching nearer and nearer to the enchanting prospect, we

came up to those colossal rocky portals, and at length passed between them into a great amphitheatre; in which the mirror of the water appeared like a tranquil inland lake, and scattered flowery islands, bounded in the back ground by a woody chain of mountains, rose like a paradise full of luxuriance and magnificence. Some naval officers from the fort of Santa Cruz, by which our arrival had been announced to the city, brought us permission to sail farther in. While this business was transacting, the eyes of all feasted on a country, which, for beauty, variety, and splendour, far exceeded all the natural beauties which we had ever beheld. The banks in bright sunshine rose out of the dark blue sea; and numerous white houses, chapels, churches and forts, contrasted with their rich verdure. Rocks of grand forms rise boldly behind them, the declivities of which are clothed in all the luxuriant diversity of a tropical forest. An ambrosial perfume is diffused from these noble forests, and the foreign navigator sails delighted past the many islands covered with beautiful groves of palms. Thus new, pleasing, and sublime scenes, alternately passed before our astonished eyes, till at length the capital of the infant kingdom, illumined by the evening sun, lay extended before us; and we, having sailed past the little island das Cobras, cast anchor close to the city at five o'clock in the evening. A sensation, not to be described, overcame us all at the moment when the anchor struck the ground of another continent; and the thunder of the cannon, accompanied with military music, hailed the desired goal of the happily accomplished voyage.—*Spir*, vol. i. pp. 122—124.

The effect produced in Brazil by the removal of the court became visible in every part of the country; but, as may be supposed, it was more apparent in Rio de Janeiro than in the more remote districts.

Before the arrival of the king, the whole population of Rio consisted of fifty thousand souls, and the number of the blacks, and people of colour, considerably exceeded that of the white inhabitants. In the year 1817, on the other hand, the city and its dependencies contained above a hundred and ten thousand inhabitants. It may be considered as certain, that since the year 1808, four and twenty thousand Portuguese have gradually arrived here from Europe. This great afflux of Portuguese, to which must be added a considerable number of English, French, Dutch, Germans, and Italians, who, after the opening of the port, settled here, some as merchants, others as mechanics, could not fail, setting aside every other consideration, to effect a change in the character of the inhabitants, by wholly reversing the existing proportion of the white inhabitants to the blacks and people of colour. But it is particularly observable in the class of rich merchants in the capital, and even in the interior of the neighbouring provinces of Minas Geraes, and S. Paulo, what rapid strides civilization and luxury, and consequently activity and industry, have made, in consequence of the vast accession of new inhabitants from Europe. Brazil has, properly speaking, no nobility; the clergy, the people in office, and the rich families in the interior, that is, land-owners and miners, possessed in a certain degree,

degree, before the arrival of the king, all the distinctions and privileges of nobility. The conferring of titles and offices by the king drew a part of them to the capital, whence, having become acquainted with the European luxuries and mode of living, they began to exercise on the other classes of the people, an influence very different from that which they formerly had possessed. Even the more remote provinces of the infant kingdom, whose inhabitants, led by curiosity, interest, or private business, visited Rio de Janeiro, soon accustomed themselves to recognize that city as the capital, and to adopt the manners and modes of thinking, which, after the arrival of the court, struck them as Europeans.

'In general the influence of the court at Rio, upon Brazil, is in every respect incalculable. The presence of the supreme head of the state naturally inspired all the Brazilians with a patriotic feeling which they had never before experienced, while in the situation of a colony they were governed by delegates, in the king's name. Brazil acquired in the eyes of every body, a new dignity: as it possessed the king, and carried on diplomatic negotiations on the other side of the ocean, it became, in a manner, included in the circle of the European powers. The king himself was made better acquainted with the advantages of the country, and the defects of the government. He profited by the former, and thereby secured the stability of all civil relations and of property. Private credit increased; what was uncertain, partial, and dependent in the administration, made room for an independent order of things; and life and energy were infused into all public business. By this, and above all, by the opening of the port to the mercantile nations of all parts of the world, the cultivation of the soil, the welfare, the riches, the civilization of the country, rapidly improved, together with the intercourse and increasing commerce with foreign countries.'—vol. i. pp. 143—145.

It was very natural that, after a colonial condition of two centuries, the inhabitants of Brazil should not be immediately sensible of the advantages which the introduction of the improved arts of life from Europe was calculated to confer on their country, and that they should be somewhat jealous of the great influx of persons from Europe, whose superior adroitness excited at first envy rather than imitation. The progress of literature, of the sciences, and of the fine arts, (with the exception of music,) seems to have been very languid; and no great interest was felt, at the time our travellers were in Brazil, in the political events of the European world. The few journals had a very limited circulation. The inhabitants of the interior, especially, enjoying the bounties of nature, and confined to an intercourse with a few neighbours, and those at a distance, gave themselves but little concern about remote transactions, and were satisfied with hearing the principal circumstances once a year, from the conductors of the caravans that returned from the towns on the coast. In the interior, as well as at the sea-ports, commercial relations, rather than the general

interests of the world, seem to have been the chief excitements to the desire of political information.

The authors have happily not confined their observations to those scientific subjects, the proposed investigation of which chiefly gave rise to their mission. To the description of the capital, and its recent improvements and newly-founded institutions, they have added a clear and accurate view of its extensive commerce, together with the custom-house regulations, and the several duties payable on export and import. It appears that, from the port of Rio de Janeiro alone, in the year 1817, the value of the exported productions, consisting of sugar, coffee, cotton, hides and tobacco, amounted to 5,400,000 milrees, 1,450,000 pounds sterling.

The descriptions of scenery are very well finished, and the magnificence and beauty of that of the vicinity of Rio de Janeiro must be felt by every one who has visited the tropical regions.

‘ Scarcely were we beyond the streets and the noise of the town, when we stopped, as if enchanted, in the midst of a strange and luxuriant vegetation. Our eyes were attracted, sometimes by gaily coloured birds or splendid butterflies, sometimes by the singular forms of the insects and the nests of wasps and termites hanging from the trees, sometimes by the beautiful plants scattered in the narrow valley, and on the gently sloping hills. Surrounded by lofty airy cassias, broad-leaved, white-stemmed crecropsias, thick-crowned myrtles, large flowered bignonias, climbing tufts of the mellifluous paullinias, far-spreading tendrils of the passion-flower, and of the richly flowering hatched coronilla, above which rise the waving summits of Macaebu palms; we fancied ourselves transported into the gardens of the Hesperides. Passing over several streams which were turned to good account, and hills covered with young coppice wood, we at length reached the terrace of the eminence along which the spring water for the city is conducted. A delightful prospect over the bay, the verdant islands floating in it, the harbour with its crowd of masts and various flags, and the city stretched out at the foot of the most pleasant hills, the houses and steeples dazzling in the sun, was spread before our eyes. We dwelt long on the magical view of a great European city, rising here amidst the profusion of tropical vegetation. We then pursued the road along the windings of the aqueduct. The channel is chiefly built of blocks of granite, but the vaulted covering, within which the naturalist finds many of the most singular phalangia, is of brick. Between the woody hills there are diversified romantic prospects into the valleys below. Sometimes you traverse open spots where a stronger light is reflected from the flowery ground, or from the shining leaves of the neighbouring high trees, sometimes you enter a cool shady bower. Here a thick wreath of paullinie, securidacæ, mikantias, passion flowers, adorned with an incredible number of flowers, climb through the crowns of the celtis, the flowery rhexas and melastomas, baubiniæ, delicate mimosæ, shining myrtles; there,

there, bushy nightshades, sebastianias, eupatorias, crotons, ægiphilas, and innumerable other plants, form an impenetrable thicket, amidst which grow immense stems of the silk cotton tree (*bombar*), of silver-leaved ceecropia, thorny Brazil wood tree, of the lecythis, with its singular fruit resembling a pitcher, slender stems of the cabbage-palm, and many other, in part still unnamed, sovereigns of the woods. The majestic sight, the repose and silence of these woods, interrupted only by the buzz of the gay humming-birds fluttering from flower to flower, and by the singular notes of unknown birds and insects, peculiarly affect the mind of the man of sensibility, who feels himself as it were regenerated in the prospect of this glorious country.'—vol. i. p. 207—209.

As Brazil is nearly destitute of roads, or at least of such as are adapted for wheel carriages, the productions of the interior provinces are conveyed to the sea coast on the backs of mules. Our travellers, who proceeded mounted on those animals, thus describe the caravans, as they first saw them at Porto de Estrella.

'The European, accustomed to the conveyances of considerable burdens in waggons, is astonished at the sight of so many cargoes divided into small parcels, which are abandoned to the discretion of the beasts, or of an unskilful driver, daily loaded and unloaded several times, either in the open air, or in exposed sheds, scarcely protected against the rain and the weather, and often carried in this manner several hundred miles. When we beheld the confusion of the caravans, loading and unloading, we could not think without regret of the future fate of our instruments, books, and collections, which would be given up to blind chance, instead of being under our own care. The caravans (*tropas*), however, particularly on the better road from Saint Paul and Minas to the capital, are so well organised, that comparatively very little risk is to be apprehended. Each caravan, which may consist of twenty to fifty mules, is conducted by an Arieiro, on horseback; he gives the necessary orders for the caravan to set out, to halt, or to encamp for the night; takes care that the burdens are well balanced, and the pack-saddles (*cangalhas*) in good condition; repairs them when they gall, cures the sick beasts, and attends to the shoes. Under him are the drivers (*tocadores*), each of whom generally has to manage a division (*lote*) of seven mules. They go on foot, put the burdens off and on, feed and water the animals, drive them to the pasture, and cook the provisions. The Arieiro, generally a free mulatto, frequently attends to the sale and purchase of goods in the city, and acts as commissioner for the proprietor of the caravan. The drivers are for the most part negroes, who soon become accustomed to the employment, and prefer this wandering life to the labour of gold-washing, and working in the plantations.'—vol. i. pp. 232, 233.

After representing the great fertility of the soil, and the valuable products which it yields almost spontaneously, these intelligent writers present the reverse of the picture which might, without it, as they seem to suppose, offer too powerful a temptation to European agriculturists to emigrate to those delightful regions.

In this climate, as in all others, unfavourable influences are not wanting which are hurtful to the plants. The finest orange groves frequently fall a prey to the brown ants which gnaw off the bark, or to the mole-cricket which devour the roots. The young mandioeca and sugar plantations are often invaded, stripped of their leaves, and laid waste, by similar enemies in incredible numbers, or deprived of their roots by the wasps which live under ground. But even when the crop has happily reached maturity, the owner must share it with many foreign guests. Swarms of monkeys, flocks of parrots and other birds, attack the plantations; the paca, agouti, and other kinds of wild swine, eat up the leaves, stalks, and fruits, and myriads of tenthredoes injure the crop. The planter himself, particularly if he has just arrived from Europe, and is unaccustomed to this climate, has many hard trials to undergo from tormenting animals. If he does not keep his dwelling closed, particularly in the morning, evening, and night, there are swarms of large and small mosquitoes which torment him with their stings, even through the thickest clothes, and only gauze or silk can secure him against these enemies. The earth flies, (*Pulex penetrans*,) which are concealed in numbers in the sand, penetrate under the nails of the hands and feet, and, by producing a blister filled with little eggs, cause the most painful sensations, which, if the sympathetic swelling of the inguinal glands is neglected, are often followed by mortification. The blister, as soon as it gives pain, must be carefully removed, and snuff rubbed into the wound. Besides these, the inhabitant often has other enemies in his house; the white-bellied ant, (*Cupim*, *Termes fatale*,) a great number of blattes, (*Blatta orientalis*,) and other vermin, continually oblige him, by their destructive fury, to make new arrangements. The first cause the most terrible devastation wherever they pass in their course; for, metals excepted, they gnaw through every thing, and in a few days the beams of the house are rotten, the linen, books, and all the household furniture, are destroyed. The blatta commits great destruction among the vegetables in particular, and in the night even attacks the tips of the fingers. The injury which these animals cause to the naturalist is extremely distressing; he frequently finds his collections, which he thought quite secure, by being carefully shut up and hung against the wall, destroyed in a single night. Taught by repeated experience, we found the only safe means to be the application of Buffon's arsenic salve, wrapping the parcels in linens dipped in oil of turpentine, and depositing them in tin cases, which were soldered before they were sent away. Without are numberless enemies, not to mention the savage ousce, the poisonous serpents, lizards, scorpions, centipes, and spiders, which are fortunately not frequently met with, and only wound a person when provoked: the mite, (*accarus*,) called carobatos, is one of the most formidable plagues. These little animals, from the size of a poppy-seed to that of a linseed, live in societies, and crowded by hundreds in the grass and on dry leaves. As soon as the traveller touches such a plant, they very quickly penetrate through his clothes to the skin, where they eat in, particularly in the more tender parts, and cause an intolerable itching, which is increased by the inevitable rubbing, and in the

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and produces an inflamed blister. The securest remedy immediately to get rid of these teasing enemies, is to pick them off from the skin, or if they have not already eaten too far in, to kill them by rubbing with brandy, or with tobacco infused in water, or by fumigating with tobacco over the fire. Only those who have themselves experienced this evil, so common in the torrid zone, can form an idea of the sufferings to which the naturalist, who is constantly in the open air, is exposed. Happily all these inconveniences are of such a nature that they may be greatly diminished, if not wholly removed, by a knowledge of the country, and the application of approved remedies. With the increasing population and cultivation of the country they will gradually diminish. When the inhabitants have cut down the woods, drained marshes, made roads, everywhere founded villages and towns, and thus by degrees triumphed over the rank vegetation and the noxious animals, all the elements will willingly second, and amply recompense the activity of man. But before Brazil shall have attained this period of civilization, the uncultivated land may yet prove a grave to thousands of adventurers.—vol. i. p. 258—261.

The two volumes before us only give the transactions of the travellers at St. Paulo, St. João, Villa Rica, and as far as the Rio Xipoto, with an account of their interview with the Coroados Indians. We understand the remaining volumes will relate their observations on their extended journeys to the frontiers of the Spanish provinces; and as they will naturally throw much light on the geography of those hitherto untraversed districts, we shall reserve, till their appearance, an account of the interesting observations which they have made on the botany, on the animal productions, on the geology and mineralogy, and on the various agricultural and mining establishments.

We cannot conclude this article without a remark on one great source of apprehension, for countries so extensive in proportion to their population, and with only a few large cities in vast distances from one another, and equally distant in interests and feelings. We allude to that provincial spirit which must, with more or less force, be generated in such circumstances. Such rivalry is so natural as to appear inevitable, and it requires the greatest skill and coolest judgment in those who govern, to counteract its bad effects, and to direct its spirit to the general advantage. North America has, for the present, been successful, by the establishment of a federal city and district, in suppressing the rivalry for power, which existed between the capitals of the several provinces up to the period of the general acquiescence in the present constitution. What effect may be produced, for good or for evil, when the western territory shall exceed in population that on the coast of the Atlantic, a period, probably, not so long as that which has passed since the recognition of their independence, when the
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wealth and intelligence of the country shall be to the east, and the physical force to the west of the Alegany mountains, it is difficult to calculate; but a confederated republic of such vast extent would be a phenomenon in politics.

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- ART. II.—1. *The Life of the Rev. Thomas Scott, Rector of Aston Sandford, Bucks.* By John Scott, A. M. 8vo.
 2. *Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton, Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth.* By Himself. 18mo.
 3. *Memoirs of the Rev. John Newton, late Rector of St. Mary Woolnoth, and St. Mary Woolchurch Haw.* By the Rev. Richard Cecil, M.A. 18mo.

HUMAN errors, as the generations of those who hold them, are of leaf-like number and duration; but the principles, to which they may be traced, are few and lasting. In the learned Historian of the Jews we read of three perverters of the law of Moses—the Pharisees, the Essenes, and the Sadducees; and we know from the concurrent testimony of ecclesiastical history, that they made religion consist, the first in the scrupulous performance of a multitude of outward observances; the second in an abstraction from the business of the world, in deep feelings and high imaginations; the last in the belief of certain positions, proved as they thought by sound reasoning, but often in direct opposition to revelation. The names, indeed, of these sects are passed away, but the principles from which their errors flowed ever have been, and still are, sources of evil; and we may say to the Papist, the self-denominated serious Christian, and the Socinian of our own day, *mutato nomine de te fabula narratur*. Not only their objects, but their modes of pursuing them are the same. The Pharisee and the Papist make void the commandments of God through their traditions; the Essene and the Evangelical appeal to their natural feelings as to a divine sanction; whilst the Sadducee and the Socinian rely on the reasoning of a vain philosophy. The four former concur in diverting religion from influencing men's conduct in the business of life, by supplying their consciences with false or exaggerated principles of self-approbation and acceptance with God; and the two latter coincide in getting rid of all that distinguishes revelation from the conclusions of reason.

Our attention has lately been drawn by the letters of Cowper to the evils of making religion consist in abstraction, imaginations and feelings, and we endeavoured to expose the errors of this principle and the mischief of its consequences in the case of that unhappy man. To the real Christian, philosopher, or practical man,

man, we need make no apology for resuming an inquiry which has the peace of mind and right conduct of thousands for its object. The opinion of those, who can speak of widely-diffused and deeply influential principles with pert buffoonry, for no other reason than because they are not contained in 'the little Goshen, which they have cantoned out to themselves in the intellectual world,' deserves no notice.

In every period of the church, much error in belief and practice has arisen from not attending to the distinction, which sounder divines have observed between the extraordinary and the ordinary operations of the Spirit. The former were visible in signs and miracles, which (as their object was to establish a body of proofs of the Christian religion) were rendered immediately distinguishable from events in the course of nature. The latter are experienced in a true and lively faith, which (as its object is not to demonstrate the truth of Christianity, but to promote the happiness of the individual) is not rendered distinguishable from those moral and physical causes, which promote the same object in the established order of nature. For example, *man* cannot distinguish between that love of God, of virtue, and of man, which proceeds from human principles and motives, and that which flows from the influence of the divine Spirit, nor discern the boundary between that admirable system of God's general providence, by which virtue is its own reward and vice its own punishment, and that special providence, which bears perhaps the same relation to the former, that corrective does to distributive justice. Those who neglect these distinctions between the object of the extraordinary and the ordinary operations of the Spirit, believe themselves able to distinguish supernatural spiritual influences from the natural operations of the mind, and the interpositions of a special, from the course of God's general, providence, as perfectly as the Christian of the apostolic age could distinguish miracles from natural events. We shall prove that there is nothing so decidedly *θεῖον τι καὶ ὑπὲρ ἡμῶν* in the instances which they allege, as to warrant their adducing them as sanctions of their peculiar notions and system.

The first species of this error which we shall mention, is the attributing to a supernatural influence, feelings and conduct, which may be referred to the *effects of very early education*. We heard much, a short time since, of regeneration being distinct from baptism, and without doubt cases like the one which we are about to quote from Mr. Scott's life of his father, had their weight with the supporters of that heterodoxy.

At the age of three years and a half she had a most extraordinary and distressing illness, so that for several weeks she could not be induced

duced to take either medicine or nutriment of any kind, but what was poured down her throat almost by main force. I had little expectation of her recovery : but I was under a full and deep conviction that all the human race are born in sin, and are utterly incapable of happiness hereafter, without regeneration and renovation by the Holy Spirit. This, if actually wrought in childhood, I was satisfied would begin to show itself about the time when children become actual sinners by personal and wilful transgression : and I was fully assured that she had become an actual sinner. Seeing therefore no ground to believe that any gracious change had taken place in her, I was greatly distressed about her eternal state ; and I repeatedly and most earnestly besought the Lord that he would not take her from me, without affording me some evidence of her repentance, and faith in his mercy through Jesus Christ.

' To the surprize of all she recovered, and lived just another year. Half of this year was remarkable for nothing, except the proofs which she gave of a very good understanding, and the readiness with which she learned whatever was taught her. Indeed she almost taught herself to read ; and was so much the astonishment of our neighbours, that they expressed a persuasion that she would not live long—which I treated with contempt. But about the middle of the year, on my return home one evening, my wife told me that her daughter had behaved very ill, and been so rebellious and obstinate, that she had been constrained to correct her. In consequence I took her between my knees, and began to talk to her. I told her she had often heard that she was a sinner against God : that sin was breaking the commandments of God : that he had commanded her to honour and obey her father and mother ; but that she had disobeyed her mother, and thus sinned against God and made him angry at her—far more angry than her mother had been : that she had also often heard that she must have a new heart or disposition : that, if her heart or disposition were not wicked, she would not thus want a new one ; but that her obstinate rebellious conduct to her mother, with some other instances which I mentioned, shewed that her heart was wicked : that she therefore wanted both forgiveness of sins and a new heart, without which she could not be happy in another world, after death. I went on to talk with her, in language suited to her age, concerning the love, and mercy, and grace, of Christ, in a manner which I cannot now particularly describe : but my heart was much engaged, and *out of the abundance of my heart my mouth spoke* : and I concluded with pressing it upon her constantly to pray to Jesus Christ to forgive her sins ; to give her a new heart ; and not to let her die till he had indeed done so.

' I have good ground to believe that from that time to her death no day passed in which she did not, alone, more than once, and with apparent earnestness, pray to Jesus Christ to this effect ; adding petitions for her father, mother, and brothers, and for her nurse—to whom she was much attached. At times we overheard her in a little room to which she used to retire ; and on some occasions her prayers were accompanied with sobs and tears. Once she was guilty of an untruth ; and I reasoned and expostulated with her on the wickedness of lying. I almost
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seem now to hear her subsequent confessions in her retirement ; her cries for forgiveness ; her prayers for a new and better heart ; and that she might not die " before her new heart came." She could scarcely proceed for weeping.—In short there was every thing in miniature, which I ever witnessed or read of in an adult penitent : and certainly there were *fruits meet for repentance* ; for nothing reprehensible afterwards occurred in her conduct.

* Some have told me that her religious turn was only the effect of her bearing so much on the subject, and had nothing so extraordinary in it : but I never could see any thing of the same kind in my other children at so early an age, nor till they were much older ; though they had at least the same advantages.—*Scott's Life*, pp. 679—682.

We cannot agree with Mr. Scott, that there was any thing *extraordinary* in the state of mind which he describes. The delicacy of this child's organization rendered her more susceptible than his other children of moral, as well as physical impressions. From her cradle, therefore, all his own religious hopes and fears, feelings and imaginations had been easily and effectually twisted into the very thread of her existence. They were not likely to lie idle in a subject whose body was weak, and whose mind was sensitive ; and perhaps, among other effects, accelerated her death, by wearing out her feeble frame, and preparing it to sink under any sudden attacks, by natural excitements which her father mistook for divine. Had she grown into strong health, the effects of this discipline might have disappeared as completely as those of Wesley's absurd experiments in conversion passed away from the minds of his pupils,* though it is more probable, that having been administered at so early an age, their influence on her character would, without any supernatural interference, have been more lasting. In like manner we might act strongly on the disposition of a child by ghost stories and supernatural terrors, yet, in this case, no one would deny that effects dreadfully real naturally proceeded from unreal causes. Indeed the vivid imaginations and warm feelings of childhood may be worked upon by various means, till false associations are formed, which the united powers of religion and reason will be unable afterwards to dissolve ; because in all cases they have the advantage of priority, length of undisputed possession, and that depth which all impressions make on the mind at a tender age ; and in some an awful character is ascribed to them, which it is felt sacrilege to question ; and a mind so prejudiced, expecting, *a priori*, to find in written revelation sanctions of what it believes, *will* find them. Errors deeply established assimilate every thing to themselves. The innume-

* Southey's *Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 508.

rable accounts of the conversions and deaths of children, which have been brought forward as vouchers to peculiar opinions respecting human corruption and divine grace, are perfectly explicable on these natural principles: and many of the pretended supernatural conversions of mature age may be traced to the associations of childhood, which disappear from the memory at one period, to re-appear at another.

The second species of this error consists in attributing to supernatural agencies the natural and beneficial effects of what may be called the *discipline of circumstances*. Even when nature and education have done their parts well, the former by supplying the individual with appetites, desires, and affections in just proportions to each other and to the business of life; the latter, by developing, restraining, and directing those active powers of our being; though the character is thus prepared *χαλρεῖν οἷς δεῖ καὶ μισεῖν ἃ δεῖ*, it is too much to expect that it will never be allured by pleasure into evil, or deterred by pain from good. But in such cases, and in others which are unhappily too common, where one or both of these architects of the mind have done their work so imperfectly as to produce a character in which evil preponderates over good, there is a provision in the established system of Providence for its correction, by the course of human events being generally so disposed, as to produce an experimental conviction of the ill effects on the individual himself of conduct which is mischievous to others. This discipline corrects in some only the offensive display of vice, leaving the principles unchanged; in others it gradually purifies the dispositions as well as the conduct; in a few it produces an entire and sudden moral change, which resembles the effects of a polar summer on the earth. And as the traveller in Lapland (to continue our illustration) would probably perish in the first storm, if, believing the sudden warmth to be a special interposition in his favour, he were to throw away his furs, so the awakened profligate will be in danger of a relapse, if, considering himself a brand miraculously snatched from the fire, he should neglect the common means of moral improvement, and throw on Providence the care of supporting by supernatural assistance the effects of a supernatural conversion.

The life of Mr. Newton, well known to all as the friend of Cowper, and to many as the author of works in high repute amongst those who hold the same opinions with himself, is such a series of these errors as may neither be useless nor uninteresting to trace, especially if his connexion with Cowper and Mr. Scott be borne in mind.

The foundations of religious principles were laid deeply in the mind

mind of this extraordinary man by the early lessons of his mother, who, being of a 'weak constitution and retired temper,' devoted all her time and attention to the instruction of this her only child.

'At a time when I could not be more than three years of age, she herself taught me English; and with so much success, (as I had something of a forward turn,) that when I was four years old, I could read with propriety in any common book that offered. She stored my memory, which was then very retentive, with many valuable pieces, chapters, and portions of Scripture, catechisms, hymns and poems. My temper at that time seemed quite suitable to her wishes: I had little inclination to the noisy sports of children, but was best pleased when in her company, and always as willing to learn as she was to teach me. How far the best education may fall short of reaching the heart, will strongly appear in the sequel of my history: yet I think, for the encouragement of pious parents to go on in the good way, of doing their part faithfully to form their children's minds, I may properly propose myself as an instance. Though in process of time I sinned away all the advantages of these early impressions, yet they were for a great while a restraint upon me; they returned again and again, and it was very long before I could wholly shake them off: and when the Lord at length opened my eyes, I found a great benefit from the recollection of them. Further, my dear mother, besides the pains she took with me, often commended me with many prayers and tears to God; and I doubt not but I reap the fruits of these prayers to this hour.'—*Newton's Life by himself*, p. 7.

Mr. Newton intimates that his heart was not *reached* by these lessons, that he had consequently sinned away *all* the advantages which he derived from them, and that they were of no use to him till *after* the special interpositions in his favour, which subsequently changed his heart. We frankly own, that we should not be inclined to expect effects so negative from such positive discipline, or to ascribe so much to the prayers, and so little to the instructions, of a parent.

Mr. Newton lost his mother when he was seven years old. We are much mistaken if her lessons had not fostered in him an indolent dreamy imagination, little suited to the real duties of life. After her death he passed through a discipline more likely to teach profligacy and malice, than self-controul.

'My father was a very sensible, and a moral man, as the world rates morality; but neither he, nor my step-mother, was under the impressions of religion: I was, therefore, much left to myself, to mingle with idle and wicked boys; and soon learnt their ways.

'I never was at school but about two years; from my eighth to my tenth year. It was a boarding-school, at Stratford, in Essex. Though my father left me much to run about the streets, yet, when under his eye, he kept me at a great distance. I am persuaded he loved me, but he seemed not willing that I should know it. I was with him in a
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state of fear and bondage. His sternness, together with the severity of my schoolmaster, broke and overawed my spirit, and almost made me a dolt; so that part of the two years I was at school, instead of making a progress, I nearly forgot all that my good mother had taught me.—*Cecil's Life of Newton*, p. 2.

The period between eleven years of age and seventeen, he passed as a sailor, in a vessel trading to the Mediterranean, in which whatever was bad in his disposition was constantly strengthened, with little chance of good habits being acquired. He thus describes his state of mind under these circumstances.

'In this period, my temper and conduct were exceedingly various. At school, or soon after, I had little concern about religion, and easily received very ill impressions. But I was often disturbed with convictions. I was fond of reading from a child; among other books, *Bennet's Christian Oratory* often came in my way, and though I understood but little of it, the course of life therein recommended appeared very desirable; and I was inclined to attempt it. I began to pray, to read the scripture, and keep a sort of diary. I was presently religious in my own eyes; but, alas! this seeming goodness had no solid foundation, but passed away like a morning cloud, or the early dew. I was soon weary, gradually gave it up, and became worse than before. Instead of prayer, I learned to curse and blaspheme, and was exceedingly wicked when from under my parent's view. All this was before I was twelve years old. About that time I had a dangerous fall from a horse: I was thrown, I believe, within a few inches of a hedge-row newly cut down. I got no hurt; but could not avoid taking notice of a gracious providence in my deliverance; for had I fallen upon the stakes, I had inevitably been killed. My conscience suggested to me the dreadful consequences, if in such a state I had been summoned to appear before God. I presently broke off from my profane practices, and appeared quite altered. But it was not long before I declined again. These struggles between sin and conscience were often repeated; but the consequence was, that every relapse sunk me into still greater depths of wickedness. I was once roused by the loss of an intimate companion. We had agreed to go on board a man of war, (I think it was on a Sunday); but I providentially came too late; the boat was upset, and he and several others were drowned. I was invited to the funeral of my play-fellow, and was exceedingly affected, to think that by a delay of a few minutes (which had much displeased and angered me till I saw the event) my life had been preserved. However, this likewise was soon forgot. At another time, the perusal of the *Family Instructor* put me upon a partial and transient reformation. In brief, though I cannot distinctly relate particulars, I think I took up and laid aside a religious profession three or four times before I was sixteen years of age: but all this while my heart was insincere. I often saw the necessity of religion as the means of escaping hell; but I loved sin, and was unwilling to forsake it. Instances of this, I can remember, were frequent in the midst of all my reforms: I was so strangely blind and stupid, that sometimes

times when I have been determined upon things that I knew were sinful, and contrary to my duty, I could not go on quietly till I had first dispatched my ordinary task of prayer, in which I have grudged every moment of my time; and when this was finished, my conscience was in some measure pacified, and I could rush into folly with little remorse.

'My last reform was the most remarkable, both for degree and continuance. Of this period, at least of some part of it, I must say, in the apostle's words, "After the strictest sect of our religion, I lived a Pharisee." I did every thing that might be expected from a person entirely ignorant of God's righteousness, and desirous to establish his own. I spent the greatest part of every day in reading the scriptures, meditation, and prayer. I fasted often; I even abstained from all animal food for three months; I would hardly answer a question, for fear of speaking an idle word. I seemed to bemoan my former miscarriages very earnestly, sometimes with tears. In short, I became an ascetic, and endeavoured, so far as my situation would permit, to renounce society, that I might avoid temptation. I continued in this serious mood (I cannot give it a higher title) for more than two years, without any considerable breaking off: but it was a poor religion; it left me, in many respects, under the power of sin; and, so far as it prevailed, only tended to make me gloomy, stupid, unsociable, and useless.'—*Memoirs of Newton by himself*, pp. 12—15.

We shall be told by the advocates of man's utter corruption, that this is the human heart in its natural weakness and depravity, which nothing but a total and miraculous change can ameliorate. As well might we nourish our children on ardent spirits and putrid flesh, and call their diseased state the human constitution: as well might we argue from the cachexy thus produced, that man's body is so utterly diseased as to be naturally incapable of health, as infer from Newton's depravity that man's heart is so utterly depraved as to be naturally incapable of virtue. We are not justified in ascribing to our nature in general the vices which may be contracted from vile discipline, or in attributing to our dispositions the evils for which our habits are answerable.

In this state of mind, meeting with the writings of Lord Shaftesbury, he abandons himself to their rhapsodies without perceiving the conclusions to be deduced from them. His father thinks of settling him in some occupation; but, he says,

'I had little life or spirit for business: I knew but little of men or things. I was fond of a visionary scheme of a contemplative life, a medley of religion, philosophy, and indolence: and was quite averse to the thought of an industrious application to business.'—*Id.* p. 15.

Soon afterwards he forms a romantic attachment to the lady who afterwards became Mrs. Newton.

'Almost at the first sight of this girl (for she was then under fourteen) I was impressed with an affection for her, which never abated or lost its influence a single moment in my heart from that hour. In de-

gree, it actually equalled all that the writers of romance have imagined; in duration, it was unalterable. I soon lost all sense of religion, and became deaf to the remonstrances of conscience and prudence; but my regard for her was always the same; and I may perhaps venture to say, that none of the scenes of misery and wickedness I afterwards experienced, ever banished her a single hour together from my waking thoughts, for the seven following years.—*Id.* p. 17.

Again disobeying his father's wish that he should settle for some years in Jamaica, he plunges still deeper into corruption in the course of a voyage to Venice, and in his debasement is visited by sharp convictions, one of which he relates with considerable effect. This was a dream which he assumes to have been altogether supernatural, though evidently following the train of his bitter waking thoughts, and deriving its circumstances from recollections of his early education. Once more he disobeys his father, enters in a king's ship with a deist, rivals him in his disbelief, and renounces the hopes of the Gospel at the very time when every human comfort was about to fail him.

Having given great offence to his captain by absenting himself from the ship without leave, he attempts to desert, is brought back to Plymouth, publicly flogged and degraded from his rank of midshipman, and all his former companions forbidden to show him the least favour, or even to speak to him. The consequence he thus describes.

‘My breast was filled with the most excruciating passions, eager desire, bitter rage, and black despair. Every hour exposed me to some new insult and hardship, with no hope of relief or mitigation; no friend to take my part, or to listen to my complaint. Whether I looked inward or outward, I could perceive nothing but darkness and misery.’—*Ibid.* p. 30.

To increase his wretchedness, he is charged to think no more of the object of his affection; and in his fury forms designs against the life both of the captain and himself. While he is in doubt which to attempt, not thinking it practicable to effect both, the captain gladly transfers him to another vessel, and Newton, on his part, rejoices at the change.

‘I well remember, (he says,) one reflection which I made upon the occasion, viz. “that I now might be as abandoned as I pleased, without any controul;” and from this time I was exceedingly vile indeed, little, if any thing, short of that animated description of an almost irrecoverable state, which we have in 2 Pet. ii. 14. I not only sinned with a high hand myself, but made it my study to tempt and seduce others upon every occasion; nay, I eagerly sought occasion, sometimes to my own hazard and hurt. One natural consequence of this carriage was, a loss of the favour of my new captain; not that he was at all religious, or disliked my wickedness any further than it affected his interest, but I became careless

careless and disobedient : I did not please him, because I did not intend it; and as he was a man of an odd temper likewise, we the more easily disagreed.'—p. 37.

In pursuance of these worthy determinations, he seems to have indulged in a perfect *θνησιότης*, the details of which, with the exception of the wanton attack of his muse on his new captain, he has thought proper to suppress. His shipmates, as tired of him as his superiors, are well pleased to leave him, at his own request, on the coast of Africa, 'big with mischief, and like one infected with a pestilence capable of spreading a taint wherever he went.' 'Here,' he goes on to relate, 'I was soon brought into such abject circumstances, that I was too low to have any influence; I was rather shunned and despised than imitated, there being few even of the negroes themselves, but thought themselves too good to speak to me.' To complete his misfortunes, his master is irritated against him by a false accusation of theft; 'the only vice,' he adds, 'I could not be justly charged with.'

'My haughty heart was now brought down; not to a wholesome repentance, not to the language of the prodigal; this was far from me; but my spirits were sunk; I lost all resolution, and almost all reflection. I had lost the fierceness which fired me when on board the *Harwich*, and which made me capable of the most desperate attempts; but I was no further changed than a tiger tamed by hunger:—remove the occasion, and he will be wild as ever.'—p. 44.

The discipline he had already undergone seems to have had a beneficial though temporary effect; and having changed his feelings and conduct somewhat for the better, 'I began,' he says, 'to be wretch enough to think myself happy.' He is, however, induced by the master of a vessel, who had been requested by his father to look out for him, to return to England. In his homeward voyage, he relapses into such profligacy, adding drunkenness to his other vices, that his captain would often tell him that to his grief he had a *Jonah* on board; that a curse attended him wherever he went, &c.—p. 56. In a fit of intoxication, he falls overboard, and narrowly escapes drowning; but this, he says—

'And many other deliverances, were all at that time entirely lost upon me. The admonitions of conscience, which from successive repulses had grown weaker and weaker, at length entirely ceased; and, for the space of many months, if not for some years, I cannot recollect that I had a single check of that sort. At times I have been visited with sickness, and have believed myself to be near to death; but I had not the least concern about the consequences. In a word, I seemed to have every mark of final impenitence and rejection; neither judgments nor mercies made the least impression on me.'—p. 59.

The hour of what he considered his conversion was however drawing nigh.

‘ I think it was on the ninth of March, the day before our catastrophe, that I felt a thought pass through my mind, which I had long been a stranger to. Among the few books we had on board, one was Stanhope’s *Thomas à Kempis*: I carelessly took it up, as I had often done before, to pass away the time; but I still read it with the same indifference as if it was entirely a romance. However, while I was reading this time, an involuntary suggestion arose in my mind, What if these things should be true? I could not bear the force of the inference, as it related to myself, and therefore shut the book presently. My conscience witnessed against me once more; and I concluded, that, true or false, I must abide the consequences of my own choice. I put an abrupt end to these reflections, by joining in with some vain conversation or other that came in the way.—p. 60.

On the following day a storm arose, in which his ship was nearly lost.

‘ At the beginning of this hurry I was a little affected. I pumped hard, and endeavoured to animate myself and my companions. I told one of them, that in a few days this distress would serve us to talk of over a glass of wine: but he being a less hardened sinner than myself, replied with tears, “ No, it is too late now.” About nine o’clock, being almost spent with cold and labour, I went to speak with the captain, who was busied elsewhere; and just as I was returning from him, I said, almost without any meaning, “ If this will not do, the Lord have mercy on us.” This, though spoken with little reflection, was the first desire I had breathed for mercy for the space of many years. I was instantly struck with my own words, and, as Jehu said once, *What hast thou to do with peace?* so it directly occurred, *What mercy can there be for me?* I was obliged to return to the pump, and there I continued till noon, almost every passing wave breaking over my head; but we made ourselves fast with ropes, that we might not be washed away. Indeed I expected that every time the vessel descended into the sea, she would rise no more; and though I dreaded death *now*, and my heart foreboded the worst, if the Scriptures, which I had long since opposed, were indeed true, yet still I was but half convinced, and remained for a space of time in a sullen frame, a mixture of despair and impatience. I thought, if the Christian religion was true, I could not be forgiven; and was therefore expecting, and almost, at times, wishing to know the worst of it.

‘ The 10th (that is, in the present style, the 21st) of March, is a day much to be remembered by me, and I have never suffered it to pass wholly unnoticed since the year 1748. On that day the Lord sent from on high, and delivered me out of deep waters.—I continued at the pump from *three in the morning*, till near *noon*, and then I could do no more. I went and lay down upon my bed, uncertain, and almost indifferent, whether I should rise again. In an hour’s time I was called, and not being able to pump, I went to the helm, and steered the ship till midnight, excepting a small interval for refreshment. I had here leisure and convenient opportunity for reflection. I began to think of my former religious professions; the extraordinary turns in my life; the calls, warnings, and deliverances I had met with; the licentious course of my conversation,

conversation, particularly my unparalleled effrontery in making the gospel-history (which I could not now be sure was false, though I was not as yet assured it was true) the constant subject of profane ridicule. I thought, allowing the scripture premises, there never was, nor could be, such a sinner as myself; and then comparing the advantages I had broken through, I concluded at first that my sins were too great to be forgiven. The scripture likewise seemed to say the same; for I had formerly been well acquainted with the Bible, and many passages upon this occasion returned upon my memory, particularly those awful passages, Prov. i. 24—31. Heb. vi. 4, 6. and 2 Pet. ii. 20. which seemed so exactly to suit my case and character, as to bring with them a presumptive proof of a divine original. Thus, as I have said, I waited with fear and impatience to receive my inevitable doom. Yet though I had thoughts of this kind, they were exceedingly faint and disproportionate: it was not till long after, (perhaps several years,) I had gained some clear views of the infinite righteousness and grace of Christ Jesus my Lord, that I had a deep and strong apprehension of my state by nature and practice; and perhaps till then I could not have borne the sight. So wonderfully does the Lord proportion the discoveries of sin and grace; for he knows our frame, and that if he was to put forth the greatness of his power, a poor sinner would be instantly overwhelmed, and crushed as a moth.—p. 64.

Although Mr. Newton says of himself at this time that he was 'the most unlikely person in the world to receive an impression,' and considered that 'the Lord especially singled him out in mercy,' and elsewhere intimates that his conversion and that of Colonel Gardiner might be classed with the miraculous one of St. Paul, we cannot discern proofs either that the usual order of nature was superseded by the extraordinary operation of the spirit, or that his mind was so *entirely* under the guidance of the ordinary operation of that spirit as to exclude the action of human principles and motives. In the events we have been relating, we see those sudden and to them inexplicable changes, to which the existence of sea-faring men is exposed; which, relieving their lives from the sameness of an intelligible succession of causes and effects, which a landsman's life exhibits, expose them to the influence of a peculiar superstition. Unwilling to submit to the uncertainty of chance, they ascribe the innumerable incidents, whose dependence on a proximate natural cause they are unable to trace, to a predetermined plan, called fate, fixed from the birth of each individual in spite of whatever nature or man can oppose. We say not that this is a very philosophical arrangement of 'mortal consequences,' but that it is a common one, and has the warrant of antiquity: *αἴτια γὰρ δοκοῦσιν εἶναι φύσις καὶ ἀνάγκη καὶ τύχη· ἔτι δὲ τοῦς καὶ πᾶν τὸ δι' ἀνθρώπου.*—*Aristot. Ethic. 3. 3.* We observe this superstition constantly gaining ground in Mr. Newton's mind, supported by a belief of supernatural agency exerted for or against

him in all those physical, and moral changes (the *μεταβολαι* of Scripture) which *he* could not, but which we, aided by his narrative, can trace to causes perfectly natural. Had he been as minute in his account of external nature as he has been of the workings of his mind, it would be as easy to prove that the physical order of the universe was never interrupted in the events which he undoubtedly attributes to a special interference superseding the general laws of God's providence.

We now proceed to trace the series of moral causes and effects more distinctly than we could do in the course of the narrative.

Mr. Newton was born with a constitution of strong animal impulses, over which the discipline of his invalid and self-indulgent mother was little suited to teach him the mastery, and which the mixture of neglect and severity he afterwards underwent was sure to strengthen. With such strong passions, his exposure to the various temptations of a sea-faring life confirmed him in daring but not reckless wickedness. From the latter he was preserved by the strong hold which early associations still had on his mind: he could not banish the thought of his mother's lessons and prayers, of the God she had habituated him to serve, and the future punishments she had taught him to dread. These thoughts might not occur to him distinctly; but, far from losing any force from their origin being hidden and their warnings undefined, they assumed from that very circumstance a supernatural authority. The principles which occur to our minds in distinct propositions may be compared to cords which we may find means of cutting; but those which influence us as with an instinctive power of which we can give no account, rather resemble the attraction of gravity, against which it is in vain to contend. But Mr. Newton's actions were not only at variance with associations which he had derived from his mother's instruction, but were opposed to the very elements of his moral being. The desire of superiority, of which even every ordinary man has his portion, but which Newton possessed in no common measure, as his intolerance of restraint and insolence to his officers testified, kept goading him with mortification and envy as he fell into desertion and contempt. His romantic and ardent attachment to a woman, whose purity he contrasted with his own vileness, was, so long as he continued in his debasement, accompanied with that hopelessness of reciprocal affection which maketh the heart sick. This storm of mingled passions, the deeper and deeper debasement of circumstances into which he was continually sinking, disease of body, and consequent utter prostration of spirits, and then the danger of an immediate and most frightful death, forced upon him the conviction that his own conscience, all mankind, and the universal powers of nature were leagued

leagued against him. In all this he discerned a plan for his special destruction, and instinctively he ascended from nature to nature's God, and saw Him the author of it, a God of vengeance, 'in clouds and thick darkness.'

We repeat that these are effects within the range of God's ordinary providence. In no instances do we observe the extraordinary operation of the spirit visible in miracles; nor can we any where detect such an unmixed action of the ordinary operation as to warrant Mr. Newton's abandoning himself to the guidance of his feelings, or expecting that repetition of them by a special interference of Providence which would complete the work of his conversion. Such, however, was his error, and we were not therefore surprised to find him (by a common inconsistency) striving at first to keep up these feelings as divine aids and sanctions, and relapsing into his evil habits when time had weakened them. Had he relied less on their imaginary divine character, and thought more of proceeding from them to the cultivation of right dispositions and habits, and the correction of wrong ones, he would have been less likely to fall into his former vices, and more able to make progress in performing those *conditions* without which we are not permitted to expect any share in the appointed *means* of salvation.

'At length, (he says,) the Lord, whose mercies are infinite, interposed in my behalf. My business, while upon the coast, was to sail from place to place in the longboat to purchase slaves. The ship was at Sierra Leone, and I then at the Plantanes, the scene of my former captivity, where every thing I saw might seem to remind me of my ingratitude. I was in easy circumstances, courted by those who formerly despised me: the *lime trees* I had planted were growing tall, and promised fruit the following year, against which time I had expectations of returning with a ship of my own. But none of these things affected me, till, as I have said, the Lord again interposed to save me. He visited me with a violent fever, which broke the fatal chain, and once more brought me to myself. But, O what a prospect! I thought myself now summoned away. My past dangers and deliverances, my earnest prayers in time of trouble, my solemn vows before the Lord at his table, and my ungrateful returns for all his goodness, were all present to my mind at once. Then I began to wish that the Lord had suffered me to sink in the ocean, when I first besought his mercy. For a little while I concluded the door of hope to be quite shut, but this continued not long. Weak, and almost delirious, I arose from my bed, and crept to a retired part of the island; and here I found a renewed liberty to pray. I durst make no more resolves, but cast myself before the Lord, to do with me as he should please. I do not remember that any particular text, or remarkable discovery, was presented to my mind; but in general I was enabled to hope and believe in a crucified Saviour. The burden was removed from my conscience, and not only my peace but my health was restored; I cannot say instantaneously; but I recovered from that hour;

and so fast, that when I returned to the ship two days afterwards, I was perfectly well before I got on board.'—*Newton's Memoirs of himself*, pp. 82, 83.

Always in extremes in the judgment which he formed of his moral state, he at one time considered himself hurried into corruptions by natural impulses which he had not the power of resisting; at another, drawn to perfection by a divine influence which his own efforts could neither assist nor oppose. He was either possessed by a demon of infernal darkness, or a spirit of empyreal light, or he was the helpless and wretched neutral state for which Heaven and Hell were contending. With the grossest ignorance of the mixed nature of man, and the most superstitious belief in supernatural agencies, Mr. Newton in his virtues and his vices was above or below the level of humanity. But we will not anticipate what we shall say respecting the ill effects of such principles; let it suffice at present to have proved them erroneous.

The next error we would expose consists in attributing altogether to supernatural influences those moral changes which have arisen, at least in part, from the principle of human nature which the Romans expressed by their proverbs, *crede quod habes et habes*, and *possunt quia posse videntur*, and which may be defined the *power of strong belief to realize the thing believed*, whether for good or ill.

When earnest desire and confident expectation coincide in the same object, the person who feels them is stimulated to that highest degree of energy which is, in no slight degree, because it believes itself, capable of achieving every thing. Nelson, bearing down on the enemy, was in both senses certain of victory. The opposite state of mind, of fully expecting what we dread, produces a proportionate imbecility and despondence, which yields before a blow is struck. All history is a record of this principle. How many victories and defeats, foundings and desertions of cities and colonies, establishings and abandonings of laws and superstitions, may be referred to a belief in the oracles of the Grecian and the omens of the Roman! What a real influence has been exerted on the happiness and fortunes of states and individuals by the unreal mockery of judicial astrology, witchcraft and necromancy! What shall we say of the following account in the auto-biography of a popular writer of his having been tempted by the Devil to sell his Saviour? 'One morning,' says the dramatic John Bunyan in his life of himself, 'as I lay in my bed, I was most fiercely assaulted with this temptation to sell and part with Christ, the wicked suggestion still running in my mind, sell him, sell him, sell him, as fast as a man could speak; against which also in my mind, as at other times, I answered, no, no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands,

thousands, at least twenty times together : but at last, after much striving, I felt this thought pass in my mind, let him go if he will ; and I thought also that I felt my heart freely consent thereto. Oh ! the diligence of Satan ! oh ! the desperateness of man's heart ! Who can doubt that this was the effect of a strong belief in the corruption of his nature, so acting on a vivid imagination as to realize the thing believed ?

This power of belief not only gives a local habitation and a name to visionary crimes and terrors, but adds force to real moral evils. There are many temptations from our sensual appetites and malicious passions which we shall best conquer, like the Scythian, by flight, or, like the Spartan, master by contempt. A belief in our own utter corruption, instead of permitting us either prudently to retreat or honourably to summon to our aid that high-minded disdain which is often the best pledge of victory, gives to the temptation an imaginary importance and a real duration in our minds, whilst it robs virtue of her best allies ; dashing with doubt, if not branding with reprobation, those natural affections which cause us to feel the deepest as well as the purest gratification in promoting the happiness of friends ; that expanded self-love which teaches us to seek our own by forwarding the good of others ; that well-directed desire of esteem which makes the respect of honourable men a recompense for the most strenuous exertions ; that high sense of self-approbation which finds in the still small voice a satisfaction which no pleasure can give and no pain take away—In a word, a belief in our own utter corruption leaves us neither swiftness to fly nor power to fight, raises up enemies which would not have attacked us, and strengthens those who do.

The wretch who is, because he believes himself, in the state of debasement we have described, cannot contemplate the possibility of the gradual progress in religious faith and practice, which is the course of a Christian race and the terms of his warfare, nor that God will *work with him* both to will and to do, but expects a total change of his nature to precede every exertion of his own. In the meantime, as he considers the only good of which he is capable is to abhor himself, his agony of remorse is worked up to the highest pitch,—is sustained there for a short time by the struggles of determined self-condemnation—till the storm of mingled passions, having exhausted the more violent agencies of nature, subsides into a calm, delightful in itself, but still more delightful when contrasted with the foul hubbub which preceded it.*

There is yet another state of mind which has been mistaken for

* See Whitfield's account of his own conversion.—*Southey's Life of Wesley*, vol. i. p. 133, *et seq.*

an intimate mysterious communion between God and the soul, when the affections and desires, *debarred from their worldly objects*, exhaust their energies in the deep love and ardent aspirations of a mystic theopathy. The virgin bride of heaven, when she severs herself from the world, must be tortured by the cravings of disappointed nature, if she be unable to fill her heart and mind with other feelings and thoughts. How fearful may be the struggle between her desire to break and to respect her vows, we may learn from the admirable picture which Mr. Blanco White has drawn of the misery of a cloister. But to a vivid imagination and warm feelings, this is not so difficult a task as we might expect, and its performance may be traced on the illuminated vellum, or the dingy tract, through every gradation, from the dim twilight musings of a holy abstraction, to the brilliant visions of strong faith; from the vulgar impurities of a Moravian sister to the pure affections of a Guion. The life of this amiable enthusiast is at once so interesting, and offers so natural an explanation of a state of mind which appeared to herself and her followers a mystery of divine love, that we shall present an outline of it to our readers.

Though the author of 35 volumes of rhapsody, and the founder of a numerous sect of enthusiasts, the Quietists of France, (to repress whose errors the Gallican and Roman churches convoked their ablest divines,) she is merely known to the generality of English readers as the writer of a few hymns, which Newton praised and Cowper translated. She was born in 1668, of a good family, at Montargis, d'un père (she says) et d'une mère qui faisoient profession d'une fort grande piété, particulièrement mon père qui l'avoit héritée de ses ancêtres: car l'on peut presque compter depuis très long-temps autant de saints dans sa famille, qu'il y a eu de personnes qui l'ont composée.* She did not shame her ancestry, having, even in childhood, had her dreams of eternal punishments, experienced the desire of martyrdom, and devoted her little breakfast for some time to an image of our Saviour. Abandoned in her infancy by her mother to the care of servants, she was placed by her father at the age of seven in a convent of Ursulines, under the care of her half-sister, by whom she was tenderly and piously educated, and had made such progress in a year, as to return 'pertinent answers' to the questions with which Henrietta, wife of James II. when she visited the convent, proved her young wit.

'I continued some time longer with my sister, where I retained the

* The English translator seems to have thought this an unreasonable proportion in a family, and has altered the passage to 'many of his forefathers were saints.' We shall however quote from him in future. The title of his translation is, *The Exemplary Life of the pious Lady Guion.*

love and fear of God. My life was easy; I was educated agreeably with her. I improved much in the time I had my health, for very often was I sick, and seized with maladies as sudden as uncommon: in the evening well and in the morning swelled, and full of blueish marks, symptoms of a fever which soon followed. At nine years of age, I was taken with so violent a fit of throwing up blood, that they thought I was going to die: I was rendered exceedingly weak thereby.—*Life, &c.* p. 25.

The mortifications to which we have ascribed her alienation, from human, and devotion to divine, feelings, now commenced. An elder sister became jealous of her affection to her instructress, and having assumed the care of her education, ‘forbid me,’ she says, ‘to speak to my other sister, and when she knew I had spoke to her, she got me whipt, or beat me herself.’

Afterwards she meets with much persecution from the boarders in the convent, ‘and was so much neglected as to meat and drink that she fell away, and became emaciated.’

‘After having been here about eight months, my father took me home again. My mother kept me more with her, beginning now to have a higher regard for me than before: yet she still preferred my brother, which was so visible that every one spoke of it with dislike; for when I was sick, and met with any thing I liked, he demanded it: it was then taken from me, and given to him, though he was perfectly well in health. He was continually giving me new vexations. One day he made me mount up on top of the coach; when he had done that he threw me down on the ground; and by the fall I was bruised. At other times he beat me; but whatever he did, however wrong, was winked at, or had the most favourable construction put upon it. This conduct soured my temper: I had little disposition to do good, saying, “I was never the better for it.” It was not then for thee alone, Oh God, that I did good, since I ceased to do it, when it met not such a reception from others as I wanted. Had I known how to make a right use of this thy crucifying conduct towards me, I should have made a good progress. Far from turning me out of the way, it would have made me turn more wholly to thee. With jealous eyes, I looked on my brother, seeing the wide difference made betwixt him and me. Whatever he did, he always did well; but the blame of all fell on me. My sisters by the mother made their court to her, by caressing him and falling foul on me. It is true, I was bad: I was relapsed into my former faults of lying and peevishness. With all these faults, I was very tender and charitable to the poor, prayed to God assiduously, loved to hear any speak of him, and to read good books.’—pp. 28, 29.

It was about this time that she ‘began to think of giving herself up to God in good earnest.’

‘I wanted to be a nun, and importuned my mother excessively to take me to that house; but she would not do it for fear of grieving my father, who was yet absent, and she still referred me to his return. As I saw that I could not obtain from her what I desired, I counterfeited her

her hand-writing, and forged a letter, in which she besought those ladies to receive me: excusing herself from coming with me on account of her illness.'—p. 36.

From these good resolutions she is however diverted by admiration, (for she was beautiful,) dress, company, and romances, aided by a visit to the vanity-fair of Paris. There she is married at fifteen, having signed the marriage-articles without being allowed to know what they were, or to whom they contracted her, and finds her husband morose in temper, and twenty-two years older than herself; his mother a domestic tyrant, who 'opposed her in every thing, and, in order to vex her, made her perform the most humiliating offices;' and both equally vulgar in their habits and conversation. What aggravated the evil, she says, 'was the remembrance of those persons who had proposed for me, the difference of their humour and manners, the love they had for me, with their agreeableness and politeness.' Whilst her own mother reproaches her for never visiting her parents, this precious pair 'taunt her with bitter speeches' whenever she does. Even in society her step-mother 'galls her with the grossest affronts, and finds the secret of extinguishing her vivacity and rendering her stupid.'

'To complete my affliction, they presented me with a waiting maid who was every thing with them. She kept me in sight like a governess, and treated me in a strange manner. For the most part I bore with patience these evils, which I had no way to avoid: but sometimes I let some hasty answer escape me, which was a source of grievous crosses to me and violent reproaches for a long time together. When I went out, the footmen had orders to give an account of every thing I did. It was then I began to eat the bread of sorrows, and to mingle my drink with my tears. At table they still did something to me, which covered me with confusion. I could not forbear tears, and thence had a double confusion, one for what they said to me, and the other for not being able to refrain weeping. I had no one to confide in who might share my affliction, and to assist me to bear it. When I would impart some hint of it to my mother, I drew upon myself new crosses, so that I resolved to have no confidant of my trouble. It was not from any natural cruelty that my husband treated me thus; for he loved me even passionately, but he was warm and hasty, and my mother-in-law continually irritated him about me.

'It was in a condition so deplorable, Oh my God, that I began to perceive the need I had of thy assistance: for this situation was very perilous for me: as I met with none but admirers abroad, and such as flattered me to my hurt, it were to be feared lest at such a tender age, amidst all the strange domestic crosses I had to bear, I might be seduced. But thou, by thy goodness and love, gave it quite another turn. By these redoubled strokes thou didst draw me to thyself, and by thy crosses effected what thy caresses could not effect.'

'Such

'Such stunning blows so impaired the vivacity of my nature, that I became like a lamb that is shearing. I prayed to our Lord to assist me, and he was my refuge. As my age differed from theirs (for my husband was twenty-two years older than I) I saw well there was no probability of changing their humours, which were fortified with years: as I found that whatever I said was offensive, even those things which others would have been pleased with, I knew not what to do. One day, weighed down with grief, about six months after I was married, being alone, I was tempted even to cut out my tongue, that I might no longer irritate those who seized at every word with rage and resentment—But thou, O God, didst stop me short and shewed me my folly. I prayed continually, I communicated, I wished even to become dumb, so simple and ignorant was I. Though I have had my share of crosses, I never found any so difficult to support, as that of perpetual contrariety, without relaxation; of doing all one can to please, without ever succeeding therein, but even still offending by the very means designed to oblige, and being kept with such persons, in a most severe confinement, from morning till night, without ever daring to quit them. I have found that great crosses overwhelm, and stifle all anger at once. But such a continual contrariety irritates and stirs up a sourness at the heart. It has such a strange effect, that it requires the utmost violence of self-restraint, not to break out into vexation and rage.'—pp. 53—56.

These extracts will prepare our readers to expect the natural consequences of this domestic tyranny,—that a creature so affectionate and imaginative, bereaved of all worldly comfort, should seek that peace which the world cannot give, with a purpose so undivided and enthusiastic, as to mistake a natural state of mind for a special mysterious communion between God and her soul. Complaining to her confessor of the deadness of her devotions—

'He presently replied, "It is, Madam, because you seek without what you have within. Accustom yourself to seek God in your heart, and you will there find him."

'Having said these words, he left me. They were to me like the stroke of a dart, which penetrated through my heart. I felt at this instant a very deep wound, a wound so delightful that I desired not to be cured. These words brought into my heart, what I had been seeking so many years; or rather they discovered to me what was there, and which I had not enjoyed for want of knowing it. Oh my Lord! thou wast in my heart, and demanded only a simple turning of my mind inward, to make me perceive thy presence. Oh infinite Goodness! how was I running hither and thither to seek thee! my life was a burden to me, though my happiness was within myself. I was poor in the midst of riches, and ready to perish with hunger near a table plentifully spread, and a continual feast. Oh Beauty ancient and new! why have I known thee so late! Alas! I sought thee where thou wast not, and did not seek thee where thou wast. It was for want of understanding these words of thy gospel, "The kingdom of God cometh not with observation: neither shall they say, Lo here, or lo there: For behold the kingdom

dom of God is within you." This I now experienced. For thou becamest my king, and my heart thy kingdom, wherein thou didst reign supreme, and performed all thy sacred will.

"I told this good man, "that I did not know what he had done to me, that my heart was quite changed, that God was there; for from that moment he had given me an experience of his presence in my soul; not by thought or any application of mind, but as a thing really possessed after the sweetest manner." I experienced those words in the Canticles: "Thy name is as precious ointment poured forth; therefore do the virgins love thee." For I felt in my soul an unction which, as a salutary balsam, healed in a moment all my wounds. I slept not that whole night, because thy love, oh my God! flowed in me like delicious oil; and burned, as a fire which was going to devour in an instant all that was left of self. I was suddenly so altered that I was hardly to be known either by myself or others. I found no longer those troublesome faults or reluctances. They all disappeared, being consumed like chaff in a great fire."—pp. 70—72.

"Nothing now was more easy to me than prayer, hours passed away like moments, while I could hardly do any thing else but pray. The fervency of my love allowed me no intermission. It was a prayer of rejoicing and possessing, devoid of all busy imaginations, and forced reflexions; it was a prayer of the will, and not of the head, wherein the taste of God was so great, so pure, unblended and uninterrupted, that it drew and absorbed the powers of my soul into a profound recollection, without act or discourse. For I had now no sight but of Jesus Christ alone. All else was excluded, in order to love with the greater extent, without any selfish motives or reasons for loving."—p. 73.

If our readers wish to see more of the errors and rhapsodies of this interesting woman, they may follow her through penances voluntarily undergone to prove her love to God; an infinity of domestic mortifications and cruelties, which she no longer thought it right to avoid or lament; (in the language of mysticism this is the *anéantissement des puissances*;) an entire absorption in divine love (*qui s'appelle unité, union centrale, parce que tout se trouve réuni par la volonté et la charité dans le centre de l'âme et en Dieu notre dernière fin*); an utter neglect of every thing that prudence and decorum dictated; physical and moral miracles which compensated for these natural defects; the absurdities and gullibility of her friends, and the bigotry of many of her enemies, with all the possible combinations of an 'extravagant and erring spirit.' We have not room for these details, and have already quoted sufficient to prove that the character of this fourth species of assumed inspiration is natural.

But we cannot take leave of *la vie de Madame J. M. B. de la Mothe-Guyon* qui contient toutes les expériences de sa vie intérieure depuis ses commencemens jusqu'à la plus haute consommation, avec toutes les directions relatives, (such is the French title

title of the work,) without noticing, (and the Memoirs of Fenelon, by M. le Cardinal de Bausset confirm us in our opinion,) that a factitious consequence was given to her rhapsodies, by the persecutions which were arrayed against her. Had these absurdities been met by argument rather than anathema; had the simple truth of Scripture been urged rather than the authoritative articles of councils and the opinions of fathers, the ravings of a poor visionary would not have acquired importance, and her followers would have sunk into insignificance.

We have not room for more than a simple mention of many other natural principles which have frequently been mistaken for divine influences, such as the effects of a vehement and imaginative oratory, the contagious sympathy of numbers, the depression of mind caused by some diseases, the burst of animal spirits and imagination attendant on a rapid recovery, on the one hand; on the other, the influence of the mind upon the body, if not to produce and remove, assuredly to aggravate and alleviate certain disorders; that concurrence of circumstances really independent of each other, to produce a common result which impresses us with the idea of a systematic special interference for or against us; the hidden ties of strong associations catching, if we may so express ourselves, on the events of life, and immediately arresting us with a force which we can neither resist nor explain; lastly, (which alone will explain most of the absurdities of conversion among the lower orders,) the stupendous effects of the imagination roused into action for the first time; the consequences of which appear as supernatural to him who experiences them, as if a torrent of burning lava were to burst forth at the feet of a peasant who had never seen aught more romantic than Leicestershire's

‘Fat fertile plains and sleepy stagnant pools.’

If we examine what are called religious experiences, convictions, and conversions, we shall seldom have much difficulty in tracing them through some of the natural steps which we have described, instead of finding ourselves justified in relying on them as the unerring witness of the spirit. And when we consider also our imperfect knowledge of the human mind in general, and of the idiosyncrasies of the individual whose thoughts we are tracing to general principles; when we have made allowances for the colourings of vanity and the love of the marvellous on the one hand, and of pious fraud and worldly hypocrisy on the other; and recollect that we are led in the course of our inquiries often beyond the limits which divide a sound from an unsound mind, we shall not be inclined to differ from the opinion of those more judicious divines who have been led by a careful investigation of scriptural and moral truth (*τῷ ἀληθεῖ γὰρ πάντα συνᾶδει*) to the conclusion, ‘that the

the evidence of the spirit is not any secret inspiration, or any assurance conveyed to the mind of the faithful; but it is the evidence of works such as by the spirit we perform.* Or, in the words of Gloster Ridley, that 'the manner of the influence of the Holy Ghost is imperceptible to our senses, for God cannot be the object of them, so that we neither hear nor see, nor feel the motions of it.†

Hitherto we have been exposing the false principles of these opinions; let us now turn to *their mischievous effects*. The most obvious is their tendency to divert the Christian's attention from right conduct founded on pure faith to a religion of feelings. Convinced that the states of mind, which we have described, are the workings of the Holy Spirit, he believes his soul to be in immediate communion with God so long as he experiences them, and will not need the evidence of good works, when he feels so clear an internal witness. In vain will the minister of religion warn him to bring forth fruits, and caution him against lying spirits. If he has once been taught to entertain these feelings without question as angels of light, he will not easily be led to doubt their assurances. In the aspirations of fervent prayer and in the visions of holy musings, he has been habituated to feel more of comfort, and in their absence more of desertion and bereavement than their character as Christian graces (independent of their unfounded claims to be considered supernatural impulses) can justify. In proportion to the strength and frequency of these feelings his conscience will stand less in need of the testimony of right Christian practice, and will be able to whisper peace when there is no peace. On the other hand, the misery which sometimes attends the loss of these supposed pledges of God's favour (as in the case of Cowper) is equally frightful, unreasonable, and unscriptural; and we know not whether we would more deprecate the unfounded hopes or fears of this superstition.

Nor must we overlook, amongst the ill effects of such principles, the pride and censoriousness which an imaginary possession of supernatural qualities so often produces. The insolence of superiority is intolerable when the *soi-disant* superior claims not only to estimate his own excellence, but decides that to be an excellence in himself which appears to us useless or evil, and that to be a defect in us which we consider harmless or good. Nor will it be rendered more tolerable by the thin veil of humility or charity with which spiritual pride often attempts to disguise himself. The following account of the unpractical religion of Mr. Newton's parish after enjoying sixteen years of his zealous ministry, when we re-

* Sherlock's Discourses, 8th Discourse.

† Sermon 3.

member

member that it comes from his successor, who, at least, was not prejudiced *against* what is called spiritual religion, ought to be allowed great weight.

‘Olney, it will readily be conceived from facts which have already met the reader’s eye, notwithstanding its having been favoured with the residence and labours of Mr. Newton during sixteen years, was by no means, when my father removed to it, a very inviting scene of ministerial service. Indeed the temper manifested, when a successor was to be appointed to Mr. N. cannot fail to surprise and offend us; and ought certainly, as my father intimates, to be borne in mind when his ministry there is under consideration. Olney, at that period, was a much divided place: the people were full of religious notions,—of that “knowledge which puffeth up,”—while the “love that edifieth” was comparatively rare. There were, no doubt, many excellent Christian characters among them; but, in general, the religion of the place was far from being of a sufficiently practical character: and it cannot be doubted, that the exquisite candour and tenderness of Mr. N.’s temper had failed of adequately counteracting the existing tendency of things. Many indeed were nursed up to a morbid delicacy of feeling, which could not bear the faithful application of scriptural admonitions, even by his gentle hand, without expostulation and complaint.

‘There is the less need to scruple this statement, because I trust, and it was my father’s hope and belief, that the religious state of Olney is materially amended; and that that town, in some degree, exhibits the rare example of a Christian community considerably recovered from a corrupt state, contracted by the abuse of the best principles.’—*Life of Scott*, pp. 181, 182.

We say *not* the best principles, and appeal to the whole course of our argument. The self-deceiver may enjoy these spiritual extasies without practising Christian duties, and the hypocrite may so easily counterfeit them, as to pass himself on the devotee for a highly-gifted professor. Our readers will remember how entirely Wesley was deceived by the pretended flights of his worthless brother-in-law, nor will they ascribe slight importance to the deliberate testimony which that extraordinary man, after an experience of fifty years, gave to the ill consequences of a religion of feelings.

‘Might I not have expected,’ said he, ‘a general increase of faith and love, of righteousness and true holiness; yea, and of the fruits of the Spirit—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, meekness, gentleness, fidelity, goodness, temperance?—Truly, when I saw what God had done among his people between forty and fifty years ago, when I saw them warm in their first love, magnifying the Lord, and rejoicing in God their Saviour, I could expect nothing less than that all these would have lived like angels here below; that they would have walked as continually seeing him that is invisible, having constant communion with the Father and the Son, living in eternity, and walking in eternity. I looked to see “a cho-

sen generation, a royal priesthood, a holy nation, a peculiar people;" in the whole tenor of their conversation "showing forth his praise who had called them into his marvellous light." But, instead of this, it brought forth error in ten thousand shapes. It brought forth enthusiasm, imaginary inspiration, ascribing to the all-wise God, all the wild, absurd, self-inconsistent dreams of a heated imagination. It brought forth pride. It brought forth prejudice, evil-surmising, censoriousness, judging and condemning one another; all totally subversive of that brotherly love which is the very badge of the Christian profession, without which whosoever liveth is counted dead before God. It brought forth anger, hatred, malice, revenge, and every evil word and work; all direful fruits, not of the Holy Spirit, but of the bottomless pit. It brought forth such base grovelling affections, such deep earthly-mindedness as that of the poor heathens, which occasioned the lamentation of their own poet over them: *O curvæ in terras animæ et cælestium inanes!* "O souls bowed down to earth, and void of God!" —*Southey's Life of Wesley*, vol. ii. p. 526.

But we shall be told, perhaps, that it is among the believers in divine impulses that we shall find some of the most zealous and devoted followers of Christ. Whilst we fully admit the truth of this statement, we do not acknowledge that a conclusion, favourable to the principles we have been endeavouring to expose, may be derived from it. Men of eager desires, strong feelings, and vivid imaginations, are certain to be zealous and devoted to whatever principles they adopt; but it is too probable that they will be injudicious in their choice. In this case, though we acknowledge and applaud their zeal, we shall deny their judgment and censure their errors. And let it be remembered that opinions which betray *them* only into absurdity, may lead their followers into the most pernicious errors. In *them* a belief in the supernatural character of their feelings and imaginations, while it affords a deep gratification, may not be irreconcilable to the essentials of religion, but in men of weaker spirits or less favourable natures, they may strike at the very root of practical piety.

Let it not be supposed that we would reduce religion to a mere practical matter in which the heart and the imagination are not to enter. Whilst we desire to expose the error and the mischief of ascribing to these principles a divine authority, and of making them the masters of our conduct, we are fully aware that a religion which is not vivified by them will be cold and lifeless, and we see no reason why the first fruits of these powers of our mind should not be dedicated to their Creator's service. When the natural philosopher, in the stupendous combination of infinite contrivances which are offered to his senses, has traced a simple unity of design, he cannot help ascending from that design to the Designer. When the moral philosopher in the equally stupendous system of appetite and desires, self-love and conscience, which he feels in himself,

himself, and of which he observes the effect in others, has detected a plan less simple, only because more of its completion is left to the agency of man, he cannot help in like manner ascending from that plan to the Planner. Each must coincide in the desire of the Stoic to harmonize his conduct with the physical and moral order of the universe. When to the knowledge of each the Christian adds a deeper insight into the government of the Almighty, and learns that to act in concert with the system of the universe is to promote his own eternal as well as temporal happiness, his inducements are still stronger to employ the powers of self-government with which he has been gifted in conforming his feelings and actions to the plan of the great Architect. But this desire cannot be made an efficient motive of conduct unless the mind be trained to dwell frequently and deeply on the attributes of the Deity. Let then our aspirations be intense, provided they are not esteemed supernatural in their sources, or made impractical in their effects. Let them not be considered as ends, but as means of elevating our conduct. If our private and public devotions bear the fruit of correct practice, we may know them to have been acceptable to God. And let us judge our principles and practice, not with a desire to extenuate or exaggerate our duty, to make it more or less strict than is required of us. Our Master knew what was in man, and was touched with a feeling of his infirmities, when he assigned him his reasonable service: it is superstition which represents the Deity irritated by the song and the dance, and appeased by the unsatisfied pinings of the cloister and the pains of the scourge. In a word let us make our devotions instruments of a holy life, and consider that to be a holy life which so uses, that it may not abuse, the blessings which are given us.

As our object is to elucidate what is true and expose what is false, not to gratify one body of Christians, or mortify another, we should regret to have fallen into the common error of defeating the effect of our matter by the faultiness of our manner. Of the advantage (looking to expediency independent of duty) of conducting controversy with due attention to that *suaviter in modo*, which does not in the least compromise the fortiter in re, we have a striking and a pleasing proof, in the manner in which the warm and sincere praise of Mr. Scott's *truly Christian sentiments* by his opponent, the learned and candid head of Oriel College, is noticed by his son in the volume so often quoted.

Had this eminent writer adopted the tone in which theological controversy is too often carried on, the benefit to be derived from his reasonings would have been confined to those who stand least in need of being convinced by them; instead of the Christian spirit in which he writes obtaining, as now, from his opponents in

argument that respectful attention which they would have refused to his learning and station. If we remember that superstition never flourishes alone, but clings to religion and morality for support; that she creeps up their deep-rooted stems and spreads over their noble branches, and mingles her poisons with their fruits, till at last the parasite alone retains vigour, and clusters in rank luxuriance round a withered trunk; if we remember, too, that this intertwining of good and bad is so close and perplexed as to require the nicest skill in their separation to avoid wounding the useful tree, we shall be convinced that this is not a work to be entrusted to a rude and careless hand. And as we are confident that wherever our apostolical church can obtain a candid hearing she will convince, we rejoice to see her most able advocates adopting a tone which causes them to be heard with attention by her adversaries.

ART. III.—*Journal of a Ten Months' Residence in New Zealand.*

By Richard A. Cruise, Esq. Captain in the 84th Regiment of Foot. 8vo. London.

IN the South Pacific are two islands of considerable magnitude, discovered by Tasman, the Dutch navigator, in the year 1642, and called by him Staatenland, or the States' Country, on a supposition of their being a continuation of the great Southern continent* which, when explored, was to bear that name, and which, in those days, was as eagerly sought as is now the North-west Passage or the termination of the Niger. In the following year, however, another Dutchman of the name of Brower determined their insularity, which induced the States-General to exchange their former appellation for that of New Zealand;—(lucus a non lucendo!) there being no one point of resemblance between them and the province of Old Zealand—the former being rugged, rocky, and mountainous, rising in several places to the height of the Peak of Teneriffe—the latter without a rock, and as flat as the fens of Lincolnshire. Since that period, Cook, Vancouver, and many of our circumnavigators, South Sea whalers, and missionaries, have visited New Zealand; and an occasional intercourse has been kept up with the islands from Port Jackson in New South Wales, from which they are distant not more than 400 leagues, on the same parallel of latitude.

* The land discovered by Dirck Gherritz, of the 'Good News' yacht, one of the five Rotterdam ships which doubled Cape Horn in 1599, and which he reported to lie in 64° S. lat. was considered as a part of this continent. It was marked on most of the old charts by the name of 'Gherritz Land,' till we, by one of those easy geographical flourishes, thought fit to expunge it; but this land, having the other day been recognized in its true situation, now figures under the new name of 'South Shetland,' to the manifest injury of the claims of the old Dutch navigator.

Captain

Captain Cruise (the author of the *Journal* before us) visited New Zealand, in consequence of having the command of a military detachment on board His Majesty's ship *Dromedary*, when she was directed to proceed thither from New South Wales to endeavour to procure a cargo of those extraordinary spars, which Captain Cook conceived to be capable of being converted into 'the finest topmasts in the world for ships of the line.' About ten months were occupied in felling and bringing down this cargo to the beach, during which Captain Cruise informs us, he 'was led, from motives of curiosity, to maintain a constant intercourse with the inhabitants, and to devote much of his leisure to their society.' His observations being minuted, as the facts that gave rise to them occurred, assume on that account, a greater degree of accuracy and authenticity than the more pleasing form of a connected narrative would have given them, and are unquestionably deserving of greater attention than the notices of casual and hasty visitors to a particular spot.

On board the *Dromedary* were a few natives of New Zealand returning from a visit to New South Wales, which they are in the habit of making. On the vessel's arrival in the Bay of Islands, the friends and relations of these people pushed off in their boats; and having previously wasted a vast quantity of gunpowder, by way of a welcome, they came alongside—

'When,' says Captain Cruise, 'they were admitted into the ship, the scene exceeded description; the muskets were all laid by, and every appearance of joy vanished. It is customary with these extraordinary people to go through the same ceremony upon meeting as upon taking leave of their friends. They join their noses together, and remain in this position for at least half an hour; during which time they sob and howl in a most doleful manner. If there be many friends gathered around the person who has returned, the nearest relation takes possession of his nose, while the others hang upon his arms, shoulders, and legs, and keep perfect time with the chief mourner (if he may be so called) in the various expressions of his lamentations. This ended, they resume their wonted cheerfulness, and enter into a detail of all that has happened during their separation. As there were nine New Zealanders just returned and more than three times that number to commemorate the event, the howl was quite tremendous, and so novel to almost every one in the ship, that it was with difficulty our people's attention could be kept to matters, at that moment, much more essential. Little Repero, who had frequently boasted during the passage, that he was too much of an Englishman ever to cry again, made a strong effort when his father Shungie, approached him, to keep his word; but his early habit soon got the better of his resolution, and he evinced, if possible, more distress than any of the others.'—pp. 19—21.

A chief, who had sent his son to New South Wales under the
D 3 protection

protection of his brother Evey, where he died, now came forward to inquire after his child.

‘The whole family sat in a circle upon the deck; and the mat, which the poor little boy had been accustomed to wear, and which was the only relic of him, was brought up and placed by Evey in the centre of the group. The scene of lamentation that ensued was truly distressing, particularly on the part of the mother and sister of the deceased. To appease the grief of the father, who was an elderly man, and who, from a rheumatic complaint, had lost the use of his limbs, a musket, which had been purchased for him at Port Jackson, was laid before him. After a time it seemed to have some effect in restoring his composure, and when he had got a little powder, which he said was necessary to salute the memory of his child, he went away in apparent tranquillity.’—pp. 22, 23.

Though this is, perhaps, the part of the northern island most frequented by the South Sea whalers, there was nothing in the face of the country, or in the dwellings of the natives, that indicated the least degree of improvement; the former remaining nearly in a state of nature, and the latter being little better than hovels of the most wretched kind; even those of the chiefs being scarcely high enough to admit their owners to stand upright; in fact, the New Zealanders make but little use of their dwellings, as the fineness of the climate induces them to prefer sleeping out of doors. The usual way in which they take their rest is in a sitting posture, with their legs gathered under them, enveloped in a coarse mat, which, Captain Cruise says, ‘gives them the appearance during the night of a number of bee-hives scattered in groups about a village.’

The New Zealanders are divided into a great number of petty tribes, who are generally in a state of hostility with one another. One of these tribes had just returned to the Bay of Islands from an expedition to the river Thames shortly after Captain Cruise’s arrival.

‘The fleet was composed of about fifty canoes, many of them seventy or eighty feet long, and few less than sixty. Their prows, sides, and stern posts were handsomely carved, and ornamented with a profusion of feathers; and they generally carried two sails made of straw matting. They were filled with warriors, who stood up and shouted as they passed our boat, and held up several human heads as trophies of their success.’—p. 37.

Besides these memorials of their barbarous triumph, the visitors had brought back with them several captives, men, women, and children, who were observed to be sitting patiently on the beach, awaiting the lot which was to consign them to their respective masters; for one object of their wars is that of making slaves, who are very numerous among these children of nature. Among the

the female captive was one who excited particular interest; she was young and handsome, avoided talking with the rest of the prisoners, but sat silent and alone, and appeared to be wholly absorbed in affliction. Her father, who was a chief, had been killed by the man whose prisoner she now was. Attracted to the spot where she was sitting, Captain Cruise gives the following account of what took place; it is highly characteristic of the brutal and ferocious conduct of these savages.

‘The man who had slain her father, having cut off his head, and preserved it by a process peculiar to these islanders, took it out of a basket where it had hitherto been concealed, and threw it into the lap of the unhappy daughter. At once she seized it with a degree of frenzy not to be described, pressed its inanimate nose to her own, and held it in this position until her tears ran over every part of it. She then laid it down, and with a bit of sharp shell disfigured her person in so shocking a manner, that in a few minutes not a vestige of her former beauty remained. She first began by cutting her arms, then her breasts, and latterly her face. Every incision was so deep as to cause a gush of blood; but she seemed quite insensible to pain, and performed the operation with heroic resolution.

‘He whose cruelty had caused this frightful exhibition, was evidently amused at the horror with which we viewed it; and, laying hold of the head by the hair, which was long and black, offered to sell it to us for an axe, turned it in various ways to show it off to the best advantage, and when no purchaser was to be found, replaced it in the basket from whence he had taken it. The features were as perfect as when in life, and though the daughter was quite grown up, the head of her father appeared to be that of a youthful and handsome man.’—pp. 42, 43.

It will readily be supposed, that the unfortunate beings reduced to slavery are not treated with much mildness or consideration; in fact, they are not only condemned to perform all the hard labour, and prohibited from enjoying the same food as their masters, but are beaten and otherwise ill-treated, with or without occasion, and hold even their lives by a very precarious tenure. It appears, too, that their masters will not suffer them ‘to be buried in consecrated ground,’ but commonly throw their bodies into the woods to be devoured by dogs; because, as they say, (though we do not quite comprehend their train of reasoning,) a slave has no existence after this life, whereas the free Zealander will be transported after death to a very happy country.’ When any member of the family of a chief dies, a certain number of slaves, proportioned to the rank of the deceased, are sacrificed to appease his spirit; and, it is added, that, even in New South Wales, where there happened to be three slave boys at Mr. Marsden’s establishment, it required the interposition of his authority to prevent their being sacrificed on the grave of a New Zealander chief’s son, who died in that colony.

The manner of putting them to death, Captain Cruise says, 'is one of the most humane customs of the country; the unsuspecting victim being deprived of existence by a blow on the head with a stone club, without a previous intimation of his intended fate.'

It is well known that the New Zealanders have a mode of preserving from decay the features of the human face. The process by which this is effected, and which is even extended to the preservation of the whole human body, after removing the intestines, is thus described.

'When the head has been separated from the body, and the whole of the interior of it extracted, it is rolled up in leaves, and put into a kind of oven, made of heated stones laid in a hole in the ground, and covered over with earth. The temperature is very moderate, and the head is baked or steamed until all the moisture, which is frequently wiped away, has exuded; after which it is left in a current of air until perfectly dry. Some of these preserved heads were brought to England; the features, hair, and teeth were as perfect as in life; nor have they ever since shown any symptoms of decay.

'The custom of preserving heads is universal among these islanders. They bring them back from their wars, in the first instance, as a trophy, and in the event of peace, to restore them to the party from whom they had taken them: an interchange of heads being a common article in their treaties of reconciliation. They now barter them to the Europeans for a trifle.'—pp. 50, 51.

We are not surprized that Captain Cruise should find it 'difficult to define what their religion is.' The great objects which mostly influence savage life are self-gratification and self-preservation; the only restraint on the former is the dread of some supreme, invisible, incomprehensible power, which here, under the name of *Atua*, is believed to be able at any moment to destroy them by disease, thunder and lightning, &c. It has been thought that some superstitious notion attached to the custom of tattooing the skin, which is so universal throughout the islands of the Pacific, and even among the Esquimaux of the Arctic regions. The New Zealanders, however, appear to use it only, or chiefly at least, as a distinguishing mark of their respective tribes, each having a different arrangement of the lines and points, by which they are at once made known to one another.

The New Zealanders may be considered as a fine race of men, being in general tall, well made, and active; their skin is a deep brown, their hair black, sometimes straight, and frequently curling; their teeth are beautifully white, their features commonly regular and pleasing, and exhibiting as much variety as those of the Europeans, a very unusual circumstance among savages. The women are as fair as those of the southern parts of Europe, well made, and in general handsome. They are slightly tattooed, and,

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with few exceptions, decently clothed. Before marriage female chastity appears to be held in little esteem, if it be true that even sisters and daughters are prostituted for hire to strangers who visit their coasts; after marriage, however, they become faithful and affectionate, and are said to be very fond of their children. As usual in savage life, they are condemned to drudgery, and to bear, which they do with great patience, the violent and brutal conduct of their husbands.

That they are capable of strong attachment appears from various anecdotes in Captain Cruise's Journal. When the house of one of the missionaries was attacked and plundered, a native girl, who had the charge of one of his children, crossed a river and hid herself with the child in the wood, for several days, and when all was again tranquil, brought it back to its parents. The following instance of real affection is well deserving of record.

'A native girl, the daughter of a chief, having lived for some months with a soldier who was the person supposed to have caused the death of William Aldridge, and it appearing prudent to remove her from the ship, she complied with the order for her departure with some reluctance. From the time the unfortunate man had been put into confinement till the present moment she had scarcely left his side or ceased to cry; and having been told that he must inevitably be hanged, she purchased some flax from the natives alongside, and making a rope of it, declared that if such should be his fate, she would put a similar termination to her own existence: nor is there the slightest doubt that, in conformity to the custom of the country, she would have executed her intentions.

'Though turned out of the ship, she remained alongside in a canoe from sunrise to sunset, and no remonstrance or present could induce her to go away. When the Dromedary went to the Bay of Islands, she followed us over-land, and again taking up her station near that part of the vessel in which she supposed her protector was imprisoned, she remained there even in the most desperate weather, and resumed her daily lamentation for his anticipated fate until we finally sailed from New Zealand.'—p. 270.

Among the various shades of coloured people widely dispersed over the islands of the great Pacific and Southern oceans—reducible however to two classes, the brown and the black—no one ever doubted that the New Zealanders (far removed as they are from the continent of Asia) are a part of the former stock, and claim an Asiatic origin;—with the black population of Australia, though situated not more than 400 leagues, as we have said, from its eastern shore, they have nothing in common. Their language, features, superstitions, and many of their customs, accord with those of Otaheite; but the dispositions of the two sets of islanders differ as widely as those of the Hindoo and the Malay; the indolence,

lence, the effeminacy and mildness of the Otaheitan having totally disappeared in the New Zealander, who is active, ingenious, enterprising, and full of a ferocious courage which frequently admits of no compromise, but impels him on to hopeless warfare and inevitable destruction. Revengeful and irascible, so as never to forgive nor to brook an injury or an insult, these people have still some redeeming qualities; the several tribes being kind and affectionate towards each other, and far from deficient in many of the better qualities which are supposed to belong exclusively to a state of civilization.

The New Zealanders have been pretty generally stigmatized with the odious practice of cannibalism—a vice which we have always maintained to be much less common among the worst of savages than is so often and so vaguely asserted. Tasman had four men slain in a skirmish with them, one of whom they carried off, and therefore ‘*doubtless*’ (says Forster) they are cannibals; and ‘*doubtless* they tasted the flesh of an European so early as 1642.’

Captain Fourneaux had a midshipman (Mr. Rowe) and a boat’s crew of ten persons killed in an affray with these islanders, and their bodies also were carried off. The quarrel commenced by a sailor’s jacket being stolen, and by Mr. Rowe having (as he is said to have been in the habit of doing) fired at the natives. The hand of this unfortunate officer was afterwards found in a basket; and from this circumstance, and that of a party being discovered on the top of a hill dancing with wild gestures and kindling fires, the same German philosopher, who is every where full of theories and conjectures, concludes they ‘were *probably* dressing the bodies;’ and therefore, also, he sets them down for cannibals. Mr. Rowe’s hand was much more likely intended to be preserved as a trophy in the way we have mentioned, than to be eaten.

In the same year M. Dufresne Marion, commander of the French ship *Mascarin*, with 28 seamen, was cut off by these people after living on the most friendly terms with them for more than a month; but it afterwards appeared that the French had been the aggressors, by setting fire to two of their villages. Captain Cruise was informed by one of the natives that his countrymen, determined on revenge, offered to assist Marion’s people in hauling the seine, in the performance of which they so arranged themselves that they found an opportunity of making a sudden and simultaneous attack on the unsuspecting and defenceless crew, every one of whom they murdered; but nothing is said of their eating them.

The massacre of the whole crew of the *Boyd*, in 1809, amount-
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ing to twenty persons, (the last and most atrocious of their crimes,) is thus accounted for by Captain Cruise: Among the New Zealanders, passengers in this ill-fated ship, was the son of a chief of Wangarooa, named Tarru, but who had taken that of George in New South Wales. This man, on being ordered to work with the other sailors, refused on account of ill health and his rank, upon which he was twice flogged, and deprived of his allowance. He suppressed his resentment for the time, and persuaded the Captain to proceed to his native harbour, as the best place to procure a cargo of spars. The Captain unguardedly went ashore with part of his crew, who, having suffered themselves to be led into the woods, were massacred to a man by the hands of George and his kindred ruffians. The murderers then went off to the ship, under pretence of being sent by the Captain to make arrangements for receiving the spars; and having gained admittance on board, they rose at once upon the remaining part of the crew, and put the whole of them to death, leaving a woman and two children unhurt. The father of George is said to have snapped a pistol over a barrel of gunpowder, which exploded and deprived him and several of the murderers of their lives, and destroyed the upper works of the vessel, which broke from her moorings and drifted into shallow water, where she still lies. Here too we are also told that they *devoured* the bodies of their victims; though there is not a shadow of proof that any such occurrence took place.

These atrocious acts, for the commission of some of which, however, they were not wholly without excuse, have naturally created a strong prejudice against the New Zealanders; though the occasional visits of scores of South Sea whalers—the constant residence of missionaries—and our author's acquaintance with them of ten months' duration, ought, and we trust will tend in a material degree to correct it. For the sake of the islanders themselves, as well as on account of the connection which England, through her colonies of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land, will necessarily enjoy with them, we are anxious to have their character placed in its true light, which hitherto, we are firmly persuaded, has not been the case. It is impossible to shut our eyes to the immense importance to which New South Wales is rapidly advancing; and the intercourse, friendly or otherwise, which must take place between it and the New Zealand islands, will mainly contribute to the future destiny of the latter; either by gradually bringing the natives to that degree of civilization of which they are susceptible, or through a culpable acquiescence in the odious prejudice against them, looking on all improvement as hopeless, and by an unrestrained and vicious intercourse, rendering them even worse than they now are.

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The testimony of Captain Cruise in favour of the New Zealanders is, we think, decisive as to their general character. 'Suffice it to say,' he observes, 'that if on our arrival the people felt a friendly disposition towards us, it was now considerably increased; mutual confidence was perfectly established; to the hut of the New Zealander, and to his humble fare, the white man was ever welcome; and, as a guest, his property was sacred from violation.' All this is fully corroborated by several of his people, who made long excursions through the country, and had frequent occasion to seek food and shelter from the inhabitants; and who state that an 'appeal to their hospitality was never made in vain. Perpetually at their mercy,' they say, 'if they chose to misuse us, not a single insult was ever offered to one of our little party; the most trifling article was never stolen; and we often experienced acts of generosity and disinterestedness from them which would have done honour to a civilized people.' The Captain thus winds up his eulogium: 'We had the satisfaction to think that not only a high degree of respect for the British character was excited among them, but that we carried with us at our departure their general good wishes, and the sincere and disinterested regret of many individuals.'

After testimonies grounded on experience so highly creditable to these people, the reader will hardly be prepared for a piece of information which, if true, would at once throw all their good qualities into the shade; it is 'that anthropophagy exists among them, and is practised, not only as a superstition, but as a *sensual animal gratification*.' If we were not convinced of the difficulty of getting rid of long rooted prejudices, we should be greatly surprised at such a charge from so sensible a man as Captain Cruise; but he had heard, and read, and believed long before he landed among them, that the New Zealanders were cannibals, and could not, as it would seem, during his stay, eradicate this impression from his mind, though no one fact came to his knowledge which could justify even a suspicion of such a practice. He admits indeed that 'no Englishman ever witnessed the act of cannibalism during their visit;' but then the islanders are extremely anxious to *conceal* their luxurious repasts of this kind;—and yet with an apparent inconsistency we are told that these 'feasts are publicly mentioned by the natives themselves,' which, in his opinion, is a sufficient ground 'for *presuming* that the horrid propensity is gratified.'

The missionaries, who are scattered over the island, might be supposed to be let into the secret; but no; the 'immediate prelude' only has fallen under their observation—the bodies of female slaves, when murdered, 'have been cut up, washed, and
removed

removed to a place where they could be eaten without interruption.' We should suppose that their anxiety for 'concealment' would prevent them from exposing themselves to interruption by exhibiting to the missionaries the 'immediate prelude;' besides, the easiest and most obvious mode of avoiding interruption, whenever disposed to indulge a 'sensual animal gratification,' would be that of 'cutting up,' by way of variety, the missionary himself. Seriously, we are surprised and vexed that an author who has deserved the commendation we are well disposed to give him, should condescend to such loose gossiping as this—the limbs only of a man are eatable, while, with the exception of the head, the whole body of a female or child is considered delicious—and then we have a story of a chief, who, having put to death two slaves, ate only one of them and, stupidly enough, threw the other into the sea, though he was perhaps the most 'delicious' of the two.

Let it not be supposed that we are seeking to exculpate the New Zealanders altogether from the disgusting and horrible practice of eating human flesh. We have little doubt that savages of their violent disposition, whose passions are easily and strongly excited, occasionally indulge a spirit of revenge by mangling and gnawing the bodies of their enemies. We have before us a short account of these islands, written nearly twenty years ago by a surgeon of the name of Savage, who had passed some time among the people and brought one of them to England; in this he vindicates them against the charge of cannibalism, though it appeared, from what he could learn, that 'they sometimes gratified their revenge by tasting the bodies of the chiefs when taken prisoners in war.' To this extent, but no further, we are willing to admit that the New Zealanders, as well as certain other savage tribes, are in the habit of eating human flesh.

We have already alluded to the confidence with which the missionaries reside in the midst of them; and their silence on the subject, which could scarcely happen among men whose general character is that of timidity and credulity, if there existed grounds of suspicion, may, we think, be allowed to operate in abatement of the charge. These good men live generally on friendly terms with them; but it does not appear that they have hitherto made any progress in enlarging their mental faculties or improving their condition. It appears to us that, if really disposed to civilize them, they cannot follow a better example than that which has been set by their fellow-labourers in Otaheite. The wonderful and almost incredible change which the missionaries have there effected is stated in a letter addressed to the French minister of the marine by M. Duperray, commanding the corvette *La Coquille*, and now on a voyage

voyage of discovery in the South Seas. On his arrival off Otaheite, in May, 1823, (he says,) they were much surprized that none of those numerous canoes made their appearance, which, with multitudes of women, visited the ships of Wallis, Bougainville, Cook and Vancouver. They found, on landing, that the entire population of the several districts, to the number of about 7000, was, at that moment, assembled near the church, not only for divine service, but for discussing the articles of a code of laws proposed by the missionaries. About two months before they had declared the island to be independent, and replaced the English flag, which had floated since the time of Wallis, by a red flag with a white star in the upper angle: the missionaries, however, still preserved their influence, and were held in the highest veneration.* These discreet and pious labourers had succeeded in effecting a total change in the manners and customs of the inhabitants; their former idolatrous practices were done away, and all professed the Christian religion; the women no longer visited vessels touching at the island; and were extremely reserved when met with on shore. Marriage was observed among them as a sacred rite, and the king himself had set the example of limiting himself to one wife; the consequence of this has been, that woman has obtained her due rank and influence in society, and sits at the same table with her husband: the sex are no longer considered as created solely for the pleasure, or to be treated at the caprice, of man; they are raised in self-respect, and such are their ideas of decency and modesty that they would now act from principle, as Captain Cook tells us, a party of them did from surprise when he and his officers suddenly came upon them while bathing—'The chaste Diana,' he says, 'with her nymphs, could not have discovered more confusion and distress at the sight of Actæon, than these women expressed upon our approach.' Internal wars are no longer known, the whole island having enjoyed profound peace since the year 1816, when human sacrifices were abolished, together with those accursed societies known under the name of *Arreoyoys*.

We can scarcely doubt that, in some of the numerous missionary tracts which have not reached us, the methods employed in bringing

* It is much to be regretted, that some of our ships of war do not occasionally touch at these islands, to keep up that friendly disposition which they have always manifested towards England, and which is well worth preserving. The French have been there, and the Russians have been there; and we happen to know that the commander of one of the Russian corvettes offered to purchase one of the Society Islands for 40,000 dollars, but met with a refusal. From the improved condition of the Tahitians, as represented by Captain Duperray, and which is corroborated by one of our South Sea whalers, these islands may, ere long, become of considerable importance in a commercial point of view; indeed, we are credibly informed, that within the last three years the natives of Tahiti have inclosed 12,000 acres, and are planting cotton, which is said to possess the very finest fibre.

the Otaheitans to the happy state of improvement here described, have been particularly detailed; and if so, an acquaintance with them might be eminently useful to those good men who have established themselves on New Zealand. The native has but few superstitions, and can scarcely be said to have any religion; he is therefore the more unfettered to receive instruction from those who will kindly take the trouble to lead him in the right way; and we cannot but think that if the missionaries settled among these people, and who are amply supplied with the means from England, fail of success, it must be mainly attributed to their want of skill, or of a proper attention to the duties of their station—unless, indeed, they are thwarted by the proceedings of a swindling and unprincipled set of men in this country, who, under pretence of making grants of land in New Zealand, are endeavouring to induce persons to emigrate thither, much in the same manner as was recently practised with regard to the supposed settlement of Poyais—that most impudent and infamous imposture, our exposure of which at its commencement, if duly attended to, might have spared a world of misery to the deluded objects who rushed headlong into the snare. If any dupes should be found so desperate as to embark for New Zealand with such ideas as those fraudulent land-jobbers have held forth to them, the probability is that the result will be more calamitous even than the Poyais imposture, and that not one of them will escape with life.

The climate of New Zealand, and particularly of the northern island, is not unlike that of the British islands, more particularly of Ireland, unless in the superior mildness of the winter, the cold being seldom more intense than barely to produce a hoar frost on the surface; the lowest point of the thermometer rarely falls below 40° , and generally on the average ranges from 50° to 60° ; nor is the heat of summer so great as to destroy the verdure, there being, as in England, much rain and cloudy weather, in which the thermometer seldom rises beyond 78° , and generally ranges between it and 66° . In rivers, hills and valleys, it may be compared with England; the hills are beautifully covered with woods, and through every ravine runs a streamlet of clear water. The plains are clothed with unfading verdure, chiefly of the fern plant, whose roots when roasted and pounded are eaten by the natives, and form no inconsiderable portion of their sustenance.

Nor is the northern island inferior to England in its larger rivers and harbours; it too has its Thames, of no mean magnitude; and the harbours within the Bay of Islands and that of Wangarooa are singularly secure and beautiful. ‘The entrance of Wangarooa,’ says Captain Cruise, ‘is not more than half-a-mile wide, and it is impossible to discover it from any distance at sea; but

but it is deep quite close to the land on either side, which is bold and steep, and, when entered, it is one of the finest harbours in the world; the largest fleet might ride in it; nor is there a wind from which it is not sheltered.

On a loose estimate the northern island is supposed to contain 100,000 souls. For this scanty population there appears to be no want of sustenance, notwithstanding their constant quarrels and wars. Hogs, which run wild in the woods, and the *koomera*, or sweet potatoe, may be considered as the staple articles of food, which, however, they often improvidently part with to the South Sea whalers, in exchange for muskets and gunpowder. The gathering of the *koomera* is a sort of epoch which marks the returning year.

Domestic fowls are scarce, and are reared chiefly for their feathers, to be used as ornaments. The culinary vegetables left by Cook still exist, but in a very degenerate state; the common potatoe, however, answers well, and promises to be a great blessing to the islanders. The Missionaries have introduced a few cows and sheep, and planted wheat and Indian corn, both of which give early hopes of success.

But the two most valuable products hitherto discovered, as articles of export, are the native flax-plant (*phormium tenax*), and the cowrie-tree. The former has been described as superior, for its fine, strong, and silky fibre, to any species of hemp or flax yet known. The latter has been proved to afford (as Cook, we have seen, foretold it would) the finest spars for topmasts in the world. It was the difficulty of procuring from the north of Europe topmasts for large ships that induced the Navy Board to dispatch the Dromedary to these islands for a cargo of them. With much difficulty and delay, owing to the want of roads in the thick and almost impenetrable forests, she obtained about 100. They were found on trial to be of equal gravity with Riga spars, and to possess a greater degree of flexibility as well as of strength than the very best species of fir procured from the North; the wood of this tree is much finer grained than any timber of the pine tribe; and the trunks are of such a size as to serve for the main and fore-topmasts of the largest three-deckers.* The Cowrie, though coniferous, is not allied to the pine tribe, but is a species of the genus which Rumphius describes under the name of *Dammara*, which affords the pitch or resin used by the natives of the oriental archipelago; and which is of a different genus from that tree which in India produces the *dammer*. It is not very abundant in New

* The Prince Regent, of 120 guns, is supplied with them; they have also been used in sea-going ships, and the reports of their qualities are most favourable.

Zealand, its growth being confined, as far as our knowledge extends, to the northward of Mercury bay, on one side of the island, and the mouth of the Wycotto on the other. We trust, therefore, as the climates are nearly the same, that the settlers of New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land will not neglect to raise plantations of this valuable tree, so important for naval purposes. If indeed the frosts of England should not be too severe, we see no reason why it might not be introduced into this country. This fact will probably soon be ascertained, as the Horticultural Society have a living plant in their garden at Chiswick.

ART. IV.—*Historical Life of Joanna of Sicily, Queen of Naples, and Countess of Provence; with correlative Details of the Literature and Manners of Italy and Provence in the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries.* 2 Vols. 8vo. 1824.

THERE are many circumstances which invest the life of this celebrated and unfortunate woman with peculiar interest. The appalling and mysterious tragedy which darkened her youth, the vicissitudes of splendour and wretchedness of her after years, her fame for talents and beauty, have all conspired to bestow on her fortunes more of the character of romance than of real history. The question of her participation in the murder of her first husband is one of those problems which can never entirely cease to be attractive, because it can never be finally determined. Almost all the chroniclers of the times were satisfied of her guilt; none of them maintain her innocence; and the general testimony, which may be gathered in favour of her character from the animated eulogies of Petrarch and Boccaccio, though it tends to throw some discredit on the accusation against her, certainly contains no direct arguments for her acquittal. Until lately, therefore, all succeeding historians, except those of Naples and Provence, have concurred in implicitly adopting the public opinion of the age in which she lived; and, even proceeding a step beyond their authorities, have assumed the murder of her husband to be her own act, as if she had commanded his execution in open day. History has her victims as well as her favourites. 'The name of Joanna of Naples,' as Mr. Hallam well observes, 'has suffered by the lax repetition of calumnies. Whatever share she may have had in her husband's death, and certainly under circumstances of extenuation, her subsequent life was not open to any flagrant reproach; the charge of dissolute manners so often made is not warranted by any specific proof or contemporary testimony.'

But while it seems to be now admitted, that the reputation of Joanna, during the last thirty years of her life, has been unjustly

aspersed, the conviction that her earlier days were sullied by the commission of an atrocious crime has, as we have seen, scarcely been disturbed. A champion, however, has suddenly started up in the person of the writer before us, not only to avouch the purity of her general morals, but to maintain, *à l'outrance*, her innocence of the great offence. Like a good knight and true, he is prepared to break a lance in a lady's cause; and warming his imagination with visions of resplendent loveliness, and genius, and wisdom, which no authentic records survive to dispel, he has dressed out this idol of his fancy in angelic perfection. He has caught more than a spark of the enthusiasm of old Brantome, who, after ages had closed over the grave of this flower of Provence and Naples, was fired by her portrait to exclaim that her beauty must have far exceeded that of the Laura of Petrarch. 'Certainly,' quoth he, 'this was a beautiful princess, whose countenance displays great sweetness with a captivating majesty. She is painted in a magnificent robe of crimson velvet, loaded with gold and silver lace and embroidery. This robe is almost in the exact fashion our ladies wear now on days of great solemnity, which is called a *Boulonnaise*, with a great quantity of large tags of gold; on her head she wears a bonnet on a cushion. In brief, the fine portrait of this lady represents her in all beauty, sweetness, and true majesty so well, that one becomes enamoured of her mere image.'

The precise measure of the charms which may be assigned to a celebrated and royal beauty is not, perhaps, a matter of very high importance; and whether the exaggeration, if such there be, is employed for the embellishment of romance, or interwoven into the thread of history, the error is at least a harmless one. But it is of some consequence that the graver business of historical biography should neither be converted into the special pleading of an advocate, nor suffered to degenerate into a strain of unqualified and misplaced panegyric. There is nothing in the compilation before us, that would have challenged our notice, or provoked us to disturb its quiet passage to a decent oblivion, but for the occasion which it affords us for introducing a few remarks upon an historical enigma of much curiosity. In the intensity of zeal to which his subject has wrought him, the new biographer of Joanna of Naples has not fairly weighed and stated the evidence which bears upon the most remarkable event in her life: in his eagerness to acquit his heroine, he has rejected or passed over the contemporary narratives which seem to offer the most credible explanations; and he has placed on other and later authorities more reliance than they can possibly deserve. He has thus found no difficulty in arriving at a positive conclusion on one of the most perplexed transactions in history; and where candid and judicious modern

modern writers have only hazarded a discreet doubt on the fullness of the testimony against this princess, he has confidently insisted on her exculpation, as if he had triumphantly raised her memory above all suspicion.

Joanna was the grand-daughter of Robert King of Naples, who had originally seized the crowns of that kingdom and of Provence, in opposition to the right of his nephew Carobert, King of Hungary, the son of his elder brother. A politic decision of the papal court confirmed his usurpation; and after this sentence, the prudence if not the justice of which was proved by the result, his throne was not disturbed by the pretensions of Carobert. Robert, a wise and active prince, passed a long reign in maintaining the ascendancy of the Guelf or church party in Italy; but, in his declining years, he was unhappily deprived of the natural support of his throne by the death of his only son. As the Duke of Calabria left but two infant daughters, the old monarch might justly tremble for the future security of these helpless children, his only descendants. He laboured to avert the consequences of a disputed succession, by inducing his nephew Carobert of Hungary to betroth his second son, Andrew, at the age of only seven years, to Joanna, the eldest of his infant grand-children; and the young prince was removed to the court of Naples to receive his education as its future sovereign. This union, which, to the erring eye of human foresight, might seem to have been planned with singular wisdom, was destined to scatter the seeds of civil war and calamity for above a century and a half. As Andrew advanced towards manhood, he displayed a sullen and vicious temper; his habits were low and brutal, his capacity weak, and his manners barbarous. Acquiring none of the elegance of the polished court in which he had been educated, he associated only with rude Hungarians, whose gross propensities accorded with his taste. The old king probably saw enough of his character to dread the consequences of entrusting the rights of his grand-daughter to his generosity; and one of his last acts was to assemble the states of his kingdom, and to impose on them a solemn oath of allegiance to their future queen Joanna. At the same time, changing his original purpose, he limited the succession of his kingdom to Joanna alone, and restricted Andrew to a matrimonial crown, and the reversion of the principality of Salerno, if his consort should die without issue.

Joanna was but sixteen years of age when she succeeded to the throne of her grandfather, and her husband Andrew was only two years her senior. Young, beautiful, and inexperienced, the mistress, too, of a brilliant court, the splendour of which was enhanced by the presence of numerous princes of the blood, (sons of Robert's brothers,)

brothers,) Joanna found but too many temptations to plunge into a career of thoughtless and dissipated, perhaps of criminal gaiety. The aversion that she had acquired for her husband was increased by the jealousy of power which he evinced, and sedulously fomented by her advisers and confidantes, who desired to exclude Andrew from the direction of affairs, that, by immersing the queen in pleasure, they might themselves engross her authority. Andrew, on the other hand, was surrounded and ruled by Hungarians, and particularly by an artful and ambitious friar his preceptor, who openly aspired to govern the kingdom in his name. By these men he was insidiously taught to despise a matrimonial crown and the shadow of power, while his own descent from the elder brother of king Robert gave him a better hereditary claim to the throne than his wife could derive from that monarch. He was therefore encouraged to solicit the papal court of Avignon to sanction his pretensions by authorizing his immediate coronation. In this design he had every prospect of success; and daily expecting a papal bull to legalize the ceremony, he already began to display his resentment against his enemies by threats of vengeance, and to betray his doubts of the fidelity of his youthful queen, who was generally indeed suspected of an intrigue with her cousin, prince Louis of Tarento. The projects and menaces of Andrew were communicated to Joanna by her courtiers; among these was a female of low birth, Philippa the Catanian, who had been elevated by the royal family of Naples to wealth and distinction, and who was the principal favourite of the queen, and the confidante of her most intimate secrets. By this woman, her family, and associates, a conspiracy was formed against Andrew.

Under pretext of a hunting party, the court was carried to the neighbourhood of Aversa, and, after the amusement, the king and queen, with a train, principally composed of the conspirators, repaired for the night to the solitary convent of San Pietro, not far from that town. After supping gaily together, the royal pair withdrew to the chamber prepared for them; but, just as Andrew was retiring to rest with the queen, one of the conspirators came to the door of the chamber, and stated that a messenger had arrived from Naples, with dispatches of the utmost importance. The victim rose unsuspectingly at the summons; but he had no sooner passed the door of his apartment, than it was closed against him by the female attendants of the queen, and he was seized by the conspirators, who were waiting for him in the corridor. He was overpowered after a desperate resistance, in which he drew blood from several of the assassins. Stopping his mouth with their gloves, they dragged him towards an adjoining window, and, believing that a ring which his mother had given to him was a talisman

man against death by sword or poison, they fastened a silken cord about his neck, and pushed him out of the window, which was near the ground. Some of their associates, who were in readiness in the gardens below, then pulled him down by the legs as he hung, and completed the work of strangulation. It was probably the intention of the murderers to have buried the body in the convent garden, but Isolda, a faithful Hungarian woman, who had nursed the infancy of Andrew, and watched over his manhood with undiminished solicitude, was roused by his cries, and rushing into his apartment, found the queen there alone, seated by the nuptial couch with her face buried in her hands. The reply of Joanna to her agonized inquiry after her master increased the alarm of the woman; she ran with a flambeau to the window, and from thence saw by its light the corpse of the unhappy prince, extended on the grass with the fatal cord still round his neck. Concealment was no longer possible; the assassins fled at the appearance of Isolda, and her shrieks immediately spread the alarm through the convent, and from thence to the neighbouring town.

Amidst the general indignation and horror which this foul tragedy excited, Joanna returned to Naples with the body of her husband, which was there privately interred. Meanwhile, Charles, Duke of Durazzo, one of the princes of the blood, who had married the queen's sister, and who did not himself escape suspicion of having been concerned in the conspiracy, instigated the populace to avenge the murder of the king, probably with the hope of ascending the throne by the deposition of Joanna. The queen, on her part, with Louis of Tarento, now her avowed lover, also assembled her partizans, and every thing threatened a furious civil war. But the intelligence of the fate of Andrew had, by this time, reached the court of Avignon, and Clement VI., the reigning pontiff, considering himself called upon as feudal superior of the Neapolitan crown, to punish the authors of the atrocity, directed a commission to Bertrand del Bazzo, grand justiciary of the kingdom of Naples, to institute a process for the discovery of the murderers, without respect of persons or regard to human dignities. Joanna was powerless against this mandate: the senechal of the royal household, having been first arrested on suspicion, and put to the torture, disclosed his accomplices; and the justiciary, attended by the populace of the capital, bearing a standard, on which the murder of Andrew was depicted, presented himself before the queen's fortified palace, to demand the persons of the conspirators. After an ineffectual attempt to resist, Joanna was compelled to deliver up the accused, who were her most devoted servants, and among them Philippa the Catanian; and these miserable wretches, of whose guilt there was no doubt, after being

made to suffer the most frightful tortures, were burnt alive. But it was remarked that, contrary to usage in these execrable proceedings by torture, the public were entirely excluded from hearing the confessions of the criminals.

This secrecy, however, could neither remove the conviction which the world entertained of the guilt of Joanna, nor shield her from the indignation of an avenger. It was in vain that she wrote to Louis, King of Hungary, who had succeeded his father, Carobert, on the throne of that kingdom, some years before, to exculpate herself from the crime with which she was publicly charged. Louis only replied by sternly pronouncing his reasons for believing her guilty,* and immediately prepared both to avenge his brother, and to assert his own hereditary claim to the throne. In the mean time, Joanna strengthened the evidence against her by her marriage with her lover, Louis of Tarento, who was believed to have been engaged in the plot, and whose mother had certainly afforded an asylum to some of the conspirators, who fled before they were accused. At length the King of Hungary entered the Neapolitan territories, where he was universally welcomed by the nobility and people. The queen and her second husband escaped to Provence; but Louis did not long preserve his conquests. Leaving garrisons in the strong places, he returned to Hungary, and the government of his generals became almost universally disagreeable to the fickle Neapolitans. Pope Clement VI. too, could not, without dissatisfaction, see the kingdom of Naples transferred to a powerful sovereign, who was not very likely to prove an obedient vassal to the Holy See. Receiving the queen in a solemn audience, in which she pleaded her cause in person, he declared his conviction of her innocence; and Joanna and her husband, encouraged by the disaffection of the Neapolitans against their foreign governors, and fortified by papal countenance, returned from Provence, and wrested great part of the kingdom from the Hungarians.

After some years of indecisive warfare, Louis became weary of hostilities to which there appeared no end, and listened to terms of accommodation. Joanna engaged again to submit the investigation of her guilt or innocence to the Pope, and to resign her crown to the King of Hungary, if his Holiness should pronounce sentence against her; while Louis agreed, on his part, to withdraw his troops if the issue of the inquiry proved favourable to her. A solemn process was accordingly instituted at the court of

* The King of Hungary's letter was appallingly laconic—'*Johanna! inordinata vita præterita, ambitiosa continuatio potestatis regis, neglecta vindicta, et excusatio subsequuta, te viri tui necis arguunt consciam et fuisse participem.*'—A powerful summary of the presumptions against her innocence. *Bonfinius de Rebus Hungar.* Dec. II. b. x. p. 261.

Avignon, of which it was not difficult to foresee the result. Yet so evident appeared the guilt of the queen, that her ambassadors could adopt no better mode of defence than that of showing, by the deposition of witnesses, that sorcery had been practised upon her, and (as a necessary conclusion) that, if her participation in the conspiracy were proved, she must still stand absolved, as having yielded only to the resistless powers of hell! Upon this strange and ridiculous plea, the Pope and his cardinals annulled the accusation, and pronounced her clear of offence. The King of Hungary submitted with good faith to the decision, and even refused to receive an immense sum, which the Pope awarded to him as a remuneration for the charges of the war; declaring that he had not undertaken it to amass money, but to revenge the death of his brother.

Such, then, were the circumstances which attended and followed the murder of Andrew of Hungary, as they are given by Villani and Dominic di Gravina, whose relations we have compared and followed. That the facts are throughout pregnant with suspicion against Joanna, will be clear to every judge of evidence. The writer before us, however, rather shrinks from adopting the pure version of Villani and Gravina; and, simply repeating the later account which Costanzo has given of the murder, proceeds to argue upon the degrees of confidence which are merited by different authorities. The evidence of contemporary opinion may be classed under three heads: that of Boccaccio and Petrarch in favour of Joanna; that of Villani and Gravina against her, and the general voice of public rumour, as variously recorded in the numerous minor chronicles of the times, which are to be found in Muratori's great collection. The last of these three descriptions of testimony we shall entirely discard: it is notoriously unfavourable to Joanna; but, as it is merely founded upon the unauthenticated reports which filled the cities of Italy, it is no otherwise material than as it bespeaks the common belief of the age. To the objection which we have already stated against receiving the general eulogies of Petrarch and Boccaccio, in opposition to particular facts, we shall only add that both these celebrated men were warmly attached to King Robert and his grand-daughter, and peculiarly incapacitated, by a grateful partiality, from judging without bias in a cause which so nearly concerned the character of the queen and the fair fame of her house. By Robert, Petrarch had been loaded with those honours and distinctions which are sweetest to lettered ambition; and Joanna, soon after her accession, had emulated her grandfather in doing homage to his genius. During the latter years of Robert, and even to the moment when crime and misfortunes over-clouded the reign of Joanna, the hap-

piest hours of Boccaccio had been passed at the Neapolitan court; and we ought not to wonder, perhaps, that, in the absence of notorious proof, neither of these enthusiastic minds was open to the doubtful evidence of her guilt.

'Surely,' says our biographer, 'we cannot put the authority of Villani and Gravina in competition with that of Petrarch and Boccaccio.' Surely, we reply to him, he could scarcely expect to find the accusers of the queen in her personal friends, who, at her court, moved only in the circle of her immediate partizans; and surely, an unprejudiced inquirer would prefer to seek for more unbiassed evidence. Such may be found in the two records so cavalierly rejected by our author. Until he illuminated the world with his opinion, Dominic di Gravina (a contemporary Neapolitan connected with the court) had been held by writers of the soberest judgment to be the best authority for the circumstances connected with Andrew's death; but, partly by sliding gently over his embarrassing testimony, and partly by questioning his impartiality, his evidence is not suffered to disturb the harmony of the story here presented to us. By a curious contradiction, it is objected against him in the same breath, that he was of the party of Andrew, and that he suffered persecution for his death. Yet these opposite reasons for discrediting his account only add to its weight. The integrity and fidelity of Giovanni Villani need not be insisted upon; and he tells us expressly the authority on which his account of Andrew's murder is given: 'E uno Messer Niccolo Ungaro, balio del detto rè Andreasso, passando per Firenze che n' andava in Ungheria, il disse a nostro fratello, suo grande acconto a Napoli, per la forma per noi iscritta di sopra, il qual era uomo degno di fede, e di grande autorità.' (b. xii. c. 51.) Yet, because the general character of Villani's history cannot be impugned, the circumstance that he had for his informant the governor of Andrew is now found to destroy the value of this part of his work; as if the fact, that Joanna was confidently believed by the Hungarian attendants of Andrew to have participated beyond all doubt in his murder, did not in itself constitute one of the strongest impressions against her.

Notwithstanding the biographer's preference of Petrarch and Boccaccio to these authorities, it would appear that he is not quite satisfied with the case which he has drawn from the contemporary defenders of Joanna; and we have an amusing example, in his judgment upon her later historians, of the extent to which the pursuit of a favourite hypothesis may carry the argument of suppositions and probabilities. The Neapolitan historian Costanzo, a writer certainly of considerable merit, has assumed the innocence of Joanna; and the celebrated Giannone, who has avowedly copied

from him, follows his opinion. Not contented with citing the authority of these historians, and of Maimbourg and Bouche, in favour of his heroine, as if they had all been eye-witnesses of the deed, he observes that 'as Costanzo was born little more than a century after the death of Joanna, he might have acquired much of his information from the grand-children, if not the children, of those who took part in the events of her reign.' Now Costanzo was born in 1507, and was therefore in the prime of life just two hundred years after the murder of Andrew. To attempt to establish the value of Costanzo's testimony upon the transmission of information from mouth to mouth, through the generations of these two centuries, is just as reasonable as it would be to suppose that Hume collected the materials for his narrative of the gun-powder plot from the lips of the grand-children, if not the children, of the courtiers of James I.

For thirty years after the peace with the King of Hungary, Joanna reigned undisturbed, and, after the premature death of Louis of Tarento, married successively a third and a fourth husband, neither of whom would she suffer to share her throne. Her children died in infancy, and her life was at length hurried to its close by the revolting ingratitude of a second Charles of Durazzo, whom she had united to her niece and destined for her successor. Offended at the last marriage of the Queen, he procured the assistance of Louis of Hungary, at whose court he had been invited to reside, for an invasion of the kingdom of Naples, and was seconded in the enterprize by Urban VI. against whom Joanna had sided, with the antipope Clement VII. in the great schism of the church. The ill-fated queen fell into the hands of her adopted heir, and was by him required to execute a solemn deed of abdication in his favour. But in her extremity, and with the certainty of death before her, Joanna displayed a heroism worthy of her descent from a long line of illustrious ancestors. She pretended compliance with the demands of Durazzo, and he accordingly introduced some Provençal barons to her prison to hear her transfer their allegiance to his person; but they were no sooner admitted, than she solemnly enjoined them never to acknowledge for their lord the ungrateful robber, who from a queen had made her a captive slave; if ever it should be told them that she had constituted him her heir, to believe it not; and to hold any deed that might be shown to that effect, as forged, or enforced upon her. She added her will that they should own for their lord Louis of Anjou, whom she appointed her successor and champion to revenge the treason and violence committed against her; and she bade them take no more thought for her, but to perform her funeral obsequies and to pray for her soul. She was shortly afterwards put to death in prison by command

mand of Durazzo; in what manner is differently related. The common story is that she was smothered with a pillow; but there seems strong reason for believing the account of the secretary of Urban VI. who was at Naples at the time, that four Hungarian soldiers were secretly introduced into the castle of Muro where she was confined, and entering its chapel while she was kneeling before the altar, strangled her with a silken cord.

During the long interval between the murder of Andrew and her own death, the history of Joanna is very barren of important transactions, nor are there any minute records of authentic character to supply this poverty of circumstance. But our biographer has nevertheless contrived to swell his work into two volumes, with 'correlative details,' as he terms them, of the literature and manners of Italy and Provence. His descriptions, as they regard the manners of the times, are for the most part made up of copious extracts from St. Palaye and other writers; and his notices on literature are similarly composed. First, we have a tedious paper on the troubadours, selected, but without judgment or taste, from the usual sources; and next, a regular life of Boccaccio, in the course of which we are favoured with a long common-place account of the plan of the Decameron, and an abstract of its most celebrated tales. In the same way, we have in another place a literal translation at length of Boccaccio's description of the great pestilence of 1348, the original of which must ever be admired for its simple vigour, but which is far too well known to need the unprofitable transformation it is here compelled to suffer. In short, setting aside the immediate story of Joanna, which does not occupy half a volume, the work is nothing more than a compilation of crude materials, thrown together without skill or elegance; and often, either from defective arrangement or natural want of connection, very imperfectly blended with the principal subject.

Nor are the errors and prejudices of the work confined to those parts of it, which bear more materially on the character of the heroine. Thus, in the introduction, (page 6.) Constance of Sicily, who transferred the inheritance of Naples from the Norman to the Swabian line, is styled the daughter of William III. whose great aunt she was. Thus, too, the origin of the war against the church, into which Florence was forced in the pontificate of Gregory XI. contrary to her hereditary affections, by the treachery of the papal legate in Romagna, is erroneously attributed to the premeditated ambition of that republic; and the facts of the contest are throughout equally mistaken. But the historical partialities of the writer are more remarkable than his errors. Every enemy of Joanna is painted black. Louis of Hungary especially is represented as a monster of ambition and cruelty; and, accordingly, the author is
sorely

sorely puzzled how to account for his disinterested and magnanimous rejection of the pecuniary compromise awarded by the pope. The ferocious or insane violence of Urban VI. may merit all the odium which is heaped upon that pope, the foe of Joanna; but it must be by some strange obliquity of vision that two other pontiffs, her supporters, are discerned to have been patterns of virtue; that the luxury and impure morals of Clement VI. which countenanced the licentious debaucheries and corruptions of the prelates of Avignon, are mistaken for praiseworthy magnificence and amiable accomplishment; and that Clement VII. who had personally conducted into Italy the Breton company of adventurers—the most inhuman of those bands of organized freebooters which desolated the peninsula—and instigated them to atrocities at which the blood runs cold, is declared to have been ‘distinguished for his various accomplishments, generous, magnificent, and princely in his habits and disposition, and as unlike his ferocious rival (Urban VI.) in person as in mind.’

There can scarcely be anything more absurd than to suffer the mind to be warped and the imagination heated in a case five centuries old, far from important in its historical bearing, and which is, after all, interesting only as a curious subject of speculation. Perhaps the greatest attraction which the story possesses for the British reader is the similarity between it and that of Mary, Queen of Scots, which has often been observed. But the coincidence is certainly very curious. The resemblance in character and temper between Andrew and Darnley; the mystery in which the murder of both was involved; the youth, the beauty, the subsequent misfortunes of the two queens; the contempt and detestation of their husbands, which appear to have been common to both; their indecent marriages with men who were suspected accomplices in the death of their lords; the parallel between the Duke of Durazzo and the Earl of Murray: all these and a thousand minor circumstances, even to the standards on which the murders were depicted to animate the populace of Naples and Edinburgh to vengeance, will naturally occur to the mind in comparing these historical problems.

We have only to add, that the size of the work is strangely disproportioned to the importance of the subject. The story of Joanna is but one among a thousand episodes which might merit a chapter in the eventful annals of Italy, not whole volumes of tedious dissertation. It is to be regretted that it has not found its place in our language, in a complete yet succinct and comprehensive history of that land of passion and crime, of stormy freedom and intellectual splendour. Italy has been to the modern world what Greece was to the nations of antiquity: taking the lead in early

early civilization and commerce, in letters and in art, she rose by the same bright career of independence and energy, and fell by the same luxurious corruption of private virtue, the same vicious quarrels of implacable factions. Her annals are deeply fraught with instruction and interest; and yet it is singular that, with the exception of the luminous, but rapid and therefore insufficient view which Mr. Hallam has taken of her condition in the Middle Ages, the English reader has no direct means of acquaintance with one of the most delightful and important divisions of modern history.

ART. V.—1. *Memoirs of a Captivity among the Indians of North America, from Childhood to the Age of Nineteen; with Anecdotes descriptive of their Manners and Customs, &c.* By John D. Hunter. 8vo. 1824.

2. *Sketches of the History, Manners, and Customs of the North American Indians.* By James Buchanan, Esq. His Majesty's Consul for the State of New York. 8vo. 1824.

THE present condition and character of the North American Indians may afford one of the most curious chapters in the history of man. The peculiar qualities of this ill-fated race strikingly distinguish them from other savage tribes: they have long been in collision, but never blended with the materials of organized society; and their precarious and wandering existence at this hour serves only to place the modern civilization of their country in strong contrast with the impenetrable obscurity of past ages. In the vast wilds of the North American continent, no ruins commemorative of human thought and human action strike the eye; it is nature only which addresses us: the mighty forest unites the past and the present, and its awful silence is emblematical of the gloom which hangs over the moral antiquity of the people. One monument of remote ages indeed exists, and that monument is a living ruin; for the remains of the Indian tribes are become to America what the shattered column, the broken arch, and the falling cloister are to Europe. The iron hand of time has not made deeper ravages on these, than the relentless cruelty of civilized men has inflicted upon the wretched remains of the aboriginal children of the lake and forest. For above two hundred years, the Indian nations of North America have maintained an unceasing struggle against the oppression and encroachment of the whites:—but the devotion, courage, and fortitude of their warlike tribes have been exerted in vain. Driven successively from every possession by the superior knowledge and power of the merciless usurper, they have been chased to the remotest forests; systematically debased in character, and thinned in numbers

bers and physical strength by the insidious supply of ardent spirits, they have dwindled to a miserable remnant, which, in the course of a few generations, will utterly disappear from the face of the earth. It has therefore become an object of desirable inquiry, and of great attraction in many respects, to collect as much information as possible on this singular people, before the extinction which we confidently anticipate, and which few, we believe, who have had opportunities of observing the events of late years in North America, will incline to doubt. Every memorial which can be preserved of their character, and customs, and opinions, must acquire increased value; and we cannot on this subject—to us a melancholy one—put together the few remarks and facts for which we have leisure, without feeling that we may be affording not only some gratification to our present readers, but rendering an acceptable service to the curious inquirer hereafter. The absurd exaggerations and errors on the moral and physical character of the Indians, into which Raynal and other writers of the last century have fallen; the yet more preposterous theories on the origin and history of these tribes, which it has lately been attempted to raise or to revive, it would be a vain labour to notice. Merely observing, by the way, that America bids fair to produce a very sapient order of antiquaries, we shall not stop to dispute the old opinion adopted by Adair and Dr. Boudinot, that the Indians are the descendants of the long lost ten tribes of Israel; neither shall we examine what Mr. Buchanan, the compiler of one of the volumes before us, is facetiously pleased to call ‘the sublime hypothesis’ of Governor De Witt Clinton of New York, who contends that ‘their derivation is to be sought among the Tartars, who in ages past over-ran and exterminated nations who then inhabited great part of North America, and had made considerable progress in the arts of civilized life.’

Our acquaintance with the peculiarities of Indian customs and character has unfortunately in general been derived from the reports of traders—usually the most ignorant, and depraved, and dishonest part of the transatlantic white population; or of persons totally uneducated, who have lived in captivity or from choice among them; or of well-meaning but illiterate and simple missionaries. Until of late years we could scarcely expect to possess any other instruments of communication with the Indian tribes than these; for educated Englishmen could very rarely be thrown into contact with them: but the last war in the Canadas brought our troops, on the western frontier at least of those provinces, into constant association with the most warlike and the least corrupted of their bands. Many circumstances of deep and romantic interest are attached to the events of our alliance with them.

them. The heroic and desperate spirit which animated them against their American oppressors; their mysterious and appalling mode of warfare; the native talents, the wild energy and eloquence, and the touching fate of the extraordinary man who started up as a leader among them; all these were points of new and uncommon excitement for the imagination, and gave to the nature of the service on which our troops were engaged with them, something original, and strange, and totally distinct from the ordinary operations of warfare. Opportunities were thus afforded for gaining an insight into the Indian character under some of its most striking forms; where it was thrown into fearful action, and wrought to the utmost intensity of enthusiasm and frenzy.

There certainly had not for many years, if ever, been an example of so numerous an assemblage of various Indian tribes, as were collected on our western Canadian frontier during the campaigns of 1812 and 1813. From the shores of Lakes Superior, and Huron, and Michigan; from the heads of the Mississippi and its tributary streams; from the immense forests and prairies spread over that part of the continent, and bordering on those waters, Indian nations descended to the country about Detroit, to join their hands in the same cause, and to take up the hatchet with their British Father, against the Long Knives, as they termed the Americans. The number of Indian warriors who were assembled in the summer of 1813 about the head-quarters of the right division of the Canadian army exceeded three thousand; and as they brought their squaws and children with them into the Michigan country, (of which it was intended to give them lasting possession, and thus to form a point of support for the western flank of our frontier,) the total number of their people could not be less than twelve thousand.* The encampment of this large body of warriors, with their women and children, presented a singularly wild and imposing spectacle. The effect was strongest by night, when the blazing watch-fire threw its red glare upon the swarthy figures which danced or grouped in indolence around it; and the sound of the war-song, the shout, the yell, were strangely varied at intervals by the plaintive cadence of the Indian flute, or the hollow tone of the Indian drum; while the dark foliage of the forest slumbering in the calm brilliance of a Canadian night, was half hidden, half revealed, as the light of the fires shot up to heaven, or sunk into gloomy embers.

If any one not occupied by the busy details of that period of

* Indeed, we know that above 12,000 rations per diem were, for a considerable time, issued to them, and that this number of their people was actually provisioned.

activity and anxious warfare, and with a mind not harassed by professional duties, could have mingled unrestrained with the various tribes of our 'red brethren,' at a time when their hearts were opened towards us in attachment and confidence, there can be no doubt that the most perfect acquaintance might have been formed with all their modes of life: for their encampment of wigwams (or huts,) and of tents of the prepared deerskin, differed in no respect from their villages or ordinary habitations; indeed they had made their settlements as permanent as could ever suit their roving nature. Their warriors plunged into the forest to hunt as usual, in the intervals between the business of hostility; and the desultory expeditions on which they accompanied our troops, perfectly resembled their usual warfare, except in the scale of superior numbers. The map of Indian life was spread before us; and the vivid recollection of these scenes has always been mingled with some regret, that particular and exclusive avocations permitted them to be viewed only with reference to the one great object of the hour. The publication of the first of the volumes before us, has however tended to repair the loss of personal opportunities for the indulgence of curiosity on many points of general interest in the character of the Indians. The perusal of Mr. Hunter's narrative has left a strong conviction on our minds, that it is the authentic production of an individual who has actually passed many years of his life among the Indians. As this belief has been formed rather from attentive examination of the general tenor of his work, than from any specific evidence which it offers on particular facts, it is not easy, nor is it of any importance, perhaps, to explain why we are disposed to yield him implicit credit. But we may just notice one satisfactory coincidence in his narrative with our own knowledge.

Describing himself as resident with a tribe of the Osages, who are scattered through the country on the left bank of the Arkansas river, he mentions the arrival among them of the famous Tecumthé, with his brother, the Shawanee prophet. The object of the two chiefs in this visit, which was without success, was to induce the Osages to join the confederation of the northern Indians, in concert with the British, against the Americans. The general outline, which Hunter gives from memory, of the harangue of Tecumthé, fully agrees with the strain of passionate appeal and natural imagery which characterized his oratory upon other occasions. His vehement exposition of the wrongs inflicted by the Americans upon the Indians, produced upon his auditory the powerful effect which usually followed his addresses; and the motives are not explained which determined the Osages, after long deliberation, to resist his exhortations. The visit of Tecumthé

cumthé must be understood from Hunter's book to have taken place in the autumn of 1812, for in previously mentioning an earthquake which he remembers in the year before, he concludes, from what he has since learnt, in the absence of any other mode of computing time, that this visitation must have occurred in 1811—a period which, he says, accords with the subsequent events of his life. Now we happen to know that Tecumthé did certainly, after the capture of Detroit by our forces in August, 1812, quit our head-quarters there; that, proceeding down the Mississippi, he traversed an immense extent of Indian country, and employed himself, with various success, in animating his brethren by his eloquence to unite against the Americans; and that he did not return to the Michigan territory until the following January. We do not think it probable that Hunter, whose tribe was seated many hundred miles to the south and west of the nations in our alliance, could have been acquainted with this singular journey of Tecumthé, unless he had really seen him as he relates. The story may serve, therefore, both to prove his own veracity, and the remarkable energy and intelligence with which Tecumthé pursued his scheme of rousing his brethren against their enemy, along a frontier of above a thousand miles.

We shall only remark farther of Hunter's book, that in general his descriptions of Indian manners and customs are minutely accurate, as far as we have been able to compare them with our own recollection and that of others; and after giving a brief outline of his curious history, we think we may confidently refer the reader to the work itself, as offering incomparably the best account which we have ever seen of the Indian tribes. With respect to the other volume before us, that of Mr. Buchanan, we shall dismiss it with very few words. The author is himself absolutely without any qualifications whatever for the task which he has undertaken. His acquaintance with the Indians, as far as we can gather from his own account, has been confined to a casual meeting with some stragglers from the debased and degraded remnants of tribes who dwell in the cultivated country; and he has travelled over parts of Canada and the United States, merely as a thousand other common-place people have done before him. The literary composition of his volume is below criticism, and, altogether, its only value consists in the copious extracts which it offers from an interesting account of the Indian nations by John Heckewelder, a Moravian missionary, who has passed the greater portion of a long life among them. The work of Heckewelder, which was written by the desire of the Historical Society of Philadelphia, exists only in the Transactions of that body, and is therefore new to the British public. Mr. Buchanan has unceremoniously trans-
planted

planted whole chapters of the good old missionary's labours into his own volume, and this is our only reason for noticing it. The compiler's other assistants are a Doctor Jarvis, of New York, who has furnished him with a paper, half essay, half sermon, both bad of their kind, on the religion of the Indians; and a Mr. Peter Duponceau, of Philadelphia, who has added a dissertation on the languages of the tribes, so profound and abstruse, that we are reduced to confess our utter inability to comprehend any part of it.

The personal narrative of Hunter extends from his earliest recollections to his assumption of the habits of civilized life—a period of sixteen or seventeen years; for he conjectures that when he left the Indians, in 1816, he must have been about twenty years of age. His story is of course given wholly from memory, a circumstance of which he is careful to remind the reader; and he acknowledges that, as his acquaintance with the English language is yet imperfect, he has been assisted by a friend 'with interrogations respecting some of the subject matter, and the revision and arrangement of the manuscript.' There is, however, nothing suspicious in the composition of the narrative, and it wears no appearance of having passed through the hands of a professed book-maker. The style is that of a man unaccustomed to write: not altogether free from embarrassments and vulgarisms; but it is simple and precise, and in the story of his own adventures, warm, animated, and natural.

The first gleams of imperfect recollections of this child of white parentage, who was destined to become thoroughly naturalized among the Indians, are associated with his capture in infancy by a party of Kickapoos. Of this event he can give no definite account; but from frequently reflecting on the subject with intense interest, he declares that he has at times nearly established 'a conviction in his mind, of perfect remembrance.'

'There are moments,' he says, 'when I see the rush of the Indians, hear their war-whoops and terrific yells, and witness the massacre of my parents and connections, the pillage of their property, and the incendiary destruction of their dwellings. But the first incident that made an actual and prominent impression on me, happened while the party were somewhere encamped, no doubt shortly after my capture; it was as follows:—The little girl whom I before mentioned, beginning to cry, was immediately dispatched with the blow of a tomahawk from one of the warriors: the circumstance terrified me very much, more particularly as it was followed with very menacing motions of the same instrument, directed to me, and then pointed to the slaughtered infant, by the same warrior, which I then interpreted to signify, that if I cried he would serve me in the same manner. From this period till the apprehension of personal danger had subsided, I recollect many of the occurrences which took place.'

Hunter's parents were probably among those out-settlers on the western frontiers of the United States, usually men of dissolute lives, who begin by encroaching on the country of the Indians, provoke their dangerous neighbours by aggressions and frauds, and end by falling victims to their capricious and merciless vengeance.

While Hunter was yet in infancy, his fate underwent two changes, which may afford a fearful illustration of the frail tenure of existence among the restless and wandering tribes of the interior. The Kickapoo horde who had destroyed his parents were themselves surprised by a numerous party of roving Pawnees, who massacred and scalped nearly all their warriors, and took the remainder, including men, women, and children, prisoners. The victorious Pawnees, pursuing their excursions for game into the hunting grounds of the Kansas, came in contact with that more powerful tribe, and paid for their intrusion with their lives. After several skirmishes they were overpowered in their camp; their warriors were destroyed with few exceptions, and Hunter thus fell into the hands of the Kansas. These Indians took him, after a long march, to their towns, situated on the Kansas river, several hundred miles above its confluence with the Missouri, which is 350 miles above the entrance of the latter river into the Mississippi. It was among this tribe, whom he describes as very superior in general character to the Kickapoos and Pawnees, that the young captive became naturalized, and passed many happy years of his youth. He was adopted into the family of a warrior by his squaw, who had lost a son in one of the recent engagements with the Pawnees, and was treated, not only by her, but by the whole tribe, with regard and tenderness. This conduct in respect to himself was not singular, for all the women and children were treated in the same manner; while the warriors who were so unfortunate as not to fall in battle were nearly all tortured to death: a few of them, however, were respected for their distinguished bravery, and permitted to live amongst their conquerors. It is shortly after relating his adoption into the Kansas tribe that Hunter introduces the following picture, which is altogether characteristic. We have no doubt of its fidelity; it abounds with beautiful and natural touches, and thoroughly illustrates the code of Indian morality.

In the ensuing fall, the traders came among us, and here, for the first time, to the best of my recollection, I saw a white man. My surprise, as may be naturally supposed, was great; but in a short time my curiosity became satiated, and their conduct, demeanour, and employment, regarded under the prejudices I had imbibed from the Indians, left no very favourable opinion of them on my mind. It was in the fall season when I arrived at the Kansas towns: the Indians were numerous, and well provided with venison, buffalo meat, corn, nuts, &c.; and

and judging from the knowledge I have since acquired, had made greater advances towards civilized life, than any of the neighbouring tribes. They had a large number of horses; and while with them I first learned to ride that animal. Here, after I had become acquainted with their language, I was accustomed, in company with the Indian boys, to listen with indescribable satisfaction to the sage counsels, inspiring narratives, and traditionary tales of Tshut-che-nau. This venerable worn-out warrior would often admonish us for our faults, and exhort us never to tell a lie. "Never steal, except it be from an enemy, whom it is just that we should injure in every possible way. When you become men, be brave and cunning in war, and defend your hunting grounds against all encroachments. Never suffer your squaws or little ones to want. Protect the squaws and strangers from insult. On no account betray your friend. Resent insults—revenge yourselves on your enemies. Drink not the poisonous strong water of the white people; it is sent by the Bad Spirit to destroy the Indians. Fear not death; none but cowards fear to die. Obey and venerate the old people, particularly your parents. Fear and propitiate the Bad Spirit, that he may do you no harm;—love and adore the Good Spirit, who made us all, who supplies our hunting grounds, and keeps us alive." He would then point to the scars that disfigured his body, and say, "Often have I been engaged in deadly combat with the enemies of our nation, and almost as often come off victorious. I have made long walks over snow and ice, and through swamps and prairies, without food, in search of my country's foes: I have taken this and that prisoner, and the scalps of such and such warriors." Now looking round on his auditors, with an indescribable expression of feeling in his countenance, and pointing to the green fields of corn, and to the stores collected from the hunting grounds, he would continue, "For the peaceful enjoyment of all these, you are indebted to myself, and to my brave warriors. But now they are all gone, and I only remain. Like a decayed prairie tree, I stand alone: the companions of my youth, the partakers of my sports, my toils, and my dangers, recline their heads on the bosom of our mother. My sun is fast descending behind the western hills, and I feel it will soon be night with me."—pp. 20—22.

Dancing, running races, wrestling, jumping, swimming, throwing the tomahawk, and fighting sham battles, form the amusements of all Indian boys; and their employments consist in aiding the squaws in their agricultural and domestic duties, and in taking fish and some kinds of game. As Hunter grew older, he became a sharer in more manly pursuits; he was armed with the bow, and taken by the Indians on several long hunting excursions, in quest of furs, and the larger prey of buffaloes, elks and bears. In one of these distant expeditions, the hunting party found their return cut off by a furious war, which had broken out in their absence between their people and some of the neighbouring nations; and they had no alternative but to commit themselves to the mercy of a tribe of the Osages, who, though they had declared against

the Kansas, were less inveterate in their hostility than their other enemies. It is a curious and generous trait in the Indian character, that the suppliants were received with hospitality by the Osages, and incorporated with their society. This was the last change of condition which Hunter underwent during his sojourning among the Indians. When the incorporation of the Kansas party with their protectors took place, he had nearly approached manhood; and he soon became so expert in the chase, that the Indians gave him the name (by which he has since called himself) of *the Hunter*. On the first occasion on which his new tribe could barter their furs with the white traders, he was supplied with a rifle instead of his bow and arrows; and now regularly assumed the character of the Indian warrior. He was present in several actions with other tribes, and, on one occasion, killed his man and took a scalp. 'It was,' says he, 'my first and last essay of the kind. I name this with great repugnance to my present feelings; but as I have set out to give a correct history of my life, I cannot in justice to the subject omit this circumstance.' In another engagement, in which his tribe, who had two hundred warriors in the field, were victorious over the Pawnees, he had himself the misfortune to receive a ball just below the knee-joint. His wound was severe and painful, and he was confined from its effects for several weeks.

The only remaining circumstance which we shall briefly notice in Hunter's narrative, before his separation from the Indians, is extremely interesting. This is his account of a hunting and exploring expedition, in which, with thirty-six others, Kansas and Osages, he traversed the whole breadth of the immense continent of North America, from the lower parts of the Arkansas river to the Pacific Ocean—a distance of full two thousand miles. In this surprising journey, the party set out merely with the intention of ascending the Arkansas on the usual business of the chase; but after proceeding up the main branch of that river for some hundred miles, they quitted its banks, crossed over in a northerly direction to the La Platte, and traced their route up its stream nearly to its sources, among the great chain of the Rocky Mountains. Here they were impelled by curiosity, and the thirst of adventure and fame, to proceed onwards to those 'Great Western Hills,' and even beyond them; for it appears that the party generally thought the accomplishment of this journey would entitle them on their return to as much applause from their people, as if they had gained a signal victory over their enemies. The whole account of the journey of these wanderers is filled, as might naturally be expected, with incident and adventure; but we cannot stop to notice any part of it, until, after crossing the great range of mountains, the party finally reached the Pacific Ocean, on the south side
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of the Chock-a-li-lum, or Columbia river. The effect which the first view of the mighty expanse of waters produced upon the minds of these untutored children of nature, is described with great simplicity and beauty.

Here the surprise and astonishment of our whole party was indescribably great. The unbounded view of waters, the incessant and tremendous dashing of the waves along the shore, accompanied with a noise resembling the roar of loud and distant thunder, filled our minds with the most sublime and awful sensations, and fixed on them, as immutable truths, the tradition we had received from our old men, that the great waters divide the residence of the Great Spirit from the temporary abodes of his red children. We here contemplated in silent dread the immense difficulties over which we should be obliged to triumph after death, before we could arrive at those delightful hunting grounds, which are unalterably destined for such only as do good, and love the Great Spirit. We looked in vain for the stranded and shattered canoes of those who had done wickedly. We could see none, and were led to hope that they were few in number. We offered up our devotions, or I might rather say our minds were serious, and our devotions continued all the time we were in this country, for we had ever been taught to believe that the Great Spirit resided on the western side of the Rocky Mountains; and this idea continued throughout the journey, notwithstanding the more specific boundary assigned to him by our traditionary dogmas.—p. 69.

The trees had just begun to show their foliage when the party commenced their journey up the Arkansas; and sixteen moons had passed, and they had undergone acute sufferings on their route during the winter, before they effected their return, which was greeted by the tribe with extravagant rejoicings. The period of Hunter's separation from his Indian brethren was now approaching. He was induced, in company with some of them, to enter into engagements with the white traders and hunters, who frequented the Osage settlements for traffic and game, and to accompany them in several hunting expeditions; in one of which he ascended the Missouri, above a thousand miles, as far as the Great Falls near its source. Upon this, and other occasions, he saw sufficient proofs of the habitual bad faith and fraud with which the traders conduct themselves towards the Indians; but the circumstance which led to his abandoning savage life was an act of diabolical treachery, meditated not by the whites, but by the Indians against them. A party of traders had fixed their camp on the Arkansas, in the hunting grounds of the Osages, with whom they were in the habit of trafficking. The principal among these itinerant adventurers was a person whom Hunter calls Colonel Watkins:—for, in the American republic, military titles are as plenty as blackberries. This man had, by his kindness, excited the grateful attachment of Hunter; but he imprudently suffered

his tribe to barter for too great a quantity of whiskey. They had previously met with but indifferent success, and their failure, as it generally is on such occasions, was ascribed to the white hunters, who had, in fact, just returned from scouring the smaller streams and hills for game. They were still brooding over this disappointment, when they were rendered furious by the liquor; and they determined in their demoniac frenzy to murder all the white intruders. The sequel, which is very honourable to Hunter, is related with modesty, and, we doubt not, with perfect truth.

"The skin* with its potent contents went frequently round, and in a short time nothing was to be seen or heard but the war-dance, the war-song, and the most bitter imprecations against all those who had trespassed on their rights, and robbed them of their game. They next mentioned the great quantity of furs that Watkins had collected, which, if suffered to be taken away, would only serve as an inducement for other and more numerous parties to frequent their hunting grounds. "In a short time," said they, "our lands, now our pride and glory, will become as desolate as the Rocky Mountains, whither, perhaps, we shall be obliged to fly for support and protection." These addresses produced the intended effect on the now pliant and over-heated minds of their audience: and it was immediately determined to cut off and spoil the whole of Watkins's party. These proceedings produced, in my bosom, the most acute and indescribably painful sensations. I was obliged, nevertheless, to suppress them, in order to avoid suspicion; for, should they have entertained the least, either against me or any one of the party, the consequence, at this time, would have been instant death to the person suspected, and that, too, without any ceremony. Therefore, with an apparent cordiality, I lent my consent, and joined among the most vociferous in approving the measure, and upbraiding the conduct of the traders. This deceptive conduct was also another source of painful reflection; because on no former occasion had I been so situated, but that the opinion I expressed, or the part I took, was in perfect concordance with my feelings, and the maxims I had been taught. From the first proposition that was made to cut off this party, I never hesitated, in my own mind, as to the course of conduct I ought to pursue. After I had matured my plan to my own satisfaction, I dissembled, very much to my surprise, with as plausible assurance as I have since sometimes seen practised in civilized life. In fact, I not only acted my part so well as to avoid suspicion, but maintained so high a place in their confidence, as to be intrusted, at my own solicitation, to guard our encampment. This office is of great importance among the Indians; but it seldom exists, except when a measure of consequence has been fixed on, for the successful termination of which, secrecy and dispatch become necessary. The whiskey being exhausted, and the Indians retired to rest, under its stupefactive influence, I silently and cautiously removed all the flints from the guns, emptied the primings from the pans, took my own rifle,

* The Indians generally make use of small skins instead of bottles, &c. to contain their liquor.

and other equipments, and mounting the best horse that had been stolen on the preceding day, made my escape; and gave the alarm to Watkins and his party.—pp. 102—104.

After having thus sacrificed his attachment to his tribe to better feelings, Hunter dared not to return to the Osages. But his attachment to Indians and Indian life was ardent and enthusiastic; and his prejudices against the whites, with which his red brethren had always inspired him, were as great as they had ever been. He felt as if he had been guilty of a culpable treachery towards his tribe, and in the tumult of opposite feelings which agitated him, he separated from Watkins's party, and roving in solitude in the forests, lived without communion with any human being for several moons, during which he supported himself by the game that he shot or took. At last he fell in with, and was persuaded to join, a party of white hunters, learned to share their profits, which were usually considerable, and, mingling with the outposts of civilization in Kentucky and the other western states, became thus gradually reconciled to the modes of artificial society. But, to judge from the curious picture which he has given of his own mind, the change of habits was not effected without reluctance and some violence to his feelings and attachments; and we suspect it may yet prove any thing but permanent. We have known several instances of Europeans (and one in particular of a British officer of considerable mental acquirements) who have been allured by the strange fascination which an Indian life seems to possess, to quit altogether the bosom of civilized society; but we never yet heard of any case, like that of Hunter, where an individual of white or mixed parentage, after being bred up among the tribes, was really and finally weaned from the enchantment of that life of wild excitement and adventure.

The singularity of Hunter's history, and the interest caused by his strange situation, ultimately procured him, among the whites, some judicious and competent friends and instructors; and it is much to his credit that he appears by his personal qualities to have won the regard of many of the more respectable inhabitants in the western states. Among others, a Mr. John Dunn, of Cape Girardeau, in the state of Missouri, treated him, he says, in every respect, like a father or brother; and gratefully calling himself after that individual, and adding his own Indian appellation, he assumed the name, which he has ever since borne, of John Dunn Hunter. By another worthy person, a Mr. Wyatt, he was instructed in the unadulterated truths of Christianity; and he successively employed the intervals between his hunting expeditions in attending different schools, at which he acquired whatever information he possesses. The whole period of his desultory studies

dies amounted only to about two years and a half; and he acknowledges, with praiseworthy candour, that his preceptors at first found him very intractable, although he hopes that he subsequently gained their esteem. His account of the first effects of his acquaintance with books is curious and natural.

‘For some time after I entered school, I experienced great difficulty in learning the pronunciation and meaning of words; this, however, being once partially surmounted, my progress was easy, till I could read, so as to understand all the common school-books that were placed in my hands. During the recess of my school employments, I seldom went any where without a book. I had access to some respectable libraries, and became literally infatuated with reading. My judgment was so much confused by the multiplicity of new ideas that crowded upon my undisciplined mind, that I hardly knew how to discriminate between truth and fable. This difficulty, however, wore off with the novelty, and I gradually recovered, with the explanatory assistance of my associates, the proper condition of mind to pursue my studies, which were again renewed and continued, as above noticed, with great interest and solicitude.’—p. 129.

After he had become tolerably familiarized with the usages of civilized society, many of his friends in the western states strongly advised him ‘to journey eastwardly as far as Baltimore, Philadelphia, or New York, with a view to publish the history of his life, and such information as he possessed respecting the Indian nations settled west of the Mississippi.’ Besides the inducements thus held out to him, he had for some time formed an ardent desire to become acquainted with a liberal profession. Filled with these views he, in the autumn of 1821, crossed the Alleghany mountains, and, as it were, commenced a new existence. At this point his narrative breaks off; but we find him, by a letter to his publishers, which he has printed in the latest edition of his volume, resident in this country during the last year. We understand that he has since re-crossed the Atlantic.*

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* Since the first part of this Article was printed off, we have been favoured with a letter from Dr. T——, of Liverpool, a gentleman to whom the scientific world has been long and much indebted. It appeared to us so interesting in itself, and so strongly corroborative of the credit which we felt disposed to attach to Hunter’s narrative, that we could not resist the temptation of laying a part of it before our readers. It should be added that Hunter, while in this country, occasionally resided with Dr. T., so that his opinions are the result of personal observation.

† Hunter appeared modest, rather taciturn, seldom mentioned his own adventures, but willingly answered questions, with perspicuity. In speaking of his Indian friends he was rational, neither magnifying their virtues, nor exaggerating their vices. He regarded them as a people placed in very unfortunate circumstances, and possessed of so many good qualities, that their future welfare demanded the sympathy and consideration of their white brethren. He conceived that, unless some considerable portion of them can be induced to exchange the state of hunters for that of pastoral people with fixed habitations, or agriculturists, the Indian race will be exterminated by the circum-
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Such is the abstract of Hunter's narrative; and we think our readers will agree with us that we have not devoted greater space to it than the story of his extraordinary fortunes may seem to deserve. The tale itself does not form above one third of his volume, but to our taste it is by far the most interesting part of it; for, besides the attractions inseparable from the relation of such a course of adventure, the information which it gives of the character and condition of the Indians, is thus conveyed in a much more easy and pleasing manner than it can be in formal and elaborate dissertations. We make this remark, however, more with reference to the mode in which the volume is composed, than to the relative worth of its contents. The largest portion of it, which he has devoted to an account of the manners and customs of the Indians under several heads, is extremely valuable for its curious, and, to all appearance, authentic details. From his report, assisted by personal recollections, and viewed in comparison with the testimony of Heckewelder, we shall throw together the few notices and illustrations of Indian opinions and life for which we can find space.

Assuredly the most interesting feature in the character of the North American Indians, is the superior purity of their religious belief over that of all other savage nations; and we may add, over even the boasted elegance of poetical mythology, with which the polished people of antiquity thinly veiled the grossness of their superstitions. From the invariable reports of those individuals who, in every age since the recovery of America, have enjoyed opportunities of mingling with the Indian tribes, there is nothing more certain than that these unenlightened savages firmly believe in the existence, the omnipotence, and the unity of God, and in a future state of reward and punishment. To the Great Spirit, the giver of life, whom they worship, they attribute both the creation

and redemption of their hunting grounds, by the advance of the Americans of European extraction, and the baneful effects of the unlimited introduction of spirituous liquors. He spoke of them as a people that had little chance of escaping either extinction, or the utmost degradation, by imbibing the vices without the refinements of civilization. His object in going to America is not strictly speaking to return to savage life—but rather to endeavour to collect Indians of the scattered smaller tribes on some of the great rivers falling into the Missouri, and by his example to teach them the advantages of fixed homes and permanent property. He conceives that the Indians will be much more ready to follow the example of one, who, with a thorough knowledge of all the arts on which they pride themselves, is able to instruct them in many of the arts of civilized life. He says that he will dedicate his life to this object, not from any superior relish for the life of a savage, but because he can thus, he conceives, be an instrument in the hands of "the Great Spirit," to prevent the extinction of the red race. There was, undoubtedly, in his mind a keen relish for hunting as an occupation, and he spoke of his rambles in the woods and savannas with much animation; but he freely admitted that these advantages had too many drawbacks not to make him look with regret on the prospect of quitting the haunts of civilized life.

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and the government of all things, with infinite wisdom, and power, and goodness. Of the origin of their religion, Hunter says that they are altogether ignorant. They believe in general that, after the Great Spirit had formed the hunting grounds and supplied them with game, he created the first red man and woman, who were very large of stature, and lived to an exceedingly old age; that he often held councils, and smoked with them, gave them laws to be observed, and taught them how to take game and cultivate corn; but that, in consequence of their disobedience, he withdrew, and abandoned them to the vexations of the bad spirit, who has since been instrumental in all their degeneracy and sufferings. They believe the Creator of too exalted a character to be directly the author of evil, and that, notwithstanding the offences of his red children, he continues to shower down on them all the blessings which they enjoy. In consequence of this parental regard for them, they are truly filial and sincere in their devotions, and pray to him for such things as they need, and return thanks for such good things as they receive.

The belief of the Indian in a future state can scarcely be construed into any defined idea of the immortality of the soul; for where, except in Christianity, has that awful and glorious truth been brought to light? The Indian can only fancy a prolongation of present enjoyment. His heaven is a delightful country, situated at a vast distance beyond the great western waters, where his employments will be divested of pains and trouble, not changed in their nature; where the sky will be cloudless and serene, the game abundant, and the spring eternal. There, in the perpetual fruition of ease and happiness, he hopes to be again restored to the favour, and to enjoy the immediate presence, counsel and protection of the Great Spirit. But he has the enduring conviction, that the cultivation and observance of good and virtuous actions in this life can alone secure to him a blissful futurity; and he is equally sure that the pursuit of an opposite course will entail on him endless afflictions, wants, and wretchedness; barren, parched, and desolate hunting grounds, the inheritance and residence of wicked spirits, whose pleasure and province it is to render the unhappy still more miserable. It is also a point of almost universal belief, that the pleasure or displeasure of the Great Spirit is manifested in the passage, or attempted passage, of the good and bad, from this to another world. On this eventful occasion, all are supplied with canoes; which, if they have been warriors, and otherwise virtuous and commendable, the Great Spirit, either directly or indirectly, guides across the deep to the haven of unceasing happiness and peace. On the other hand, if they have been cowardly, vicious, and negligent in the performance of their duties, they are abandoned

doned to the malignity of evil spirits, who either sink their canoes, and leave them to struggle amidst contending floods; or feed their hopes with delusive prospects, and bewilder them in inextricable errors; or strand them on a barren shore, and there transform them into some beast, reptile, or insect, according to the enormity of their guilt.

The Indians in general believe in the existence of an Evil Spirit, though, we learn from Hunter, that there are some among them who entertain doubts of his agency: but the majority certainly do occasionally pray to him, in the belief that it will appease his wrath, or induce him to mitigate his chastisements. They doubt not his inferiority to the Great Spirit, of whose character he is directly the reverse; but believe that he nevertheless has sufficient power committed to him to torment and punish the human race, and that he delights in its exercise. The interference of subordinate spirits is also credited among them to a great extent; their ideas on this head are however exceedingly various. Some believe that they invisibly hover around and influence all their conduct, and are on ordinary occasions the immediate instruments of reward and punishment; others that they perform only the offices of exciting to do good and bad actions; and others again that they only officiate on great and important occasions. The account of Heckewelder seems to agree very closely with that of Hunter on this point.

‘It is part of their religious belief, that there are inferior *manittos*, to whom the great and good Being has given the rule and command over the elements; that being so great, he, like their chiefs, must have his attendants to execute his supreme behests; these subordinate spirits (something in their nature between God and man) see and report to him what is doing upon earth; they look down particularly upon the Indians, to see whether they are in need of assistance, and are ready at their call to assist and protect them against danger. Thus I have frequently witnessed Indians, on the approach of a storm or thunder-gust, address the manitto of the air to avert all danger from them; I have also seen the Chippeways, on the lakes of Canada, pray to the manitto of the waters, that he might prevent the swells from rising too high, while they were passing over them. In both these instances, they expressed their acknowledgment, or showed their willingness to be grateful, by throwing tobacco in the air, or strewing it on the waters. But amidst all these superstitious actions, the Supreme Manitto, the creator and preserver of heaven and earth, is the great object of their adoration. On him they rest their hopes—to him they address their prayers, and make their solemn sacrifices.—*Heckewelder*, p. 205.

The worship of the Indians is little regulated either by ceremonies or stated periods for devotional exercises, though in private it is frequent. But there are great occasions on which the whole

whole tribe assemble for the purpose; such as on declarations of war—when they offer up their prayers to the Great Spirit for success against their enemies; on the restoration of peace—when they return thanksgivings; and further,—on extraordinary natural visitations, such as storms, earthquakes, &c. The departure from an encampment also is attended with something similar.

‘At the breaking up of the winter,’ says Hunter, ‘having supplied ourselves with such things as were necessary and the situation afforded, all our party visited the spring from which we had procured our supplies of water, and there offered up our orisons to the Great Spirit, for having preserved us in health and safety, and for having supplied all our wants. This is the constant practice of the Osages, Kansas, and many other nations of Indians located west of the Mississippi, on breaking up their encampments, and is by no means an unimportant ceremony.’

The habitual piety of the Indian mind is remarked by Heckewelder, and strongly insisted upon by Hunter; and it is satisfactorily proved, we think, by the whole tenor of his descriptions, where he throws himself back, as it were, into the feelings peculiar to his Indian life. And, indeed, after hearing, at a council, the broken fragments of an Indian harangue, however imperfectly rendered by an ignorant interpreter, or reading the few specimens of Indian oratory which have been preserved by translation, no one can fail to remark a perpetual and earnest reference to the goodness and power of the Deity. ‘Brothers! we all belong to one family—we are all children of the Great Spirit,’ was the commencement of Tecumthé’s harangue to the Osages; and he afterwards tells them: ‘When the white men first set foot on our grounds they were hungry: they had no places on which to spread their blankets or to kindle their fires. They were feeble; they could do nothing for themselves. Our fathers commiserated their distress, and shared freely with them whatever the Great Spirit had given to his red children.’ Again, when, on the remarkable occasion on which our forces were compelled, in 1813, to evacuate the Michigan territory, Tecumthé refused, in the name of his nation, to consent to retreat, he closed his denial with these words: ‘Our lives are in the hand of the Great Spirit: he gave the lands which we possess to our fathers; if it be his will, our bones shall whiten on them, but we will never quit them.’ The whole of this speech, of which we have the authenticated copy before us, is too long for insertion in this place: it is one torrent of vehement and pathetic appeal, and has all the energy and bitterness of rude sarcasm—all the simplicity, and the occasional elevation of thought, for which the wild oratory of the tribes is so remarkable. An old Oneida chief, who was blind from years, observed to Heckewelder. ‘I am an aged hemlock: the winds
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of one hundred years have whistled through my branches; I am dead at the top. Why I yet live the great good Spirit only knows!' This venerable father of the forest was converted to Christianity.

Hunter and others agree in asserting that the Indians have no regular priesthood; nor, indeed, did there appear, among all the nations who were assembled in the British alliance during the late war, any signs of the existence of such an order. But their prophets are very numerous and of various characters; that is, there are in every tribe, individuals who, from their superior wisdom and experience, and from their careful observation of their dreams, are believed to possess the power of foretelling events. The Indians have great faith in dreams, which they imagine to be inspired by invisible agents; and hence, probably, their confidence in the visitations with which such spirits may indulge the wise and good. But pretenders of a worse description are more common, and are frequently, by the wariness of their predictions and the cunning with which they support their impostures, very successful in practising upon the credulity of their simple brethren. Hunter seems to admit that something like witchcraft prevails among them, and Heckewelder more distinctly enumerates instances of the arts of their sorcerers. 'It is incredible,' he says, 'to what a degree the superstitious belief in witchcraft operates on the mind of the Indian. The moment his imagination is struck with the idea that he is bewitched, he is no longer himself. Of this extraordinary power of their conjurers, of the causes which produce it, and the manner in which it is acquired, they have not a very definite idea. The sorcerer, they think, makes use of some deadening substance, which he conveys to the person he means to 'strike,' in a manner which they can neither understand nor describe. The person thus stricken, is immediately seized with an unaccountable terror. His spirits sink—his appetite fails—he is disturbed in his sleep—he pines and wastes away, or a fit of sickness seizes him, and he dies at last, a miserable victim to the workings of his own imagination.'

We now come to the morality of the Indians. Justice and liberality, and sincerity in their dealings—good faith in their engagements—hospitality to strangers—a grave and sedate deportment—and general habits of kindness and courtesy, are certainly inculcated in the education of their youth, and practised among them in a remarkable degree. Every one who has had opportunities of mingling with the more remote tribes, must have observed many of these qualities in their deportment. Courage and fidelity to their nation and allies are, however, the virtues most highly valued by them. Considering them in their natural state, or where
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their character has been least affected by intercourse with the whites, the atrocious cruelties which they exercise towards their enemies is their damning—we had almost said, their only vice. Imagination sinks under the fearful detail of studied torments which they inflict upon those prisoners whom they do not spare and adopt, from policy, to recruit the force of their warriors. The frenzy, the thirst of revenge and appetite for blood, which they display upon these occasions are truly demoniac. With them, while hostilities last, an enemy is placed utterly beyond the pale of commiseration and humanity. It is indeed on the subject of conduct to prisoners that the imperfection of the religions formed by man appears in all its wretchedness: it is here too that Christianity displays her origin in the mercy-seat of Heaven.

To this stain in their nature must be added, where they have been contaminated by example, a gloomy catalogue of crimes and debasement. The effects of spirituous liquor upon them are such that many of them believe it to be prepared by the agency and inspiration of Evil. The cause of this opinion is easily understood by every one who has seen an intoxicated Indian. Drunkenness converts him at once into a demon. Under its influence he displays all the ferocity of which human nature is capable, when unrestrained by reflection; and there is no crime which he will not commit. The passion for liquor, which he usually finds unconquerable after he has once surrendered himself to it, induces him to sacrifice to its indulgence every principle of rectitude, and every wholesome prejudice which has previously governed his untutored mind. Like the German ancestors of modern Europe, he will part with his last possession, his lands, his squaw, his good faith, and almost his existence, to procure his bane. This demoralization extends to the women, and Hunter can only compare an encampment of a tribe during a drunken revel to a hell upon earth. When these unhappy victims to the corruption of the worse portion of civilized society are exposed to a daily intercourse with the white people, the consequences must be obvious. The constant supply of ardent spirits which the Indians obtain from the cupidity of the traders, is the living fountain of their depravity; and the manners of the settlers of the western states have corrupted and destroyed them like a pestilence. We affirm, without fear of contradiction or of error, that there is not to be found on the face of the globe a race of men so utterly abandoned to vice and crime—so devoid of all fear of God and regard towards man, as the out-settlers of Kentucky, Ohio, and the other back states. Heckewelder, who has passed a long life in those lawless regions, is a stern witness of the guilt and enormities of his white countrymen, and the injuries and demoralization of the Indians: "Our vices," says the old

old missionary, 'have destroyed them more than our swords.' To understand the primitive character of the Indians, it is necessary, as we have done, to carry our inquiries among the distant nations with whom Hunter dwelt, or among others who, in the Canadian war, appeared, for the first time, in contact with civilized life; and we should receive with suspicion and discredit the reports of travellers who have drawn their superficial observations from the degenerate tribes in the United States, or the prejudices of their corrupters.

In an Indian community, all the men enjoy a perfect equality of rights. In their councils, every warrior has his voice and may take his part; though the proceedings of a tribe are mainly directed by the advice of such individuals as are most respected for their age and experience, or distinguished for their achievements in war. The appointment of their chiefs is wholly elective; but though they are formally chosen, their authority seems to be regulated by no laws or even conventional forms. They govern, or rather influence their brother warriors, by the reputation of those qualities which have procured their election; by their eloquence and courage, their superior wisdom in council, and skilful enterprise in arms. The condition of woman—that great line of distinction which will usually illustrate the extremes and intermediate stages of refinement and barbarism—is low among the Indians. Our readers will easily believe that we are not afflicted with any Rousseau-like sentimentality for savage life, and may therefore credit us when we say, that the youthful squaw exhibits, in her ordinary appearance, a persuasive gentleness of demeanour, a winning delicacy and very often a beauty of figure and countenance joined to a softness of voice peculiarly pleasing; and that there is about her a quiet submissiveness which, betraying the habitual endurance of oppression, interests us in her fate. When the straggling Indian is met with his family upon a journey, he is sure to be found striding foremost, with his rifle on his shoulder, unincumbered by any part of the household burthen, and, if he expects to encounter strangers, dressed in his buffalo robe, and ornamented with feathers and tinsel in his gayest style. But behind him walks, or rather runs, his squaw, with difficulty keeping pace with him, and bending under the weight of the whole family stock of domestic utensils. Perhaps a nursing infant is wrapped in skins, and strapped on a thin flat board to her back; and at her side elder children are clinging to the skirts of her blanket.

The men, regarding themselves as the lords of the earth, look down upon their squaws as an inferior order of beings, especially given to them by the Great Spirit to rear up their families, to take charge of and to conduct the daily affairs of their households, and to perform, in short, every kind of domestic labour and menial drudgery.

drudgery. It is the duty of the squaws to go out into the woods for the game which the men have killed, to pack it and to bring it home; for these matters are beneath the dignity of the hunters. Assisted by the children of both sexes, the women plant, cultivate, and gather in the crops of corn and vegetables and tobacco; they collect wild rice, nuts, plums, grapes and other fruits which are found growing spontaneously in the woods; they carry wood and water, dress buffalo robes and other skins, manufacture pottery, leggins, and mocassins for the feet; and they pound the corn, make maple sugar, and prepare and cook the food. The men, nourishing their pride and their cruelty, will not share the burthen of the least of these offices with the weaker and all enduring sex. Yet Hunter says, that they are kind protectors; that, except when maddened by liquor, they are never known to strike a woman; and that the women cheerfully perform all the duties imposed upon them, and do not consider their lot more severe than that of the men. No state of society is in his opinion more generally exempt from strife and contention between husband and wife than that of the red people. Of the progress of Indian courtship we shall give his own account.

‘When a young Indian becomes attached to a female, he does not frequent the lodge of her parents, or visit her elsewhere, oftener, perhaps, than he would, provided no such attachment existed. Were he to pursue an opposite course before he had acquired either the reputation of a warrior or hunter, and suffer his attachments to be known or suspected by any personal attention, he would be sure to suffer the painful mortification of a rejection; he would become the derision of the warriors, and the contempt of the squaws. On meeting, however, she is the first, excepting the elderly people, who engages his respectful and kind inquiries; after which no conversation passes between them, except it be with the language of the eyes, which, even among savages, is eloquent, and appears to be well understood.

‘The next indication of serious intentions on the part of the young Indian is his assumption of more industrious habits. He rises by day break, and, with his gun or bow, visits the woods and prairies, in search of the most rare and esteemed game. He endeavours to acquire the character of an expert and industrious hunter, and, whenever success has crowned his efforts, never fails to send the parents of the object of his affections some of the choicest he has procured. His mother is generally the bearer, and she is sure to tell from what source it comes, and to dilate largely on the merits and excellencies of her son. The girl, on her part, exercises all her skill in preparing it for food, and, when it is cooked, frequently sends some of the most delicious pieces, accompanied by other small presents, such as nuts, mocassins, &c. to her lover. These negotiations are usually carried on by the mothers of the respective parties, who consider them confidential, and seldom divulge them even to the remaining parents, except one or both of the candidates should be

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the offspring of a chief, when a deviation from this practice is exacted; and generally observed. After an Indian has acquired the reputation of a warrior, expert hunter, or swift runner, he has little need of minor qualifications, or of much address or formality in forming his matrimonial views. The young squaws sometimes discover their attachment to those they love, by some act of tender regard; but more frequently through the kind offices of a confidant or friend. Such overtures generally succeed: but, should they fail, it is by no means considered disgraceful, or in the least disadvantageous to the female; on the contrary, should the object of her affections have distinguished himself, especially in battle, she is the more esteemed, on account of the judgment she displayed in her partiality for a respectable and brave warrior.—pp. 235—237.

Polygamy, that prevailing vice in every country which Christianity does not bless, exists among the Indian nations, and is tolerated to any extent commensurate with the means which a husband may possess for subsisting his family. These in the cases of ordinary warriors would appear, however, to restrain the practice; and even to render it uncommon. Where it is found, the different wives live in contiguous lodges, fulfil their matrimonial duties separately, occasionally visit each other, and generally maintain the most friendly terms. The chief or warrior takes up his residence with the one he most esteems, and only leaves her to reside with the next in favour, during the periods of her pregnancy and lactation. The one with whom the husband resides considers it her duty and interest, and is ambitious, to discharge all the offices pertaining to a wife, as far as affects his comfort and convenience; and any interference with her on the part of his other wives, except in cases of sickness or inability, is regarded as a just cause of offence.

The power of divorce is common to both sexes; but as the squaws consider celibacy or widowhood, a disgrace and misfortune, it is probable they seldom claim the right of separation. We think an Indian once accounted admirably to Heckewelder for the happiness of the matrimonial state among his people.

‘An aged Indian, who for many years had spent much of his time among the white people both in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, one day, about the year 1770, observed, that the Indians had not only a much easier way of getting a wife than the whites, but were also more certain of getting a *good* one; “for,” (said he, in his broken English) “white man court,—court,—may be one whole year!—may be two years before he marry!—well! may be then got *very good* wife—but may be *not*! may be *very cross*!—well now, suppose cross! scold so soon as get awake in the morning! scold all day! scold until sleep!—all one; he must keep *him*! white people have law forbidding throwing away wife, be *he* ever so cross! must keep *him* always! Well! how does Indian do? Indian when he see industrious squaw, which he like, he go to *him*, place his two forefingers close aside each other, make two look like one—lock

squaw in the face—see *him* smile—which is all one *he* says *yes!* so *he* take *him* home—no danger if *he* be cross! no! no! squaw know too well what Indian do if *he* cross,—throw *him* away and take another! squaw love to eat meat! no husband! no meat! squaw do every thing to please husband! *he* do the same to please squaw! live happy!—p. 164.

Formerly, if what the Indians say may be relied upon, illegitimate births seldom occurred in any of their tribes, before the white people appeared among them. But however this may have been, the Indian women are certainly not over rigidly virtuous; for a female may become a mother out of wedlock without diminishing her chance of a subsequent matrimonial alliance, if her paramour be of respectable standing. But the custom of early marriages renders such instances unfrequent, and besides, abortives are used. Jealousy is little felt among the warriors, and they are occasionally known to commit their wives to the temporary possession of friends and guests: still however they claim the sole disposal of their persons, and regard a voluntary indulgence of incontinence on the part of a married squaw as an unpardonable offence, which is for the most part punished by repudiation. Mr. Hunter mentions one instance in which the outraged husband took the life of his frail partner. ‘He was himself an eye-witness of her offence; he loved and never suspected; anger for the moment triumphed over reason; he directed his tomahawk, and the blow was unerring.’

However humanity may shudder at the numerous instances of ferocity in the warfare of the North American tribes, it is impossible not to admire the enthusiastic devotion to the cause of his nation, the unbending heroism and constancy under suffering, which characterize the Indian warrior. He knows that the preservation of his hunting grounds, the existence of his family, and the security of his nation against surrounding tribes, depend solely upon personal courage and martial skill. He is taught that his reputation here and his happiness hereafter will be measured by his achievements; he is respected by his brethren, and held in estimation by the women, only in proportion as he is brave and high-minded. To manifest any deficiency in firmness and endurance of pain, is to degrade himself to a squaw. The influence of such opinions pervades his whole nature, and is sometimes very curiously illustrated even in his bearing towards the brute creation. Hence his respect for the rattle-snake, which has been mistaken for a superstitious veneration:—an imputation repelled by Hunter with a warmth, which might create a smile at his zeal to remove the charge of idolatry from his red brethren. The Indians believe that the notice which the rattle gives of its approach, is intended by the snake as a warning to its enemy. They construe this into a proof of magnanimity in the reptile, and, from their

their admiration of this imaginary quality, will seldom destroy it. Heckewelder relates two anecdotes which exemplify both a similar feeling and the opinion of the Indians, that the whole animal creation are gifted with understanding. We select one.

"The Indian includes all savage beasts within the number of his *enemies*. This is by no means a metaphorical or figurative expression, but is used in a literal sense, as will appear from what I am going to relate. A Delaware hunter once shot a huge bear, and broke its back-bone. The animal fell, and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of the panther when he is hungry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, came up close to him, and addressed him in these words:—"Hark ye! bear; you are a coward, and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior you would show it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that your's was the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods stealing their hogs; perhaps at this time you have hog's flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me I would have borne it with courage, and died like a brave warrior; but you, bear, sit there and cry, and disgrace your tribe by your cowardly conduct." I was present at the delivery of this curious invective; when the hunter had dispatched the bear, I asked him how he thought the poor animal could understand what he had said to it? "Oh!" said he, in answer, "the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked while I was upbraiding him?"—p. 182.

This instance, ludicrous as it is, develops a great deal of Indian character, for it shows exactly the sentiments which inspire the captive warrior to meet the agony of his death-scene, and the accumulation of protracted torments, with incredible resolution and composure. Hunter describes at length some of these sufferings. Prisoners who are condemned to death, he says—

"endure with great magnanimity the most cruel tortures which revenge can invent. They are generally bound hand and foot, sometimes together, and at others to separate posts or trees, and burned with small pieces of touchwood, pierced with goads, and whipped with briars or spinous shrubs, at different intervals, so as to protract the periods of their tortures. These victims to a mistaken policy, during their sufferings, recount in an audible and manly voice, and generally with vehement eloquence, all their valorous deeds of former times, and particularly those which they have performed against their persecutors. They contrast the bravery of their own people with the squaw-like conduct of their enemies: they say that they have done their duty; that the fortune of war happened to be against them; and that they are only hastened into more delightful hunting grounds than those they possess here, by squaws who are incapable of appreciating the merits of brave warriors. As they grow feeble from suffering they sing their death-songs, and finally expire, without discovering the slightest indication of the pains they endure. In these executions the prisoners often make use of the

most provoking language, with a view, no doubt, to shorten the period of their tortures; and they generally succeed; for the outraged party, unable to resist the desire of revenge, dispatch them at once with the tomahawk, or some other deadly weapon.*—pp. 329, 330.

A watchful care, and a fortunate degree of influence, over our Indian allies, prevented the infliction of such enormities in the Canadian war, and after the moment of slaughter in action, the Indians yielded their prisoners to our ransom. But an occurrence in August, 1813, after a skirmish with the Americans on the Miami river, proved that the death-song of the Indian warrior is no fiction. A Winnebago chief, about forty years of age, had been brought in mortally wounded, by a rifle ball, in the breast. He was found in his wigwam surrounded by his family, and the group might have afforded a striking subject for the pencil. He was seated over the embers of his fire, his arms on his knees, supporting his head. The blood was dripping from his wound into the ashes, and without evincing any symptoms of his pain, he was pouring out his death chaunt, in a low, but firm and audible tone of recitative. Its subject was explained by Mr. Robert Dickson, superintendent of the Mississippi Indians, who was, with others, a witness of the scene, to be, that he died in aiding his great father over the water* against the Long Knives; that he was satisfied that it was so; and that he knew that his great father would protect his red children.

The service which his tribe and their kindred nations rendered to our cause in the campaigns of 1812 and 1813, on the western frontiers of Canada, was indeed most essential. The share of the Indians in the defeat of their and our enemy in that quarter, formed probably some of the last exploits which fate had reserved for these red children of the lake and forest; and we therefore feel it in some measure a just tribute to their merits to record a few of them here.† For their truth we will pledge ourselves, and, indeed, they are capable of being authenticated by numerous living witnesses.

When the North American Indians are spoken of without reference to the seats of their existence, their character may be represented under the extremes of imbecility and hardihood. It is impossible to conceive human nature lower in the scale of depravity than in the case of the few tribes who have escaped extermination, to live among the Canadians and people of the United States. Utterly sunk in filth and intemperance, they have not preserved one spark of the warlike spirit of their fathers; and resemble the hardy and untameable bands who so long resisted the

* The Indian term for our monarch.

† See 'The Lucubrations of Humphrey Ravelin.'

colonists of the New World, as little as the Sybarite did the Spartan, or as they do the tribes who still maintain their independence and bravery in the country west of the Mississippi. Just in proportion as the different tribes, who extend from Montreal, in Canada, to that river, are less in the bosom of European settlements, do they rise in character, or rather remain with most features of resemblance to the old fathers of their forests. Of the Indian people generally, as our allies in the late war in America, those dwelling in Lower Canada were entirely useless; the six nations higher up, in the country lying between the lakes Huron and Ontario, were of some service; but to the tribes at the head of Lake Erie, on the western shores of Huron, and from thence towards the Mississippi, is the preservation of Upper Canada, in the first years of the war, mainly to be attributed.

When, in 1812, hostilities commenced between Great Britain and America, several of the Indian tribes were already at war with the United States; and others hastened to join them when they found a prospect of success from the co-operation of the British. The Indian nations are not wanting in sagacity to discover, that nothing short of their extermination will complete the views of the American government; and self-preservation and the thirst of revenge united the majority of the tribes in the desire of seizing any favourable occasion of exertion against their common enemy. The country which the great body of the northern Indian people had yet been suffered to retain, extended from the western frontier of Canada, along the shores of the vast lakes of Huron, Michigan, and Superior, to the higher parts of the Mississippi. The tribes nearest to our possessions were naturally the first to join us. The Ottawas, Chippewas, a few Poottawattamies and Winnebagos, were earliest in co-operating with us in the summer of 1812; and they commenced by closing round the rear of the American force which, under General Hull, had entered Canada from the north-western frontier. They began to collect in numbers in the country behind Detroit, from whence Hull had already advanced in prosecution of his invasion; and the news of their motions seems at once to have paralysed him. He fell back into Detroit, and not daring to attempt a retreat through the line on which they had assembled, he remained passive until his surrender to a few hundred British regulars and Canadian militia. This well known event, and the occupation of the Michigan country, of which Detroit is the capital, opened a direct communication with the settlements of the different tribes, and rapidly promoted our alliance with them.

It is not necessary to prove in this place, for the fiftieth time, that our cause was common with that of the Indian nations.

Against them, as against us, the Americans had been the real aggressors; their furious war with the tribes had broken out long before the commencement of hostilities in Canada, and the contest, for the preservation of the Indian territory and our possessions, was alike wholly defensive. If the mode of warfare of the Indians was ferocious, that of the enemy with whom we had to contend was equally so. Every man who has served in that country can attest the fact, that the Kentuckians invariably carry the tomahawk and scalping knife into action, and are dexterous in using them. It is well authenticated, that the first scalp taken in the late war was torn from the head of a lifeless Indian by the teeth of a captain in the American service. This wretch, whose name was M'Culloch, was killed in a skirmish on the 5th of August, 1812, and in his pocket was found a letter to his wife, boasting that, on the 15th of the preceding month, a few days after the opening of the war, when an Indian had been killed on the river Canard and was found scalped, he had performed the exploit. It would surely have been a despicable submission to the mawkish sensibility of our patriots, to have rejected the co-operation of the Indians in repelling an invading enemy, who at least equalled them in their most blood-thirsty qualities. If we had refused their aid, and they had still continued the contest with success, there would have been no restraint upon them; and the exertions of our officers, which so generally obtained quarter for the prisoners who fell into their hands, could not have arrested the course of Indian vengeance; while, on the contrary, if the United States had prevailed over the tribes, their union with the conquerors against us would have become the price of their peace. The efforts which were actually made by the Americans to induce the Indians to join their standard, afforded sufficient evidence of their inclinations on this subject.

If circumstances thus fully justified our alliance with the Indian nations, self-preservation rendered it indispensable. Besides our vast numerical inferiority to the enemy in the first years of the war, it is no reflection upon the high character of our troops to observe, that in the western parts of Upper Canada, where the country is very partially inhabited, and still covered with boundless forests, they are neither calculated by their habits nor discipline to contend with the rifleman of Kentucky. And here the Indians have as much advantage over the Kentuckian, as the latter has over the British soldier; the assistance of those warriors was therefore invaluable to us. It would, perhaps, be impossible for any one, who had never witnessed it, to form an adequate conception of the appalling nature of a conflict with the Indian on his proper theatre, among the dark forests of his native land. To the Americans,

Americans, in the events of 1812 and 1813, on our north-western frontier, the Indians were the same terrific and invisible foe that, sixty years before, had struck horror and dismay into the followers of Braddock. The Indian standard of glory is the infliction of the severest loss upon an enemy, with the least possible injury to himself. It is therefore a point of honour with him, in action, to cover his person most effectually from observation; he never fires without changing his position; and his aim is so fatal, that, at every flash, he brings a victim to the ground. Bodies of Indians have thus been engaged for hours in the woods, without shewing a man of the force which has dealt death among their enemy. So overpowering and awful is the solemn gloom of an American forest, that to an European, under ordinary circumstances, the effect is a strange sensation of loneliness and inability to move in any direction without being immediately bewildered; and, if the American settler be infinitely more habituated to the scene, it must yet have possessed no common terrors even for him, when every stump and tangled thicket, in front, in rear, and around him, was in turn the lair of the crafty Indian. A circumstance which occurred in the first month of the war, will afford some idea of the dexterity of the native warrior in skirmish. After Hull's advance into Canada, the little river Canard for some time separated our troops from the enemy; its banks were overgrown with long rushes and rank grass, and the Indians, frequently crossing it in their canoes, found cover to watch every motion of the enemy's outposts. One morning, a small piquet of twelve or fourteen Americans were sent forward to the river to reconnoitre, and were observed in their advance by a single Indian, who lay concealed among the rushes. He marked out one of the party, fired, and killed him. While the smoke of his rifle was dissipating, he had already crept round to the rear of the piquet, who had just time to pour a volley into the spot which he had quitted, when a second shot from behind them brought another of their companions to the earth. The fire of the party was ineffectually repeated, and immediately followed by a third bullet, as deadly as the two first, from an opposite quarter.—Then, believing themselves surrounded, and panic struck at the unerring discharge of their enemy, the party precipitately retreated, and left the field to the Indian.

The surrender of Hull had been shortly preceded by the accession of the tribe of Wyandots, or Huron Indians, to our alliance. Inhabiting the banks of the Detroit river, or strait, these people form a singular exception to the degeneracy which usually attends the intercourse of the Indian with the white. The Wyandots have all the energy of the savage warrior, with the intelligence and docility

cility of civilized troops. They are Christians, and remarkable for orderly and inoffensive conduct; but, as enemies, they were among the most dreadful of their race. They were all mounted; fearless, active, and enterprising; to contend with them in the forest was hopeless, and to avoid their pursuit impossible.* They were led by Roundhead, who, next to the celebrated Tecumthé, was the most distinguished and useful of all the Indian chiefs. He was a firm friend to the British alliance, and his death (from natural causes) in the autumn of 1813, was a serious loss to our affairs.

How materially the Indian body contributed to the surprise and total destruction of the American corps of General Winchester, which, after Hull's surrender, was advancing against the same frontier in the winter of 1812-13, is already sufficiently known. That brilliant affair was, however, preceded by an act of daring resolution on the part of an Indian, which deserves to be recorded. While the Americans were lying, before their defeat, in their quarters at Frenchtown, the native warriors were ever hovering about them; and one evening, at nightfall, a single Indian silently and deliberately entered the place unobserved, and lurked at the door of a house in which were several of the enemy's officers, until one of them came out, when he stretched him lifeless by a blow on the head from his tomahawk, scalped him, and bore off the trophy to his associates in triumph.

After Winchester's defeat and capture, the next service in which the British and Indian forces co-operated was the siege of Fort Meigs, situated on the American shores of Lake Erie. The number of native warriors who had appeared in arms against Hull's and Winchester's troops had never exceeded five hundred; but such was now the effect upon the general mind of their nation, of the success of the British on these occasions, that, in the expedition against Fort Meigs, full twelve hundred of their fighting men were present. It is not our intention to repeat with minuteness the events which attended the siege of Fort Meigs. The garrison of that fortress was as numerous as the united European and Indian force of the assailants; yet such was the dread with which late events had inspired the enemy, that they tamely suffered themselves to be shut up within their works. In the investment which followed, the Indians were eminently useful, for they watched the enemy in a manner which might have shamed the

* At the destruction of Winchester's corps of 1300 men, at Frenchtown, not above fifty escaped death, or capture, on the field. Even these few were tracked through the forest by the Wyandots in unerring pursuit. An American officer of the number, who, after an anxious flight of some hours, was just congratulating himself on his safety, well described his consternation and horror at suddenly hearing a spring from the thicket in his rear, and at the same instant finding a red naked arm grasping his neck.

best light troops in Europe. Numerous instances occurred of their characteristic method of warfare, but we shall select only one for mention. In the course of the siege, a young chief had observed a log lying nearly within pistol-shot of the works, and opposite to an embrasure, from whence a gun was ranging over the ground with mischievous effect against our approaches. Before daylight, he silently crept on his hands and feet to this spot, and, placing himself behind the log, calmly awaited the dawn. He had wounded one of the enemy through the embrasure before he was observed, and his safety then depended upon his being able to prevent the firing of the gun above once or twice during the time he was near it; this he effected by killing or wounding every one that appeared at the embrasure. His aim was perfect, and for a long time his position covered him from the effects of musketry. But the moment he stirred he was exposed; and as he was constantly watched by numbers of the enemy's riflemen from every part of the block-houses and works within shot, the slightest inadvertent motion would have been fatal to him. He never could leave this post of danger and fatigue until it was dark, and must have suffered much from the want of food and rest. After successfully maintaining his station during several days, he was at last struck by a rifle-ball, that reached him through a small opening between the log and the ground, occasioned by a bend in the former, and which might have escaped a less skilful marksman than a Kentuckian. He remained in the same spot during the rest of that day, and crawled off at night to seek relief and repose.

The siege of Fort Meigs had not continued much above a week, when the enemy attempted to relieve the place by an attack from without, aided by a sortie of the besieged; and were repulsed with dreadful slaughter, in which the Indians greatly assisted. The garrison were, however, freed in a manner which they could not have anticipated, for the Indians, loaded with plunder and enriched by the prisoners they had taken, could not be induced to continue the siege, even by the influence of Tecumthé; nothing could prevent them from returning to their villages, according to their invariable custom after victory, to enjoy their triumph and attend to the recovery of their wounded; and the British general, thus weakened by their desertion, was obliged to retire to his frontier.

The Indians regarded the indifference with which our troops fearlessly exposed themselves to fire with much admiration; but this feeling, notwithstanding, always appeared qualified with some mixture of wonder, and perhaps contempt, at our folly and ignorance of what they deemed the immutable principles of warfare. It was customary for the British to secure the lives of prisoners by paying

paying head-money for every American delivered up in safety by the Indians, and this measure was generally successful; but it was a point in our military usages which, to the simple minds of our allies, was perfectly incomprehensible. They declared that they did not understand why, when our enemies fell into our hands, we cherished and set them at large to fight against us on a future occasion.

While the expedition against Fort Meigs was in progress, a zealous and enterprising individual was labouring to give fresh weight and extent to the British alliance with the Indian nations. This person, as we mentioned upon a former occasion, was Mr. Robert Dickson, a merchant settled in the Indian country; who by his upright dealings in trade, and yet more by the firmness and intrepidity of his character, had so perfectly gained the respect and confidence of the tribes about the higher parts of the Mississippi, that he persuaded them to descend with him to the seat of war, to take up the hatchet with their British Father. Mr. Dickson arrived with his Indians at Detroit soon after the return of the British from their expedition into the American territory. The Sawkes, the Winnebagos, the Minoomonis (famed for their swiftness), and the Sioux, were the principal tribes who accompanied Mr. Dickson; and their junction swelled the total of our Indian force to its maximum of 3000 warriors. The whole of this force, without possessing any formally constituted leader, was, in fact, under the absolute guidance of one man—the master-spirit of his race, the noble Tecumthé. Of this highly-gifted individual, who, it has with truth been said, united in his person all those heroic qualities which romance has ever delighted to attribute to the children of the forest, and with them intelligence and feeling that belonged not to the savage, we shall here offer some slight account.

Among the tribe of the Shawanees, inhabiting the country about one hundred miles to the south of Lake Michigan, were two brothers, who, a few years before our war with the United States, had gained great influence over their fellow warriors, by qualities usually most valued in savage life. The one, who had persuaded the tribe that he possessed what in Scotland would have been termed second-sight, was known among them by the name of the Prophet, and seems at first to have been the greater favourite of the two; the other, Tecumthé, had, without the aid of such inspiration, raised himself to the situation of a chief, by his tried hardihood, and that natural superiority of genius which, sometimes in civilized communities, and almost always in a rude state of society, will challenge deference from common minds. The tribe, under the direction of the Prophet, ventured upon

upon hostilities with their old enemy, the backsettlers of the States, and for some time carried on a most harassing contest against them, after the Indian mode of warfare. At length, however, lulled into security by confidence in the supernatural powers of their Prophet, and neglecting that caution which is generally so marked a trait in the Indian character, they were surprised by an American corps in the dead of the night, on the banks of the Wabash, and almost annihilated. Tecumthé, with a small number of warriors, escaped the massacre; but it is probable that the survivors were too few to preserve the separate existence of a tribe; for, while he swayed the whole Indian body, Tecumthé could scarcely number a score of immediate followers of his own people.

Tecumthé was among the first of the Indians to make common interest with the British, and he was in arms in our alliance previously to the surrender of Hull. His presence at that period was extremely serviceable; but when his ardour in the cause led him, after the Americans had capitulated, to leave our little army, and traverse the Indian country for the purpose which we before described, he did not return to the Detroit in time to share in the defeat of General Winchester. When he appeared again at the British head-quarters, some time before the expedition against Fort Meigs, it was astonishing how soon it became evident that he was chief among the chiefs of his countrymen, and that he in some way possessed the secret of swaying them all to his purpose.

As the contest proceeded, there were many opportunities of observing the intelligence of Tecumthé, whose support was so necessary to gain the consent of the Indians to any measure of expediency, that he was frequently, accompanied by Colonel Elliot, the Indian superintendant, or one of the officers of that department, brought to the British general's table. His habits and deportment were perfectly free from whatever could give offence to the most delicate female; he readily and cheerfully accommodated himself to all the novelties of his situation, and seemed amused, without being at all embarrassed by them. He could never be induced to drink wine or spirituous liquor; though, in other respects, he fed like every one else at the table. He said that, in his early youth, he had been greatly addicted to drunkenness—the common vice of the Indian—but that he had found its detrimental effects, and had resolved never again to taste any liquid but water. That an uneducated person could deny himself an indulgence of which he was passionately fond, and to which no disgrace was attached in the opinion of his associates, proves that he had views and feelings to raise him above the level of an unenlightened savage. He had probably anticipated the period when he

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was to be the first man of his nation, and knew that intemperance would disqualify him from holding such a station. He evinced little respect for the arts by which the Prophet had governed his unfortunate tribe, and always spoke of him as 'his foolish brother.' He had a son, a youth about fourteen or fifteen; but shortly before his fall, when he seemed to have a presentiment of what was to occur, he strongly enjoined his people not to elect that young man for their chief; 'he is too fair and like a white man,' was his reason. Tecumthé was not deficient in affection for his son, but he had some prejudice of his nation against a resemblance to the European, the author of all their woes; and he sacrificed his parental attachment to what he considered the advantage of his people. In battle Tecumthé was painted and equipped like the rest of his brethren; but otherwise, his common dress was a leathern frock descending to the knees, and confined at the waist by a belt; leggins and mocassins for the feet, of the same material, completed his clothing. He was rather above the middle stature; the general expression of his features was pleasing, and his eye was full of fire and intelligence.

It is needless to repeat the touching circumstances which attended the close of Tecumthé's mortal career. He fell, it will be remembered,* in the action at the Moravian Town, faithful to his last hour to the British alliance, and constant in his views for the deliverance of his red brethren from the exterminating policy of the United States. It is easy to pronounce from the event as Mr. Hunter has done, without inquiry into the causes of failure, that 'the magnanimous and patriotic designs of this extraordinary savage, as connected with his own country, were too vast for his means of execution;' but his memory is still held among the Indians in the most enthusiastic veneration: and it is impossible to contemplate his life and death, his native talents and comprehensive political views, without the reflection that he only wanted a nobler sphere and the light of education, to have won an immortality of honourable fame.

Our reasons for believing the extermination of all the Indian nations east of the Rocky Mountains to be in rapid progress, are founded upon attentive observation of the events of the last fifteen years. However it may be attempted to preserve appearances by fraudulent and compulsory purchases of Indian lands, and declarations of benevolent intentions towards their injured possessors, it has always been the boast of American policy, that 'the Indians shall be made to vanish before civilization, as the snow melts before the sunbeam.' How far the practice has been assimilated

* See the Quarterly Review, vol. xxvii. p. 431.

to the design, may be gathered from the butchery by the Kentuckians of Indian families in cold blood, after their surprise at Tippacanoe on the Wabash; from massacres committed by General Harrison's troops in their attacks on the Indian settlements in the autumn of 1812; from the murder, after the affair at the Moravian Town, of squaws and children, who received no more mercy than did the wounded warriors; and from the more recent and authorised horrors of General Jackson's Seminole war, which Mr. Buchanan declares he has deemed it *prudent* to omit in his work.* By what degree of fair dealing the purchases of Indian lands have been regulated since the peace, may be learnt from an abstract in Mr. Buchanan's work (p. 152). By the items in this formal account current, it appears that, to the year 1820, above one hundred and ninety millions of acres had been *purchased* from the Indians, for which they had received in annuities something more than two millions and a half of dollars!—while the profits of the republican government, in vending their acquisitions by retail, or 'the balance of gain,' as Mr. Buchanan calls it, 'on the part of the United States, in dealing with the Indians,' amounted to above two hundred and thirteen millions of dollars! But if even these systematic encroachments were wanting, the rapidity and violence with which the tide of white population sets westward, must alone continue to sweep before it the boundary of Indian rights, and to overwhelm the devoted tribes with a perpetually advancing deluge. The superior physical strength of the mass of outsettlers, the recklessness of all human restraint and compunction which distinguish that lawless and ferocious body, must doom the victims of their usurpation to destruction, and speedily complete the wreck which the contamination of their vices has already in part effected.

We are not ignorant of the humane and praiseworthy intentions by which many benevolent individuals and religious societies in America are now actuated, in labouring to atone for and repair the work of oppression. The Moravians and Quakers deserve, in particular, to be mentioned with honour for their exertions; but it unfortunately happens that these good people are more commendable for zeal than judgment. It is not unnatural, perhaps, to imagine that, as the religious belief of the Indians is less thickly clouded by gross superstitions than that of most savage nations, their conversion to the truths of Christianity will be the easier. But it should never be forgotten that all the traditions, which they

* It is curious to connect this caution on Mr. Buchanan's part with the assurance which almost immediately follows in the same page, that 'the kindness and civility which he has experienced from all ranks in the United States, he shall ever be ready to acknowledge.' And this too is *prudence*.

preserve with remarkable pertinacity, and all their bitter recollections, can admonish them only of the wrongs which they have endured, and the vices which they have observed in the white people.

'The Indians,' says Heckewelder, 'believe that the Great Spirit, knowing the wickedness of the white men, found it necessary to give them a great book, and taught them how to read it, that they might know and observe what he wished them to do and to abstain from. But they, the Indians, have no need of any such book to let them know the will of their Maker; they find it engraved on their own hearts; they have had sufficient discernment given to them to distinguish good from evil, and by following that guide they are sure not to err.'—'The white men told us a great many things which they said were written in the good book, and wanted us to believe it all. We would probably have done so, if we had seen them practise what they pretended to believe, and act according to the good words they told us. But no! while they held their big book in one hand, in the other they had murderous weapons, guns, and swords, to kill us poor Indians! Ah! and they did so too; they killed those who believed in their book, as well as those who did not. They made no distinction!' When the Indians converse on these subjects, observes Hunter, they say, 'The white men tell Indian be honest: Indian have no prison; Indian have no gaol for unfortunate debtors; Indian have no lock on his door.'

The efforts of the missionaries and of those societies who would really serve the Indians, begin where they should end. If it be possible to save a remnant of this ill-fated people, it will be by first causing benefits which cannot be mistaken, to replace the memory of injuries; by teaching them the value of peaceful habits; by instructing them in the mechanical and agricultural arts, for which their natural shrewdness and sagacity prove them to have capacity; and then they may be finally guided to the knowledge of truth. But how is it possible to anticipate good, while they can form no other judgment of civilization than by the vicious lives of the out-settlers; and can derive no other fruits from commercial intercourse than the poison of ardent spirits, which the traders are suffered to introduce in measureless quantities among them? In the western wilds of our own colonies this evil might at least be put down. With us humanity and policy dictate but one course. As the stream of American population continues to drive the tribes before it, some part of their remaining numbers may be forced northward, within the nominal boundary of our possessions. There the fugitives should find shelter, and protection, and opportunities of social improvement. There the remains of the primitive people of that vast continent might yet be collected; and their settlement

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on the western flank of our cultivated country might form no contemptible barrier and point of support against future aggressions, by which it is idle to suppose that the Canadas are not yet to be menaced.

ART. VI.—*Divine Influence; or the Operation of the Holy Spirit traced from the Creation of Man to the Consummation of all Things.* By the Rev. Thomas T. Biddulph, A.M. Minister of St. James's, Bristol; and late of Queen's College, Oxford. 1824. 8vo. pp. 263.

FROM the preface to this volume we learn that the author has for more than eight and thirty years been engaged in the ministerial office. Mr. Biddulph, indeed, has long been highly respected and esteemed as a zealous and laborious clergyman; and, while discharging the duties of a populous parish in the city of Bristol, has distinguished himself by some useful publications in the cause of religion—more especially by his *Practical Essays on the Liturgy of the Church of England*. These *Essays* have been read with pleasure and improvement by many whose opinions do not altogether accord with those of Mr. Biddulph—for that gentleman is, on all hands, acknowledged to belong to a party, which, in compliance with very general usage, we will call *Evangelical*, without intending to express either praise or blame. With regard to the tract now offered to the world, we are informed that it was written ‘during a season of retirement, occasioned by severe indisposition.’ After alluding to the effect which the languor attendant on illness may have had upon his work, the author proceeds to state the great objects which he proposed to himself in drawing it up; and very properly declares, that, should those be attained, he shall be ‘little solicitous about the opinion of critics on his style and composition.’ To say the truth, we believe that his ‘style and composition,’ although far too ambitious and metaphorical for sober theology, will not be very offensive, to more fastidious judges than we are. For our own parts, the longer we live the less do we care for mere elegance of phrase; and the more are we pleased with any one who, when he has matters of importance to communicate, studies only to express his meaning fully, and tell us what he has to say with as much plainness and simplicity as may be.

The reasoning employed in the essay under consideration—or rather, the train of thinking, for strict reasoning can hardly have been intended—appears to be this:—‘A perfect organization of mind, and a full and constant supply of Divine Influence, constituted the paradisiacal state of man:—At the fall, the Divine Influence

fluence was lost to Adam and his posterity:—The restoration of fallen man can be effected *only* by the Holy Spirit operating upon the mind, and producing faith and obedience:—These symptoms of a godly disposition, having been manifested in different individuals from the fall to the present moment, are evidences of the reality of the Divine Influence in every age. The author, after dwelling upon these topics, proceeds to adduce the most remarkable instances of piety and holiness recorded in the Old and New Testaments; and for the interval between the Apostolic age and the Reformation, he appeals chiefly to Milner's Church History. He then takes a rapid survey of the state of religion from the Reformation to the present times; and, finally, offers some considerations on what he calls 'the Millennial period.' Throughout the treatise the author enforces the practical consequences of the doctrine he is maintaining.

The nature and effects of the condition of mankind in different ages of the world, with respect to religion, have frequently occupied the attention of theological writers. In the earlier part of the last century, Lord Barrington, the father of the present venerable Bishop of Durham, published an Essay on the Divine Dispensations; and some years afterwards appeared a posthumous treatise of Dr. John Taylor, on the same subject. Much valuable information may be derived from these works. The History of Redemption, by Jonathan Edwards, may likewise be mentioned as a treatise of a similar kind. Mr. Biddulph, in his Essay on Divine Influence, has proposed to himself an object different from that of any of the writers just noticed; still his production bears some resemblance to Edwards's History. The design of Mr. Biddulph is, by means of an historical sketch of the state of religion from the fall of man, to trace the continued influence of the Holy Spirit. Edwards's object is to point out, by the same means, the mode in which the work of redemption has been carried on. In separate discourses Mr. Biddulph considers the time from the fall to the deluge—thence to the Exodus—thence to the Babylonish captivity, and so on—much after the manner of Jonathan Edwards.

There is in Mr. Biddulph's treatise, so much appearance of good intention, so much zeal in the cause of piety, that we should be glad to commend the execution of the work, if we could: but, in truth, the portions of it that indicate much ability are very sparingly scattered. His argument—unlike to Virgil's Fame—grows weaker as it proceeds. The reader opens the book willing to believe, and closes it disposed to doubt. Difficulties, of which the author seems not to be aware, beset the mind. In the course of the examination, men of every age, and every country, are
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forced to speak the same language; and many of them shew that they are speaking a language which is not their own. From the beginning of the book to the end there is a want of discrimination—the effect of peculiar circumstances is hardly ever taken into account. We are required to believe that the faith of the antediluvian was the same as our own; and that holy men, in the earliest periods of the world, understood, almost as well as we can do, the whole plan of redemption—EVEN THE MYSTERY WHICH HATH BEEN HID FROM AGES, AND FROM GENERATIONS, BUT IS NOW MADE MANIFEST TO THE SAINTS.—*Coloss. i. 26.*

Whether we are right or wrong in the judgment which we have delivered, we will enable our readers in some measure to determine for themselves, by extracting a few specimens of the author's mode of observation. Of our first parents Mr. Biddulph thus writes:—

'There is every reason for believing that the progenitors of the human race were themselves made partakers of the grace promised in the first annunciation of redemption by the future virgin-born Redeemer. The exculpatory apologies which, at first, they offered for the great transgression, and the refuges of lies to which they appear to have had recourse in the first consciousness of guilt, were silenced and confounded when the Spirit of Grace, accompanying the word of the *Voice of Jehovah*, the Immanuel by anticipation, performed in their hearts his official work, in conviction of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.* They bowed, in the exercise of faith, and with feelings of devout gratitude, to God's propounded method of saving sinners; commenced the series of sacrifice rites, which were to prefigure the Lamb of God till he appeared personally to take away the sins of the world; and gladly received the mystic symbolic clothing, derived from the sacrificed victims, which represented the robe of righteousness, the garment of salvation.'—pp. 25, 26.

The character of Noah, he discusses in the following terms:—

'Noah, like his grandfather Enoch, was a prophet as well as a preacher of righteousness, and is, therefore, to be numbered among the "holy men of old," who "spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." Whether the sin of drunkenness, imputed to him by our translation, be a legitimate charge on his character or not, may admit of a doubt; as it seems improbable that the spirit of inspiration should take possession of a man immediately on his recovery from such a state. Some, therefore, have supposed that the scene described was a solemn transaction, usual among the patriarchs before their decease; that the prophecy is the patriarchal blessing on Shem; and that in preparation for the important act of foretelling the future destinies of his descendants, he partook of a

* Our Lord said, 'If I depart, I will send him (the Comforter) unto you; and when he is come, he will reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.' We had therefore always inferred that this 'official work' was peculiar to the Christian dispensation. Mr. Biddulph holds that it commenced with our first parents.

feast on a sacrifice, like Isaac afterwards, of which wine from the vine he had planted made a part;—that he then retired to the sacred tent, set apart for the worship of God, in expectation of receiving divine instruction; and that there, in a state of devout prostration, he became entranced;—that during the time while his bodily senses were thus locked up, the undutiful, and (if this view be just) the profane conduct of Ham took place, as well as the proof of the filial reverence of his other sons; and that it was on awaking from his state of apparent sleep, during which future events had been revealed to him, that he uttered the predictive threatening and blessing, reaching, in its ulterior meaning, to the latest generations of his posterity.—pp. 35, 36.

We will now descend, at once, to the Christian era, and extract Mr. Biddulph's illustration of the case of Cornelius, the Roman centurion.

'From his prayers and alms we may safely infer that his mind was under the influence of the Holy Spirit; since no man can pray effectually, or give alms from right motives, without that influence; and no service can come up for a memorial before God, unless it be dictated by Him. Cornelius, however, needed further instruction in the way of salvation, and was directed by an angel to send for the Apostle from Joppa. . . . Peter immediately obeyed the divine command; and while he was preaching to Cornelius and his household forgiveness of sins in the name of Jesus, the Holy Ghost, in his extraordinary influences, fell on all them which heard the word. The regenerating power of His grace, Cornelius had before experienced; but external evidence was now afforded, that God is no respecter of persons, but that, in every nation, he that feareth Him, and worketh righteousness, is accepted with Him. That this declaration is to be confined to regenerate believers in Jesus, appears from this, that *Without faith it is impossible to please God*; and that the faith whereby our persons and our services are, instrumentally, rendered acceptable to Him, is expressly and exclusively ascribed to the operation of God the Holy Ghost. (Col. ii. 12.)'—pp. 123, 124.

Now, we would ask, where is the evidence for the truth of many of the statements contained in the preceding paragraphs? In the last extract there is an exposition of a text of scripture, which we trust that our readers have not failed to notice. They are aware how much we admire the great Socinian theologians, our contemporaries; and we are decidedly of opinion that, as a specimen of an attempt to adapt an interpretation to a particular theory, the one just referred to may vie with the most ingenious expositions of the Socinian school. In this instance Mr. Biddulph deserts his own friends. Even James Hervey, in his *Theron and Aspasio*, explains the passage in a much more consistent manner.

'The Apostle,' says the rector of Weston Favel, 'had been strongly and most unreasonably prejudiced in favour of the Jews; imagining that the salvation of Christ, like the dispensation of Moses, must be confined

to his countrymen. But now, having considered the purport of his late heavenly vision; having compared it with the angelic message delivered to Cornelius; and being made acquainted with the character of that valuable man, he breaks out into this truly Catholic declaration. "My prejudices are vanished; my sentiments are enlarged. From the instance before us, it is demonstrably certain that God does not appropriate the blessings of the covenant to any particular person, family, or people. But, in every nation, he that feareth God, and, from a principle of religion in the heart, *worketh righteousness* in this life, is accepted; so accepted as to be an object of the Divine favour, and an inheritor of eternal happiness."

It is not our design to give a complete account of the work before us. From what has been said, some general notion may be formed of the principles which it maintains. To confess the truth, the treatise arrested our attention less by its intrinsic importance, than by some circumstances attending it which we now go on to state.

Mr. Biddulph's essay having accidentally fallen into our hands, we were tempted to read a few pages of it, here and there. In the course of this desultory examination, certain odd recollections and suspicions were excited, the truth or falsehood of which we felt anxious to ascertain. A careful perusal of the whole work convinced us that our recollections were correct, and our suspicions well founded. It also brought to light some misrepresentations which we did not expect to find. The consequence was, that we could not suffer the book to pass without animadversion. We will detail the particulars of the case as briefly as we can:

About thirty years ago, DOCTOR VICESIMUS KNOX published a small volume, entitled CHRISTIAN PHILOSOPHY. After no long interval, a second edition was called for; and it appeared with many additions and improvements. The book seems to have been written in defiance of system, and without any very distinct views of religion; but it was written by a man of information, who contrived to render a superficial and declamatory production interesting in many respects. This work, which at one period was generally read and approved by serious-minded persons, has for some years been nearly forgotten. It was, however, brought forcibly to our recollection by the perusal of the Essay on Divine Influence; although Mr. Biddulph has not referred, in a single instance, to Dr. Knox's Christian Philosophy. We were in consequence induced to compare the two works in question; and the comparison has convinced us that Mr. Biddulph has not dealt fairly with regard to Dr. Knox. The most remarkable parts of those works consist of quotations from eminent divines of the English church. The following list contains the principal authors quoted by Mr.

Biddulph; and, except in three instances, they are adduced in confirmation of his opinions:—

Mr. Addison, p. 5.

Dr. Barrow, pp. 11, 16, 31, 129.

Bishop Bull, pp. 12—15.

Bishop Burnet, p. 113.

Bishop Horsley, p. 91.

Bishop Hurd, p. 115.

Bishop Lavington, p. 217.

Dr. Lucas, p. 145.

Dr. Paley, p. 216.

Bishop Sanderson, p. 79.

Archbishop Secker, p. 217.

Dr. South, p. 153.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor, pp. 111, 143, 155—158.

Archbishop Tillotson, p. 216.

Turretin, p. 150.

Bishop Warburton, p. 216.

Paulinus, (a pamphlet published in 1735,) p. 220.

Now all the quotations above specified, and they are some of them of considerable length and great value, are to be found in Dr. Knox's *Christian Philosophy*; and, from the manner in which they are brought forward by Mr. Biddulph, we will venture to assert, without fear of contradiction, that each individual quotation was derived *immediately* from that work. In other instances, as those of Mr. Milner, Dr. Ellis, &c. &c., Mr. Biddulph has not failed to mention the assistance he obtained; but we have sought in vain for some slight confession of obligation to Dr. Knox. According to our mode of thinking, there is something not quite right in this concealment. In the words of honest Oliver Goldsmith, 'a trifling acknowledgment would have made that lawful prize, which may now be considered as plunder.'

Dr. Knox is a rambling writer; and therefore it is often difficult to determine what object he has in view. In the earlier part of his work, however, after various observations on the loss of the Holy Spirit at the fall, and the necessity of its operation in order to man's recovery, Dr. Knox confirms his sentiments by those of Dr. Barrow and Bishop Bull. In like manner the necessity of Divine Influence, before and after the fall, forms the subject of Mr. Biddulph's first discourse; which is closed by part of the quotation from Dr. Barrow, and the whole of that from Bishop Bull.

Dr. Knox dwells upon the necessity of the operation of the Holy Spirit, in producing a conviction of the truth of the Gospel; and Mr. Biddulph devotes a discourse to that subject. Thus also,

also, Dr. Knox discusses the nature of enthusiasm, and the EXPERIENCE of individuals; and Mr. Biddulph applies himself to the same topics.

In the cases now mentioned, and in many others which might be stated, Mr. Biddulph has undoubtedly availed himself of materials which Dr. Knox had brought together; and Mr. Biddulph has no where dropt any intimation that he has so done. After all, we do not allege the concealment of obligations to Dr. Knox's Christian Philosophy, as a very criminal matter. We suspect that there is, in that work, much which Mr. Biddulph does not quite approve; and, therefore, that he rather wished to avoid a formal reference to it. We have, however, yet in reserve what we do consider to be serious complaints against Mr. Biddulph; and we now proceed to particularize them. The observations we have to make will require the insertion of the following paragraphs, which we trust our readers will peruse with attention.

'This discovers to us a double delusion which has prevailed in our own times. First, that of the patrons of natural religion, or a religion independent of a revelation. Volumes have been written in support of a phantom, which has no existence but in the imagination of its advocates. All the religious notions of the Pagan world, not excluding that which is the foundation of all, the existence of Deity, were traditionary notices from an original revelation. . . . From the concessions which have been made and promulgated on the fancied existence of what has been called the religion of nature, the deist has derived the strongest arguments against the Bible as unnecessary and superfluous. . . . Those who advocate this semi-deistical notion will do well to weigh with serious attention what has been urged against its truth, and the affront which it offers to the revelation from God.

'The other delusion is that of the Pelagian, under all the different shades of error in which it has appeared, whether before or since the birth of the man who gave a name to what has ever been the doctrine of human pride and folly.—pp. 92, 93.

'To fling around the terms *fanaticism*, *enthusiasm*, or, which is the worst of all, the title of *evangelical*, as stigmas of reproach, is easily accomplished; but the man who can play with these torches of discord should beware, lest, while he proposes only to destroy the out-house, filled with straw, hay, and stubble, he be found aiming destruction at the very temple of truth itself; and the only valuable property of the church, the *unsearchable riches of Christ*, as experimentally possessed by all its living members. In this, indeed, no success can attend mistaken zeal; but the attempt may be fatal to him who makes it.—p. 154.

Now, if it be wrong, on the one hand, 'to fling around the terms *fanaticism*, *enthusiasm*, or, which is the worst of all, the title *evangelical*, as stigmas of reproach,' can it be right, on the other, wantonly to designate classes of persons as 'advocates

of semi-deistical notions; as 'Pelagians;' as holding 'the doctrine of human pride and folly'? Where are the clergymen to be found who, in their popular discourses, preach 'a religion independent of a revelation'? In what churches are 'Pelagian doctrines' promulgated? On this subject Mr. Biddulph and his friends have long dealt in declamation; let them at last, if it be only for the sake of variety, favour us with a few plain facts. To say the truth, men as wise, as learned, and as pious as Mr. Biddulph, have been 'patrons of natural religion,' without suspecting that it offered any 'affront to the revelation from God.' An inquiry into the nature and evidences of natural religion cannot be expected on the present occasion. We know that the name of MILNER carries weight (and very justly) with Mr. Biddulph and similar adversaries of natural theology; and, knowing this, we advise them to study the twelfth section of the third part of the Answer to Gibbon, by Mr. Milner, where they will find that able writer vindicating the authority and importance of that system which they take so much pains to misrepresent. With regard to Ellis's *Knowledge of Divine Things*, and tracts of the same tendency in *The Scholar Armed*, to which Mr. Biddulph refers, we are aware that they have been recommended to students in divinity, by men in high stations. That our own opinions of their merits are worth recording we do not affirm; but they are these—that the principles of those works are founded on absurd metaphysics, and supported by bad criticism. We will conclude our observations on this subject by stating, for the information of Mr. Biddulph and his friends, that the late DR. MILNER extremely disliked Dr. Ellis's book; affirming, that the more he read it the less he could understand it.

The remarks we have yet to offer will require another extract from Mr. Biddulph's Essay.

'The doctrine of the Reformation, as published by successive generations of preachers, first lost its energy, and then its purity. Justification by faith in Jesus Christ, and regeneration by the grace of His spirit, became less prominent features in the sermons which were delivered from the pulpit, and the publications which proceeded from the press; till at length the light of nature dethroned divine revelation from its supremacy; reason occupied the place of the Holy Spirit's influence; works were mingled with faith as the instrumental, and even the meritorious, cause of acceptance with God; and morality was substituted for that spiritual state of heart, and that holy walk with God, which are the scriptural evidences of conversion to Him. Such, and even worse, has certainly been the case of the foreign reformed churches; and, whether it may be said without offence or not, such has been too much the case of our own establishment.'—p. 216.

To the last paragraph is subjoined the following note.

“ Socrates preaching moral virtue, and dying to bear witness to the unity of the Godhead, was made to the Grecian people *wisdom* and *righteousness*, not less than Jesus” !—*Warburton*.

“ *Morality* is the *new creature* spoken of in the New Testament.”—

“ The Christian religion is the law of nature revived and perfected.”—

“ The fruits of the spirit are the same with the moral virtues.”—“ Grace and Virtue are but two names that signify the same thing.”—*Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons, passim*. This certainly is not the language of the Reformation !

“ If any one asks—what the expressions in scripture, *regenerate—born of the Spirit—new creatures*, mean ? we answer that they mean nothing—nothing to us ; nothing to be found or sought for in the present circumstances of Christianity.”—*Archdeacon Paley's Visitation Sermon, at Carlisle, 1777*.

Mr. Biddulph is, no doubt, deeply read in our great English divines; and he makes heavy complaints of the numerous and fatal errors into which they have fallen. In his estimation they are, many of them, little better than heathen moralists. Among other charges against them is this—that, in the sermons delivered from the pulpit, ‘ works were mingled with faith as the instrumental, and even the meritorious, cause of acceptance with God.’ Let, then, Mr. Biddulph produce half a dozen instances, from the volumes of our eminent sermon-writers, in which Works are declared to be ‘ the meritorious cause of acceptance;’ and we will engage to entreat our readers to avoid all communication with the abettors of so unscriptural a position. But let him be careful not to omit either name, or edition, or page; for we have lately grown somewhat shy of trusting to indefinite references.

There is one circumstance which has often struck us as a curious fact. In the writings of Mr. Biddulph and his friends, we constantly meet with passages expressing great contempt of *morality*; whereas, throughout the whole of scripture, not one sentence in disparagement of morality have we ever been able to discover. On the contrary, so far as we understand *morality*, scripture is altogether on its side. *Morality*, we take it, is *the keeping of the commandments*; and our Saviour said to the man who inquired of Him the way of life, ‘ If thou wilt enter into life, KEEP THE COMMANDMENTS.’ *Morality* is equivalent to ‘ good works;’ and St. Paul has expressed his anxiety, that ‘ they which have believed in God should be careful to maintain GOOD WORKS.’ In short, our Saviour has declared, that ‘ Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, he shall be called the least in the kingdom of Heaven; but whoso-

ever shall do and teach them, shall be called great in the kingdom of Heaven.' After listening, indeed, to the discourses of some of the friends of Mr. Biddulph, and comparing them with the oracles of God, we have often been constrained to adopt Dr. Paley's language, and say to ourselves—'How different is what we hear from what we read!'

There are a few serious considerations which we would impress upon the minds of the persons whose opinions we are discussing; and if those persons could be induced to pause, and reflect upon what they are doing, we are persuaded that some good might be effected. It is, then, in their power to state, in the fullest manner, their own views of the Gospel, without in any way, directly or indirectly, depreciating the principles or practice of morality. By so doing, they would avoid language in the highest degree offensive to many persons whom they cannot but respect. They would also become less liable to be misunderstood, both by their adherents and by others; for there are in all parties weak-headed zealots, who will almost inevitably misconceive and misrepresent whatever by possibility admits of different interpretations. And, what is the most important consequence of all, they would afford no one an opportunity of wresting, to his own destruction, a doctrine extremely liable to perversion. We live in a world in which the evil inclinations of men are ever struggling against the restraint of all laws, human and divine. Let those inclinations once break loose, and they will manifest their power in the enormities of Antinomianism, or the recklessness of infidelity. *Of what unspeakable moment it is, both to individuals and to society, that NOTHING SHOULD EVER BE SAID OR WRITTEN, THAT CAN HAVE THE SLIGHTEST TENDENCY TO WEAKEN THE SENSE OF MORAL OBLIGATION!*

We now proceed, in the last place, to offer a few remarks on the use which has been made of the names of Paley, of Tillotson, and of Warburton. In fact, we feel that we have arrived at that part of our undertaking at which the performance of our duty becomes the most painful. It is necessary to premise that the passages to which those great names are attached were taken from Dr. Knox's Christian Philosophy. This we affirm, although there is no acknowledgment of the fact. It must indeed form Mr. Biddulph's best apology for the contents of the note under consideration.

It is not necessary to defend the sentiment which is put forth as sanctioned by Dr. Paley. For the sake of argument, we will admit that it is erroneous. Let it however be recollected, that it appeared in the first sermon that Paley ever published; a sermon which

which was preached soon after he left the University; and, as we may infer from the history of his life, before his occupations had allowed him to consider maturely the doctrinal parts of the New Testament. His great works—the *Moral Philosophy*, in 1785; the *Horæ Paulinæ*, in 1790; and the *Evidences of Christianity*, in 1794;—show to what objects he had mainly directed his attention. Now when the *Christian Philosophy* was published, Paley was known ONLY as the first writer of his age on Morals, and the Evidences of Christianity; and therefore it was quite in character for Dr. Knox to drag forth a sentiment which he might deem reprehensible; and condemn the language of the Evidences, as he frequently has done. But Mr. Biddulph has exhibited the passage under very different circumstances. Dr. Paley's *Natural Theology*, indeed, possesses nothing to recommend it to Mr. Biddulph; for, according to the creed of Dr. Ellis and himself, contrivance does not prove a contriver; there is, however, a Volume of sermons which might have protected the Archdeacon from that exposure which such a manner of introducing the passage was *designed* to effect. Whatever may be determined with regard to the merits of the passage itself, there can be but one opinion, among competent judges, of the sermon from which it is quoted. The writer had enforced a general principle, which he afterwards illustrated by a particular instance. The instance may be wrong, but the general principle is right. We will take the liberty to say that Mr. Biddulph may study that sermon, with great advantage to himself and his hearers.

The case of Archbishop Tillotson comes next to be considered: and truly, when we behold a few expressions brought together, with this obliging reference at the close of them—*Archbishop Tillotson's Sermons, passim*—and when we consider that Archbishop Tillotson's works occupy three large folio volumes, we confess that our gravity is nearly upset. *Tom Tempest*, in the *Idler*, 'believes that King William burned Whitehall, that he might steal the furniture; and that Tillotson died an atheist.' In the days of Whitefield and Wesley, those zealots and many of their adherents appear to have thought of the Archbishop pretty much after the same fashion. Wine, pictures, and opinions, however, become mellowed through the lapse of time. George Whitefield lived long enough to confess that 'he (meaning one *Seward*) was certainly a serious and warm Christian; but that, like his fellow-traveller, (meaning himself, the said George,) he spoke and wrote some unguarded things.' 'His and my treatment (*loquitur Georgius*) of Archbishop Tillotson was far too severe. We condemned his state; when we ought only, in a candid manner, to have mentioned what we thought wrong in his doctrines.'

doctrines.* So marvellous, again, has been the increase of charitable feeling, that, in our own times, Tillotson, and persons who are supposed to hold his sentiments, are described simply as semi-deists; or rather, in still more courteous language, as advocates of semi-deistical opinions!

Once more, however, to write seriously. For the purpose of refreshing our recollection of the Archbishop's writings, we have lately re-perused a few of his sermons. Although the *passim* above noticed did not happen to include those sermons which occupied our attention, we shall most readily take it for granted that the expressions attributed to the author are really to be found by those who shall diligently examine his three folio volumes. Now from the general tenor of his reasonings it is perfectly clear that, by the practice of *morality*, he always understands that which it was the design of the Gospel to teach; namely, 'that, denying ungodliness and worldly lusts, we should live soberly, righteously, and godly, in this present world.' And if this meaning of the term be steadily kept in view, it is not easy to imagine how any great danger can arise from Tillotson's language. But it is a wretched system, this plan of deducing inferences from expressions torn from the context. Why will not men give their understandings leave to operate upon a larger scale? To proceed, however, with Mr. Biddulph. 'This,' says he, at the close of his *excerpta* from Tillotson, 'certainly is not the language of the Reformation!!' Be that as it may, we are satisfied that the Archbishop's *doctrine* may be expressed in the language of the formularies of the English Church. 'If thou seest,' says the Homily for Whitsunday, 'that thy works be virtuous and good, consonant to the prescript rule of God's word, savouring and tasting not of the flesh, but of the spirit, then assure thyself that thou art endued with the Holy Ghost; otherwise, thinking well of thyself, thou dost nothing else but deceive thyself.' In short, we do not scruple to retort upon the persons who undertake to decide matters in this peremptory manner, and to affirm that the general strain of preaching adopted by Archbishop Tillotson more nearly coincides with that of the *Homilies*, than does the general mode of discourse affected by those who are called (whether justly or unjustly) the evangelical clergy of the present day.

* In justice to Whitefield, who was an honest man, and really possessed great talents, we will give some of his reflections on his former proceedings, as they are recorded in a letter to a friend.

'Alas! alas! in how many things have I judged and acted wrong! I have been too rash and hasty in giving characters, both of places and persons. Being fond of scriptural language, I have often used a style too apostolical; and at the same time, I have been too bitter in my zeal. Wild-fire has been mixed with it; and I find that I have frequently written and spoken in my own spirit, when I thought I was writing and speaking entirely by the assistance of the Spirit of God.'—*Whitefield's Works*, vol. iv. pp. 235. 243. 8vo. 1771.

These persons, indeed, are the echoes of one another: a voice is raised against some one as a *moral preacher*; and the sound is reverberated on every side. The character of Tillotson in particular has been grievously misrepresented. There is every reason to believe that he was a pious man. The accounts of his life prove that religion took an early and effectual hold of his mind; and, if we were not afraid of overwhelming our readers with quotations, we could easily show how thoroughly he understood the plan of salvation unfolded in the Gospel.

Wonderful is the effect of perseverance in any cause; and that the opponents of Tillotson know right well. By dint of repeating opinions of works which are seldom read, it has become almost fashionable to think and speak and write with contempt of the religious views of many of those eminent divines who flourished during the interval between the Restoration and the beginning of the last century. Yet these were men not to be lightly esteemed. In some things they may have erred; but still they were wise, and learned, and powerful. They considered the state of the times in which they lived; and they distinctly perceived the evils they had to combat. In the midst of difficulties, they did their duty nobly. It is, to use Bishop Butler's phrase, 'a matter of great patience' to sit still and witness the attempts which are constantly made to lower the characters of those great and good men who contributed so largely to the stability of the Protestant Religion in this kingdom.

There is yet one person who, it may be, in pity, in scorn, or as a warning to others, has been singled out by Mr. Biddulph, to be gazed at for his heterodoxy; and that person is Bishop Warburton. Now Warburton, as we trust our readers are aware, is a great favourite of ours. Our memory lingers with delight on the hours which we have devoted to the study of his works. His very errors are instructive, for they are the errors of genius. The violence of his language, in speaking of his adversaries, has been justly condemned: when, however, we consider the senseless clamour and vulgar abuse with which he was so constantly assailed, we do not wonder that he occasionally lost his temper. In no instance, perhaps, has he more graphically described the kind of warfare carried on against what he conceived to be the cause of genuine religion, than in his charge to his clergy. 'We have now to deal with the sophisms of infidelity, the authority of papistry, and the jargon of methodism. And though bad logic may ask much dexterity to unravel, and old prescription may require much erudition to expose its rotten grounds, yet spiritual gibberish is still better entrenched, and harder to be approached, for its having no weak side of common sense; *recalcitrat undique tutus.*'

But

But Warburton is gone! and it may possibly have been imagined that he might be misrepresented with impunity; for who would be so quixotic as to step forward in his defence? At all events, in the second (corrected and enlarged) edition of the *Christian Philosophy*—we suspect at least that it first appeared among the *curae posteriores*—Dr. Knox published this sentence as coming from the pen of Bishop Warburton:—‘Socrates preaching moral virtue, and dying to bear witness to the unity of the Godhead, was made to the Grecian people *wisdom and righteousness*, not less than Jesus.’ Mr. Biddulph has adopted the statement for his own; and has presented it to the world under the sanction of his authority.

When, several years ago, we read the *Christian Philosophy*, we were naturally startled by the strangeness of the sentiment; but, from our knowledge of Warburton’s opinions, we were convinced that it was improperly attributed to that great man. Our conviction was increased by the knowledge of Dr. Knox’s inaccuracy in other instances.* We resolved, however, to trace the passage to its source. After some research, we succeeded; and our conviction was turned into certainty. The fact is, that **WARBURTON HAD INTRODUCED THAT NOTION FOR THE PURPOSE OF CONDEMNING IT!** We cannot possibly expect that this statement will be credited on our bare assertion; and therefore we refer our readers to the third chapter of the third book of *the Doctrine of Grace*. In short, we will transcribe the entire paragraph.

‘He who considers Jesus only in the light of a republisher of the Law of Nature, can hardly entertain a higher opinion of the Saviour of the world than some have done of Socrates, whom Erasmus esteemed an object of devotion, and many a better Protestant hath thought to be divinely inspired. For was not Socrates, by his preaching up moral virtue, and by his dying to bear witness to the unity of the Godhead, made, to the Grecian people, and, by means of their extended commerce of politeness, to the rest of mankind, *wisdom and righteousness*? And what more was Jesus, though the Apostle adds to those two attributes, these two other, of *sanctification* and *redemption*? for, according to the principles of this PAGANIZED CHRISTIANITY, his titles of *Messiah* and *Redeemer* are reduced to mere figurative and accommodated terms.’

* Take a specimen. He quotes Erasmus, on reading the New Testament: ‘*Existimo puram illam Christi philosophiam non aliunde feliciter hauriri quam ex evangelicis libris, quam ex apostolicis literis, in quibus, &c.*’ which he thus translates: ‘The genuine philosophy of Christ cannot be derived from any source so successfully as from the books of the Gospels, and the Acts of the Apostles; in which, &c.’ Now it is clear, to any one who can construe Latin at all, that the ‘*Apostolicis literis*’ refers to the epistolary part of the New Testament. This mistake, however, has been carefully preserved in the first edition of Horne’s Introduction to the Scriptures. Whether in subsequent editions we know not; for we do not pretend to trace the progress of error through all its meanders.

Not another word can be required in defence of the author of the *Divine Legation of Moses*.

Of Dr. Knox—who is now no more—we have no wish to speak harshly. Throughout his work, indeed, *he* has written MOST UNWARRANTABLY of Bishop Warburton. But we will not enter upon the subject.*

We are satisfied that Mr. Biddulph had not the least suspicion that he was misrepresenting the opinions of Bishop Warburton; but we fear that we do discern symptoms of an unworthy feeling of triumph, at the discovery of something which might be rendered subservient to the purposes of a party. On occasions of this kind, we almost involuntarily say to ourselves—If such be the conduct of the field-officers, what can be expected from the subalterns, and the privates, and the men of noise, the drummers and fifers of the regiment?

The circumstances which we have just detailed seem to throw some light upon the state of theological learning in certain quarters. It is lamentable to think that Mr. Biddulph could have been so little acquainted with the works of this great author as to suppose that he could have held the opinion attributed to him. In his *Doctrine of Grace* he has left this sentence on record:—‘THE REDEMPTION OF MANKIND BY THE DEATH OF CHRIST, and the SACRIFICE of himself upon the cross, together with its consequent doctrine of JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH ALONE, were the great Gospel-principles on which Protestantism was founded, on the first general separation from the Church of Rome.’

Towards the close of Warburton’s preface to the works of Pope, there is a passage which every man of letters must wish to apply to his own case. After describing his anxiety to protect the character of his friend, he proceeds—‘And may I, when envy and calumny take advantage of my absence, (for while I live I will freely trust it to my life to confute them)—may I find a FRIEND as careful of my honest fame as I have been of his!’ From the moment of our reading Mr. Biddulph’s essay, this passage has haunted us night and day. At length we have endeavoured to do our duty. Wheresoever the English language is understood, there will this Review go forth; there will the misrepresentation we have pointed out be known; and there will be read this humble attempt to vindicate the ‘honest fame’ of WILLIAM WARBURTON.

* We have just had an opportunity of observing that the *third* edition of the *Christian Philosophy*, which forms part of the collection of Dr. Knox’s Works lately published, is reprinted from the *first*. The consequence is that the second edition, notwithstanding some mistakes peculiar to itself, is by far the most complete. Except the first edition has been followed in compliance with an express injunction of Dr. Knox, this proceeding deserves the severest reprehension. At all events, it is right that the public should be apprised of the fact.

- ART. VII.—1. 57 Georgii III. c. 105. *an Act to encourage the Establishment of Banks for Savings in Ireland.*
2. 57 Georgii III. c. 130. *an Act to encourage the Establishment of Banks for Savings in England.*
3. 58 Georgii III. c. 48. *an Act to amend an Act passed in the last Session of Parliament, to encourage the Establishment of Banks for Savings in England.*
4. 1 Georgii IV. c. 83. *an Act to amend Two Acts of the 57th and 58th years of his late Majesty, for the Encouragement of Banks for Savings in England.*
5. 5 Georgii IV. c. 62. *an Act to amend the several Acts for the Encouragement of Banks for Savings in England and Ireland.*
6. *Outlines of a System of political Economy, written with a view to prove to Government and the Country, that the Course of the present agricultural Distress is entirely artificial; and to suggest a Plan for the Management of the Currency by which it may be remedied now, and any Recurrence of similar Evils be prevented in future; together with the 4th Edition of an Essay on the Principles of Banking.* By T. Joplin. 8vo. London. 1823. pp. 493.

THE first five articles here specified, may be considered as editions of the same work, successively corrected and amended by the authors, for whom we profess to entertain the most profound respect and admiration. We are not captivated by any charms of style; for that ‘not even critics criticize;’ but we are delighted by the illumined spirit of patriotism, which distinguishes their productions. Those now under consideration are remarkable for philanthropic attention to the interests of the most numerous and industrious classes of society, evincing a glad and watchful readiness to help such of them as are willing to help themselves, who are always the most deserving of help. This is the perfection of beneficence, at once diffusive and discriminating. And accordingly these institutions, thus aided, have increased beyond all hope, have already brought forth countless blessings, and are pregnant with more; and therefore it is, that we are anxious to call the attention of persons concerned in the management of Savings Banks to the subject, and intreat them to beware, that those abuses, which we see collecting, are not suffered to accumulate, till it become necessary to abridge still further than the last act has done, or even abolish the good in order to extirpate the evil. The legitimate purposes of these institutions, and the intention of the legislators, are well defined in the preamble to the first of the Acts we have cited. They are described to be ‘established for the safe custody and increase of *small* savings, belonging to the *industrious*

trious classes of His Majesty's subjects;' and it is declared to be 'expedient to give protection to such institutions and the funds thereby established, and to afford encouragement to others to form the like institutions.'

The expedient protection and encouragement were amply given by various exemptions allowed from stamp duties and other expenses, with legal facilities afforded, which it is not necessary for our present object to specify. But the grand bonus was, the privilege, to the poor man, of placing, without trouble or expense, every single shilling, as he could save it, in the strong box of the nation, with the hundred arms of government to protect it from others; and yet with the liberty, whenever he liked, of taking it out again himself, or letting it remain at a rate of interest which he would in vain seek from inferior securities. And this, which is the great good, is the great source, also, of the evils, which we are desirous of pointing out: for the interest to be procured by vesting money in Savings Banks, is so much beyond what could be had in the general money market, that a very strong temptation is presented for placing in these institutions, sums which are neither 'small' savings, nor at all the savings of the 'industrious' classes of His Majesty's subjects. The commissioners for the reduction of the national debt are authorised to allow for the deposits of Savings Banks, an interest of 4*l.* 11*s.* 3*d.* per cent. per annum; whilst no other government security can be had which will yield 4*l.* per cent.; and consols, which are considered as the best criterion of the value of *permanent* securities, do not yield more than 3*l.* 5*s.* It is obvious, therefore, that if great vigilance be not employed by the conductors of Savings Banks, large sums will be intruded by classes of persons, for whom neither the benefit of the act of parliament, nor the gratuitous services of the managers, were ever intended. Nor, as regards the nation at large, is this a question of mere speculative justice. The sum for which this high interest is paid, is already of very serious amount; and by the rapidly increasing rate of progression in the sum of annual deposits, since returns of them have been made to parliament, we may augur the magnitude of the future charge upon the national purse.

We are quite ready to admit, that a better use could hardly be made of the national wealth, than in applying it thus to aid and reward the exertions and frugality of the poor and industrious classes; and if this progressive increase were indeed exclusively their savings, we should hail it as the happiest omen of a population improving in moral character, as well as pecuniary competence, for which society could not pay too highly or too long. It is plain, however, that the late increase in deposits is in a ratio far beyond any possible increase either in amount of wages or profits, from
which

which 'small savings' could have been made; for, during this period, the *rate* both of wages and of profits has been gradually diminishing, though doubtless (as appears from the improved revenues under diminished taxation) the total *amount* of both has been augmenting. But the simplest and most intelligible proof (accessible too to most of our readers) may be had from inspecting the books of Savings Banks, where the proportion of large deposits will be found to have very much increased, unless especial care has been taken to prevent it. We lately saw it stated in a northern newspaper, that twenty-two thousand pounds had been, in one day, deposited in the Savings Bank of the town where the paper was published. If such abuses be permitted to proceed, the result must be, that parliament will be compelled, from the avarice of the rich, still farther to reduce the bonus on the future deposits of the poor.

We shall now endeavour to state the manner in which we believe the spirit of these institutions is generally violated; and suggest the precautions which occur to us as the best for counteracting the evil. Upon the first promotion of these societies, it was found difficult to make the labouring class comprehend the security which was provided for their money, and many opulent individuals very judiciously and benevolently came forward, and either in their own names, or their children's, vested several sums, in order to prove their own confidence in the banks, and inspire with confidence those for whose benefit they were established. That effect is now completely produced, and the sums therefore deposited for that purpose ought to be withdrawn, for the names of such depositors form an apology for others of a very different character. Parents far above the class of labourers, and even of small tradesmen, are in the habit of depositing sums for each of their children, who, indeed, may be in the strictly legal possession of little or no property, but who would be very indignant (and their parents for them) at being ranked, in any other respect, with those for whose exclusive benefit the law, in its spirit, had granted the indulgences, which such people are attempting to share. To counteract these abuses, each society should invest their managing committee with discretionary powers in rejecting or paying off deposits, trusting to their local and personal knowledge for judgment on details, to which no general rule could apply. That the evil is of a magnitude requiring such precaution, is obvious from the necessity which has been found to reduce (by the last act) the general deposit of each individual from 100*l.* in the first year, and 50*l.* in every succeeding one, to 50*l.* in the year commencing 20th November, 1824, and 30*l.* in every year after. The total amount of deposits by any one individual was before unlimited, and now

no depositor is allowed to have more in a Savings Bank than 200*l*.* With regard to the annual deposit, as now limited, it appears highly probable that 30*l*. a year will include all the savings of any individual in the labouring class, or even of those small traders who have not the means of extending their trade in proportion to any little increase of their capital. But on the subject of the total amount of deposit allowed to any individual, we confess that, with all deference due to such high authority, we think the alarm felt from the abuses of these institutions has carried the principle of precaution too far. The noble object of these laws is far above that of fostering a mere spirit of accumulation; it is to raise the moral character of our population, by giving habits of present restraint, or the prospect of future independency; to redeem them from the habits of profligacy in their day of strength and abundance, and from the degradation of dependance on parochial aid in the hour of sickness, or in the years of age and decrepitude. This, we think, ought to be placed distinctly in the view of the depositor, and its possible accomplishment, by industry and frugality, to be made fully apparent. Now, certainly, as a provision for helpless age, the interest on 200*l*., or 9*l*. 2*s*. 6*d*. a year, is altogether inadequate. We are aware that parochial assistance to a single individual does not often exceed this limit, (3*s*. 6*d*. a week,) nor would we wish, in general cases, that it should, as every possible discouragement must be given to a dependence on it; but we deprecate the idea of offering this minimum of pauperism, as the maximum for which we will secure support, out of his own funds, to the declining age of him who has spent a life of labour and self-denial, from the hopes of closing it in independent comfort. We think 400*l*. or even 500*l*. might very properly be assumed as the maximum of total deposit. We would prefer the latter sum, because we think it better proportioned to the allowed annual deposit of 30*l*., and because few Savings Banks pledge themselves for more than 4*l*. per cent. to depositors, (from the necessity

* Whilst this is passing through the press, we learn that doubts have arisen, (on the construction of the 21st section of the last act,) whether the £200 is to be exclusive or inclusive of the accumulation of deposits and interest consolidated with capital previous to the 20th of November, 1824. A high law authority has decided, that the accumulations previous to that date are to be included in reckoning the amount of any depositor's property in the bank after that date. Again, it has been doubted whether a depositor, having had more than £200 previous to the 20th of November, is to be repaid, so as to reduce him to £200; and whether the interest, allowed to be excluded in calculating the amount of property, is to be considered as all which has ever been consolidated with the capital, or only the interest of the current year. These points were stated to the same high authority as doubtful—and the oracle replied, they are doubtful. So far, however, as the response can be unriddled, it appears to mean, that there is no clause compelling the depositor to take back his excess; and that the interest of the current year is not to be reckoned in the estimate of the allowed amount of the deposit.

of reserving something for casualties and general expenses,) and the last act has prevented them from dividing more than their regulated interest, except once in ten years; (a term which an old person may never live to see;) and then only half the surplus property is allowed to be distributed, the other half being 'set apart for the purpose of meeting any deficiency which at any time may arise, and may require to be provided for.' It may, *perhaps*, be alleged, that persons in a very advanced age may sink their capital, and so obtain the double income which we are contending for; and it may also be added, that this is done in the case of paupers, the condition of whose relief is, that their possessions, of whatever nature, be considered as the property of the parish:—but again, we protest against any attempt to assimilate the treatment and situation of persons whose characters and whose merits towards society are, in general, so diametrically opposed.

We now proceed to show in what manner the limitations of the law are evaded. Deposits are made to the allowed amount in several names, but really for the use of one. For this the discretionary power of the committee, exercised with vigilance, seems the only remedy. A similar result used to be effected by the same person entering the allowed amount in his own name in several Savings Banks: but the last act requires a declaration from the depositor, that he has no interest in any other Savings Bank; and in case of a false declaration, the whole of his deposits are forfeited to the Sinking Fund. We approve of the restriction and of the penalty, though we do not anticipate from it any considerable reduction in the amount of the national debt; and perhaps it would have been in a spirit more congenial with the other enactments on this subject, if the forfeitures had gone to create some general fund for the benefit of Savings Banks.

Another source of abuse was in the fourteenth clause of the second cited act. The deposit of any person by ticket or number, so as to conceal the name of the depositor, was permitted to the extent of 10*l.* in one year. This, in the present state of the money market, was giving a free admission to frauds. The enactment, no doubt, was made from a consideration for the feelings of retiring poverty; but the six years which have since elapsed have so much increased the temptation to abuse, that the benefit was much more than counterbalanced by the evils of the regulation, and therefore the last act has entirely repealed this clause.

By the sixth clause of the first of these acts, Friendly Societies are allowed to deposit any part of their funds in Savings Banks, without limit as to the annual amount; and by the twelfth clause of the third act, this privilege is extended to 'any charitable institution or society.' And this latter privilege only is done away by the

the recent act. Now, it is not difficult to see how, under this general description, societies may be formed, through which avaricious and opulent individuals may avail themselves of the benefits of Savings Banks. A power, therefore, should be given to their committees to inspect the books of such depositing societies; and in the mean time, as their receiving the deposits is optional, they ought to reject such as decline this investigation. Not only in these, but in all cases, the committees of management should have discretionary powers for rejecting, or repaying deposits, if, upon inquiry, they shall be considered as not in accordance with the spirit of the institution. We know of some institutions, who have felt so much the increased pressure of large sums into their banks, that before the last act, they instructed their committees to receive only deposits to the amount of 25*l.* a year, by each person, instead of 50*l.*, as allowed by law, under which they found deposits enlarging, not so much in proportion to increased wages and profits, as to the increased difficulty of obtaining equal interest from other modes of investment.

We are aware of the possible abuse of such discretionary powers; but the probability of it we think very slight, where no pecuniary interest can exist, and where the numbers in a committee would correct any tendency to personal partiality in individuals; and to secure this counteraction, whatever be the usual quorum of a committee, no deposit should be rejected, or arbitrarily repaid, without every member of the committee being informed and summoned to vote. That such powers, too, may be exercised with due knowledge of the circumstances, the districts of the banks should not be very extensive, even in country situations; and in large towns, committees should consist of many members, with subdivisions, to which should be referred the cases arising in their appropriated portions of the population. In the periodical reports of the general committee to the society at large, a statement should always be required, not only of the total amount of deposits, but of the number of depositors; as also the deposits made, and withdrawn, since the last report, with the number of the depositors in each case respectively; and this, we think, might, with advantage, have been added to the annual returns, required by the last act, to the commissioners for reduction of the national debt. This would give a general idea of the class from which the deposits were principally accruing; and when an undue preponderance of large sums is observed, an expurgatory committee should be appointed for investigating the character of each account. But, to prevent hardships to individuals, six months' notice should be required of any arbitrary repayment; and perhaps it might be proper to limit the times of such repayments to the usual periods, in
1 2 each

each district, for the change of money securities; as Lady-day and Michaelmas in the south, May-day and Martinmas in the north of England.

Convinced of the blessings which Savings Banks may bring to society, we have been solicitous to expose the source of the abuses to which they are liable, lest these should be ascribed to the institutions themselves; and 'it is not fitting,' says Isocrates, 'that the evil produced by men should be imputed to things: let those bear the blame, who make an ill use of things in themselves good; and hesitate not to injure their fellow citizens by any means, which will conduce to their own profit.*'

From the limitations imposed in the last session, it is obvious that the legislature are aware of the abuses existing; and it is to be feared, if the managers are not very vigilant, such abuses may still increase, and induce still further restrictions. On the contrary, if they exert themselves to confine the present indulgences to those for whom they are intended, the legislature may be induced to continue them, and even perhaps to relax somewhat in favour of those who have accumulated more than the means of mere possible existence.†

Once more, therefore, we call upon the managers of Savings Banks to defend the nation and themselves from the speculations of avarice and meanness. For the meanness of such speculators is not merely confined to the arrogating to themselves a share of what, in fact, is a charitable fund provided by the nation for the industrious poor; but it is availing itself too of the time, the attention, and the knowledge gratuitously given for managing the concerns of the indigent and ignorant; and which never, by the donors, were intended to be bestowed in adding to the hoards of those enjoying advantages equivalent, and often superior, to their own.

If Savings Banks could be confined to their genuine purpose, it is probable, that several arrangements might be made for adding even to the present advantages enjoyed by depositors. One has occurred to us, which we think might benefit both the rich and poor, and perhaps not cost the nation so much as the abuses

* ὁ ἄνθρωπος . . . τὴν τοῦ ἀνθρώπου ποσότητα ἐπὶ τὰ πράγματα μεταφέρειν ἀλλ' αὐτοὺς ἐκείνους φέρειν ἐπὶ τοῖς ἀγαθοῖς κακῶς χρῶνται. καὶ τοῖς ἀφελεῖν δυναμένοις τότες ἐλαττωσι τοῖς συμπροσπενταμένοις ἐπιχειροῦσι. Nicocl. ap. init.

† Since we have ventured to suppose some future legislative regulation on this subject, we wish to suggest also the consolidation of the present five acts on the Savings Banks into one. It would not cost much trouble to those accustomed to frame acts of parliament; but it costs a plain man of business (and such are the most valuable conductors of Savings Banks) an infinite deal of labour to read five acts of parliament, and find out what clauses in the first four are repealed, and what still are to be construed as included in the fifth. And to the gratuitous conductors of these institutions every facility should be afforded to render their duties less irksome.

of the present system. The insecurity of country banks in England has been woefully experienced in every district during the last twenty years. We think, therefore, that persons of the more opulent classes, who have often, after receiving their half yearly payments, considerable sums of money, which they do not immediately want, would be glad of the privilege of depositing them in a place of security; allowing the interest which might accrue to be carried to the account of the institution, thus increasing the interest to be divided among the poor depositors, without any real expense to him who contributes to so benevolent a purpose. As it would, however, be done at the expense of the nation, it cannot be practised without the express sanction of the legislature; and if that were obtained we must look for the success of the plan to the higher orders. If it becomes eminently successful, perhaps it might allow the rate of interest, payable by the nation, to be reduced, without diminishing the interest now received by the depositors. Thus, supposing the result of the scheme to be the affording an additional 11s. 3d. per cent. to the interest on the total amount of deposits throughout the nation, this might be carried to the account of the commissioners of the Sinking Fund, and so allow government to pay, as now, 4l. 11s. 3d. to the depositors, at an actual expense of only 4l. per cent.

But between opulent persons, and the class admissible into the Savings Banks, there is an intermediate rank, upon whom our observations have borne hard, but whom we consider as, *in general*, the most virtuous members of society; being neither exposed to the temptations of poverty, nor the allurements of wealth. This description includes the lower degrees in all the learned professions; half-pay officers, and persons in the receipt of moderate annuities; tradesmen, with unmarried women, widows, and minors in these ranks. Such have often small accumulations of profits or savings, or receipts after quarter-day, which they could spare for a few months, or to add permanently to their capital; but which are, separately, too small to pay for the expenses of vesting them in the public funds, and withdrawing them again when wanted. Men of sufficient leisure, and of sufficient knowledge of business, could not better employ both than in forming societies for the profitable application of such funds. As the whole of the profit must arise from the magnitude of the transactions, each society must include a district of very considerable population; doing the office, in fact, of the chartered and joint stock Banking Companies of Scotland; from the securities and advantages of which we are precluded in England, by the limitation of our private banking firms to the number of six. The immediate actuaries of such societies

must, of course, be paid: but we doubt not the gentry, and merchants of England would benevolently add the superintendence of such concerns to the many gratuitous services which they perform for their country. Under such direction, as soon as a certain sum was received, an investment, in the names of trustees, should be made in the public funds. In order to answer demands of depositors, sales should be effected once a month; and, to prevent stock-jobbing, once a month *only*; a month's notice previously to such sales being required from depositors desirous of withdrawing the whole, or any part of their money, which must be paid, and accepted, at the then price of the stock. Many minor regulations would probably be required; but the outline may suffice for our present purpose. The expenses will necessarily much reduce the profits; which, still, however, would probably exceed what is now offered, on their inferior security, by country banks. This observation leads us to the last of the publications, which stand at the head of our present Article; and as it is very closely connected with all that has gone before, we avail ourselves of the opportunity to express our sentiments on the subjects of it.

Mr. Joplin's volume is like a lady's letter, of which the pith is said to be in the postscript. The Essay on Banking, announced as an appendage to the work, is, in fact, its principal and valuable part. The author appears to be practically acquainted with money transactions: he is here on well known ground, and can maintain it strongly. But when three editions of his essay had evinced the public attention to him as a man of business, he was not contented without aspiring to the character of a philosopher; and in extending his arguments to the corn bill, the bullion question, the sinking fund, &c. he has proceeded as a mathematician would do, who, in proving the properties of a conic section, should begin by demonstrating the elements. Hence we have a chapter of definitions; one to explain the use of money, that money is not wealth, &c.: another on the word capital, and other such mysteries. If his premises, however, are hackneyed, his inferences have singularity enough: as, that national wealth is not increased by national economy; (chap. 5) that by the hoarding and spending of money, consumption is equally produced; (chap. 8) that the more government spend, the richer the nation becomes; (chap. 10) that taxes can be no evil to a nation in a commercial point of view (chap. 16). These are false inferences either from a partial view of the subjects, or a mistaken use of terms. As, however, any elementary book on political economy may serve to correct such errors, we shall not stop to discuss them, but proceed to the Essay on Banking; recurring, occasionally, to the first part of

of the volume, as containing sometimes a fuller development of the author's ideas.

Mr. Joplin, it appears, is an inhabitant of Newcastle upon Tyne. As the neighbouring district had often very severely suffered from the failure of banks, his attention was powerfully called to the subject; and having, as he conceived, discovered a preventive of such calamities in future, he very properly communicated his opinions to the public in a clear and forcible representation of the evils experienced from the present system of provincial banks, and of the remedies that ought to be adopted.

The miseries occasioned by the failure of a bank, whose notes constitute a large portion of the currency of a district, can scarcely be conceived by any who have not been actually present at the scene. The inhabitants of London and of Scotland, whose different banking systems exempt them from such disasters, know little of the shock but by the distant explosion; whilst those on the spot see anxiety and distress on every countenance; all commercial confidence is suspended; the most promising concerns are brought at once to ruin, or so reduced as to entail on their conductors a life of degradation and struggle. But these are only the more obvious effects: the silent sufferings of the petty shop-keeper, of the retired widow and maiden, of the menial and the labourer deprived of their weekly wages or savings of years, are individually little noticed, but 'make up in number what they want in weight;' for we are by no means of Mr. Joplin's opinion, that the proportion of notes, held by the lower classes, even taking it in the aggregate, can never be considerable, 'Essay, p. 36;' though admitting with him, as we most willingly do, that the evil must be much diminished by the establishment of savings banks. But even should we allow the pecuniary loss among the lower classes to be less, the moral ills produced are decidedly greater. Many a labourer, mechanic, and petty tradesman, from being industrious, saving, and sober, has become desperate and drunken by losing all his little property in a bank; and when he afterwards sees, perhaps, the members of this bank established in another business, and in all the comforts of life, he contracts habits of exacerbated feelings towards the higher ranks, and accuses the law of allowing the rich to rob the poor with impunity. We speak not from theory, but from what we have witnessed on the theatres of such events. The opportunities, indeed, for observation are but too numerous. By a report made to the House of Lords in February, 1819, it appears that, from 1791 to 1818, both inclusive, 273 banks had commissions of bankruptcy issued against them, and, in the words of Mr. Joplin 'each failure was an earthquake to the neighbourhood where it took place,' (Appendix to Essay, p. 13.);

while in Scotland, during that period, not above three or four failures of the kind occurred, and those only in banks constituted according to the English system. Whence then this difference? Whence this happy exemption of Scotland? Mr. Joplin answers, 'the true cause of the difference is to be found in the nature of their respective banking establishments: the Scotch banks being joint stock companies, while the English banks are private concerns.' (Essay, p. 7.) This is not accurately expressed; for the English provincial banks are also joint stock companies. This designation is generally opposed to that of incorporated companies, and the difference to the public is, that the creditors of a joint stock bank have a claim on the whole property of each partner, whilst the creditors of an incorporated bank have a claim only to the amount of the capital which each partner has actually vested in the concern. There are a few incorporated banks in Scotland, but the generality are joint stock companies, of which the superiority over English provincial banks consists in the very great number of partners which often comprises the principal proprietors of a whole county, whilst an English joint stock bank cannot have more than six partners. The evil of this restriction is not merely the small quantity of property liable to the debts of the bank, but the great temptation to incur debt by entering on speculations, in the expected profits of which there are so few to share; whilst in companies consisting of a multitude of partners, 'the directors,' as Mr. Joplin observes, 'have too little personal interest in the bank to be tempted by extra profit out of the path of safety;' nor could they 'appropriate the money of the bank to views of private speculation, if they were wishful so to do, as they are a check upon each other;' and 'in accommodating great houses,' so often fatal to our present English banks, though some of the directors of a numerous firm might be 'influenced by private friendship to do so, it could never be the case with them all, and they would be in that respect a check upon each other.' (Essay, p. 21.) There is another advantage possessed by the creditor of the Scotch banks, which Mr. Joplin has omitted to state, but which appears to us of primary importance in all money transactions: we allude to the general registering in public offices of transfers of estates, and of liens thereon, throughout Scotland; and by the obligation on all local registrars to transmit authenticated memorials of all transactions in their respective offices to the general register office in Edinburgh, by which a facility is given for ascertaining the circumstances of any property in which the public may be interested. Now, in England, no such registers exist, except in the counties of York and Middlesex; and even in them, copyholds and leaseholds for a term not exceeding twenty-one years, are not included

included in the necessity of being registered. The consequence is, that banks are very frequently established by a few (never exceeding six) persons of apparently large property, but of which, on the failure of the firm, a very small part is found available for the satisfaction of the creditors; for though the law has made the real estates of bankers liable to the simple contract debts of the partnership, it has not restrained them from alienating or pledging that property on their individual private accounts. If the present system of English banking is to continue, this is a subject imperiously calling for amendment. With regard to banks already established, it might not be just to require a public registry of their property, or to restrain them in the disposition of it; but in banks hereafter to be established, there could be no right of objecting to any terms which the legislature might deem requisite for public security. And considering the experience of the last thirty years, it would not seem unreasonable to require every person commencing the business of a banker to enter in some public register the specification and state of his landed property, rendering at the same time all alienations of such property, or liens upon it invalid, whilst he exercises the trade of a banker, and whilst any claims upon him as a banker remain unsatisfied.

We have said it might be unjust to subject old established banks to such regulations; but if new banks were formed upon these principles, they would necessarily possess so much more of the public confidence, that the old banks must either be content to act under a very disadvantageous competition, or consent to register their estates. In this dilemma they will have no more right to complain than any tradesman or manufacturer, who, from whatever cause, is unwilling to adopt newly discovered improvements, with which his competitors carry on their business. As security to the banker also, and through him to the public, we think it would be highly advantageous to establish a registry of all landed property, that the actual amount might be known of available property, upon the appearance only of which advances are now so often made. We are aware of the very general objection to such disclosure of private affairs, which doubtless might be very painful to individuals; but, contemplating the subject in a national point of view, we should anticipate from the measure much benefit both to public business and public morals, and we can appeal to even English experience on the subject,—for we know no counties in England where business has been carried on with greater integrity, to greater extent, or with greater success, than in Yorkshire and Middlesex, in which alone such registers are established.

Mr. Joplin explains, with great clearness, other advantages
incident

incident to the system of Scotch banking; particularly their ability to deal in capital, as he calls it; that is, to advance money, not on floating or negotiable securities, but on mortgages and other permanent investments. This they are enabled to do not only by their larger capital, but by their exemption from what are termed *runs*, or sudden general demands for payment of their notes in circulation, which are so often the cause, at once, and the effect of the instability of English banks. The facilities which these advances of capital afford to the landowner for improving his estate, and to the merchant, manufacturer, and farmer, for extending their concerns, have, no doubt, very much contributed to the rapid advances, which Scotland has made within the last fifty years.

Having thus stated the advantages of the Scotch system, and the disadvantages of the English, the question naturally occurs, why, in so clear a case, and with the systems seen together in full operation, with only the Tweed between, the better has not long ago superseded the worse? The answer is, that there is but one impediment,—the clause in the charter of the Bank of England, which restricts other banks to six partners.*

A similar restriction was imposed by the charter of the Bank of Ireland, but the wide spreading calamity which lately followed the very numerous failures of the banks in the southern parts of that kingdom, induced an application from government for the Bank of Ireland to forego the obnoxious clause, which was readily acceded to by the bank; and when a like measure was urged in parliament, the session before last, with regard to the Bank of England, Lord Liverpool declared his approbation of the principle, and his wish to have it carried into immediate effect. Application was accordingly made to the Bank of England, who appeared at first as compliant as their brethren in Ireland, and a bill was proposed to be brought into parliament to extend the bank charter for ten years, on condition of allowing any number of persons to establish a joint stock company, at any place not within 65 miles of London: the measure, however, met with considerable obstruction in parliament.

* Lord Grey, says Mr. Joplin, 'stated that, as far as he could learn, there was no call for the measure, at least in the part of the country with which he was more immediately connected; there was no complaint respecting the stability of banks, nor any distrust as to the property by which their credit was sustained.' 'Truth, however,' (Mr. Joplin adds,) 'requires it to be stated that, at this very time, Sir Francis Blake, Reed and Co.'s bank (of Newcastle-upon-Tyne) had stopped payment for nearly half a million of money, and their notes were then at a discount of from 5s. to 7s. in the pound.'—*Preface to Outlines*, &c. p. viii.

Others

Others of the opposition maintained that the bank ought to have foregone the monopolizing clause in its current charter, without demanding any remuneration from the extension of it. During those discussions, however, the bank was so far from supposing that the bargain was a desirable one, that they determined to resign its advantages, rather than consent to a law that should render the projected banks responsible only for the acts of their directors, which would be absolutely necessary to secure them against the imprudence or fraud of any one of their numerous partners. 'This,' says Mr. Joplin, 'rendered the meeting of the bank proprietors and the whole proceeding quite a nullity.'—(*Pref. to Outlines, &c.* p. ix.) And very angry Mr. Joplin is; bringing the thunder into his argument, he invokes the omnipotence of parliament to compel the bank to what he thinks reason. 'It is—must be obvious,' (says he) 'to the most common apprehension, that there is a right in any government to take from every body of men a monopoly, which does them no good;' (for this he thinks he has proved,) 'while it does the country a great deal of harm. An indefeasible right of inflicting a wrong would be a new principle in our constitution.'—*Essay*, p. 42. Now this is just the mischievous spirit of impetuous half-informed minds. Impatience of present and partial ill blinds them to the perception of future general good; intent only on some comparatively petty object, which they have magnified to themselves, they would violate for its attainment the very principles that constitute social life, and to which their object itself, if ever accomplished, must owe both its establishment and its permanency: and to vindicate the violation they prostitute to common purposes the maxims, which are applicable only in cases of the greatest extremity, and which teach us to relax the bonds of society only to save them from bursting. How different was the spirit of the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, who, on the failure of the negotiation, only temperately observed that the object now sought might most certainly be obtained when the Bank of England should apply for a renewal of its charter! Mr. Joplin is, however, in such haste to realize his schemes, that, in case the Directors continue refractory, and parliament refuses to exert its powers of compulsion, he proposes to 'bring the Bank Directors to their senses another way.'—*Outlines, &c.* p. 285. 'The plan, or at least that which was thought practicable, was simply this, that five or six individuals should subscribe a million of capital, establish a bank, and issue notes,' &c. The author afterwards extends his speculation, so as to give almost an ultimate power to his new bank both over the funds and the quantity of currency; but presuming that all might not have equal courage in stock-jobbing to so enormous an amount,

amount, he obligingly adds, if they did not wish to speculate on so great a scale, and, instead of making millions, were wisely to content themselves with hundreds of thousands, they might, we shall say, purchase one, two, or three millions of stock, (this is the reduced scale,) as they thought proper; then throw an equal quantity of money, as already described, into the market, &c.—*Outlines, &c.* p. 297. These plans, which he himself characterises as ‘Machiavelian policy,’ seem sometimes as if recommended by the author, and sometimes as if only held out as a threat, both to the bank and the public, of what may be done if the present system be continued; yet he not only thinks them practicable, but suitable ‘to the tastes of many of the monied men in London,’ who would have ‘carried the scheme through, great as it is, without the vibration of a nerve.’—p. 300. We cannot resist here offering Mr. Joplin a little of our advice. He appears, in many passages of his book, to contemplate, with considerable assurance and complacency, the probability of his being engaged in some responsible capacity in the establishment of the projected banks; we would wish him to consider that a facility in forming schemes of the most extensive and hazardous character, together with sanguine ardour in speaking of them, are not likely to recommend him to the confidence of sober men of business, or of those who would seek only such to manage important affairs, of which themselves may be ignorant.

Mr. Joplin, as we have hinted above, considers himself to have proved that the bank, in fact, have no advantage from the monopoly, and that their circulation would not be curtailed by resigning it on the condition proposed, of unlimited joint stock companies not being formed within 65 miles of London. Now we cannot go this length with the author, though we do think the monopoly is of much less consequence to the bank than is generally believed, and less than it was some years ago. Formerly the bank used to pay the nominal value of a forged note that was brought by any person of respectable character, but when forgeries became more frequent, it was probably deemed requisite to refuse payment, in order to oblige the receiver of their notes to examine more carefully what he took, and thus increase the difficulty of circulating forged paper, and the facility of tracing it to the first utterer. But the dexterity of the forgers, aided by the very coarse common character in which the genuine notes were engraved, together with the variety and general illegibility of the M.S. signatures, made such difficulty, if not impossibility, of detection by the public, that the notes of the provincial banks were preferred in their respective districts, when not under the immediate impression of a recent failure. But however great this preference may now be, it would assuredly,

assuredly be much increased by augmented confidence in provincial banks formed on the Scotch model. The exclusive circulation, too, of Bank of England paper, in the wide orbit of which Manchester and Liverpool are the foci, would certainly be lost; for the merchants of that district, who have always resolutely resisted the establishment of any issuing bank of five or six partners, would, doubtless, themselves gladly combine to form a joint stock company, in the advantages and security of which all might participate. Add to all this, that much of the present circulation in bank post bills, which are so generally used in distant remittances, would necessarily be superseded when the paper of provincial banks attained, with greater confidence, a wider range. We by no means intend, by these observations, to maintain the interest of the Bank of England against the general good of the nation; but we wish every point of so important a subject to be represented in its just light, and by shewing that the apprehension of the Directors is not wholly groundless, endeavour to allay the irritation, which such writings as Mr. Joplin's, are calculated to excite; and which can only tend to obstruct an arrangement for the accommodation of all parties.

But if all this were happily adjusted, Mr. Joplin would have still a further plan to propose of more extensive change than, perhaps, any preceding speculator has ventured to suggest. He has a chapter of twenty pages, entitled 'Plan for the Government of the Currency.' The details are ingeniously devised, and, like the action of machinery in a model, are very pretty, but give no assurance that the materials, of which the actual machine is to be composed, will bear the working. The reader, we think, will participate our doubts when we state, that the plan is to exclude gold coin from circulation, substituting a paper currency, for which 'bullion-drafts only could be demanded in payment; and upon which bullion would be issued only when required for exportation.' The circulation of each private bank is to be limited by law, and each is to transmit weekly, or monthly, to a board of control in London, a general statement of their concerns.

When such are the materials of the machine, it is not necessary to detail its operations:—but on the purpose which they are intended to effect it may be useful to make a few brief observations, especially as the author has had the confidence to embody his principles into the form of a Petition to the House of Commons, which was printed by order of the House; a new species of 'the puff direct,' in the practice of which, if the House acquiesce, there is little doubt that they, and their printer, will have ample employment. The professed objects are, first, to save, for the extension of foreign commerce, the bullion which would be necessary
for

for a gold currency. This, in itself, is a legitimate object; for, as some political economist has said, 'if the expense of a gold currency be necessary, like that of occupying cultivateable land with highways, a paper currency is like the power of laying highways through the air.' Such a system, however, can never be long upheld by the mere strong arm of the law, but must owe its maintenance to the spontaneous confidence of the public; so just, generally speaking, was Mr. Burke's declaration in the House of Commons, that a Bank of England note was worth its full nominal value on the Exchange, for the very reason that it was not worth a farthing in Westminster Hall. But the splendid success with which England, for some time, boldly deviated from this principle, seems to have dazzled and blinded many to the principle itself, and to the experience, which not many years were required to exhibit, of the extreme hazard of departing from it. The situation of England—before unexampled, and probably never again to be paralleled,—which alone enabled her to support a temporary deviation, and to escape, though not unscathed, from the peril,—will, to wise statesmen, be as effectual a warning from any second attempt, as the uniform fatal experience of every other nation which has endeavoured to support war by a forced paper currency:

Concidit exiguæ dementia vulnere chartæ,
Confecit sævum littera Martis opus.

Whilst public confidence (the only proper, and, indeed, we may say, the only possible, permanent support of paper credit) exists, gold will necessarily form but a small portion of the currency;—just that portion which is found requisite to supply the occasional demands for remitting foreign balances; and also the portion which it may be necessary to call for in order to check the excessive issues of bank paper. The former portion is not saved by Mr. Joplin's plan, for he retains it in his bullion office; and the latter portion is probably a cheaper, and certainly more effectual check, than any compulsory limitations that could be prescribed where paper alone constituted the currency. And, indeed, such a prescription must proceed on an assumption the most arrogant, most unauthorized by fact, and most diametrically opposite to the enlightened views of modern economists; namely, the assumption that a legislature can anticipate wants, calculate conveniences, and prescribe means of success in pecuniary affairs, better than the individuals immediately conversant in the business, whose intellects are sharpened by concentrated interest, and whose exertions are stimulated by desire of gain.

The second object of Mr. Joplin's plan is to regulate, at will, the quantum of currency, and thereby to effect three purposes;

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1st, To prevent vacillations in the prices of corn; 2d, To secure to the agriculturist a remunerating price; and 3dly, To maintain what he calls our 'national prices' at such a height as will obtain for us the full advantage of 'manufacturing superiority.' Now to those who have been accustomed to consider the vacillations in the prices of corn as principally occasioned by the vicissitudes of seasons, it will not easily occur how they can be prevented by any regulation of the currency; but the author has a chapter entitled 'The Price of Corn not subject to material Fluctuations from the Supply.' We do not profess to understand the mode of proving this proposition, which appears a mass of contradictions; but the result is the *writer's* conviction, that the inequalities in the price of corn are almost wholly attributable to variations in the quantum of currency. Independently of his own tables, (which we think afford data to overturn his arguments,) we may fearlessly appeal to the common experience and common sense of mankind. The history of nations where paper currency was never known, (and where, therefore, we have unmingled evidence on the subject,) exhibits every degree of distress from scarcity to famine, and every value of corn from the ordinary price to the worth of its weight in gold. As far as we are able to understand Mr. Joplin, he seems to have been misled by a very common error, but into which we should not have expected any economist of the present day to have fallen. If the deficiency in produce be only one-tenth, for example, and the rise in price two-tenths, he appears to ascribe the excessive proportion in the price to an increase in the currency. Now it is obvious, that, independently of any change in the currency, this higher proportion in the price must always occur. If we could suppose all the consumers, in a deficiency of one-tenth, to content themselves with nine-tenths of their former consumption, the price might even remain unaltered; but as each will endeavour to obtain his customary quantity, the market becomes an auction; those who can afford to pay high succeed in procuring their wanted supply, and leave, therefore, a proportionately increased deficiency to be in like manner contended for by the remaining population: thus, before the ultimate division takes place, (and that it is which ascertains the price,) we may easily conceive how a deficiency of one-tenth may be followed by a rise of two or more tenths in the price, without recurring to the supposition of an increase in the currency. The increase in price, in fact, will be in a ratio compounded of the actual scarcity, the inequality of property in the society, and the increased currency; for we do not mean to deny that the last cause will act where paper currency prevails; and for the obvious causes assigned by Mr. Joplin, namely, a larger than usual share being required for the

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the purchase of the first necessary, a deficiency of capital is felt for other objects; which deficiency is attempted to be supplied by borrowing of banks, who make the advance by issuing more notes.

The second purpose, in regulating the quantum of currency, is to secure to the agriculturist a remunerating price; and, as a general measure, it is a very short-sighted view of the subject. It is true that, supposing all the farmers to have engaged their farms at the present prices of corn, and the present value of money, they would be, while their leases lasted, benefited by an increased currency, which would make the money-value of their produce bear a higher proportion to their rent; but what was a gain to the class of farmers would be a loss to the landlords. And even supposing that sympathy with a temporarily suffering class were to induce a return to a redundant paper currency, and consequent general high prices, the relief could only be co-extensive with the current leases; for when those came to be renewed, (which in general, we believe, would be in the course of a single year,) a proportionate increase of *rent* would be required, and the price of every article of the farmer's consumption will have been proportionately augmented.

But Mr. Joplin will still assert that his third purpose is attained; namely, the maintenance of such high 'national prices' as will obtain for us the full advantage of 'manufacturing superiority.' National prices are defined to be 'the general state of prices at which the foreign trade of a nation balances,' (*Outlines*, &c. p. 29.); that is, we suppose, at which the value of exports is equal to that of imports, without the payment of money on either side. Of course, if our manufacturing superiority be such, that, without diminishing the demand, we can raise the price above that of our required imports, we shall receive the balance in money. Now it has always been considered as a question of extreme delicacy—and which required all the keenest observation of individual interest to solve—at what point the profit from high prices is counterbalanced by diminution of demand. To determine this point *à priori*, then, is a proceeding of excessive arrogance, and includes the folly of supposing that the merchant requires compulsion to procure the highest price which the market will afford. Even where a single nation is concerned, the general experience, we believe, is, that when prices can be so lowered as to include the most numerous classes of society in the list of consumers, the multiplier is raised so much more than the multiplicand is reduced, that the product of profit is very greatly increased. But if such be the result in dealing with one nation, how incalculably would the multiplier be raised, by adding to the
number

number of purchasers only one class more of all the nations with whom England traffics?

By reduction of price, too, we should defy competition, instead of inviting it; and secure the permanence of our manufacturing superiority, instead of risking its destruction. This principle has been very fully elucidated by recent events: for the value of our currency having been raised by the reduction of its quantity, our manufacturers have been enabled to reduce the wages of their workmen; and, by furnishing cheaper articles, have so enlarged their vent as to give renewed activity to every description of trade, and increase at once their own profits, and the public revenue.

Whilst the natural course of events, then, is obviously tending to so happy a result, why should we interfere, and, by reverting to artificial prices, incur again all the fearful hazards from which we have so recently escaped? Nor do we forget the exception to this result in the late distresses of the agriculturists;—but whilst we are yet writing, we rejoice to hear, on all sides, the accounts of their advancing markets. It is now, we believe, generally admitted that the harvest of 1823 was less than an average crop; but the poverty of the farmers having compelled them to furnish the markets at first with the usual supply, the deficiency was not immediately felt in the market; when it was perceived, however, from the causes which we have explained above, the increased prices certainly more than indemnified them for that deficiency. Briefly, the tide of fortune appears to be returning from its ebb; and that it will continue to flow may be hoped from this consideration:—For some years past, the poverty of the farmer, and the unavoidable importunity of his landlord, have obliged him to sell, without permitting him to buy; and thus the stock of the country has been gradually reduced, till it can no longer supply, in the same abundance, the excess of consumption which the crowded markets and low prices have hitherto induced.

We now take our leave of Mr. Joplin; for as he deprecates criticism by avowing himself a man of business only, we shall not say any thing on the inaccuracies of his style: but as he intimates the probability of again writing for the public, we would advise him to inform himself more fully of what others have written, and not trust to his own intellect only, vigorous as it really is, for elucidating some of the most obscure and complicated subjects in the yet imperfect science of political economy. With regard to manner, as he has the good sense not to affect elegance, he should also have the judgment not to attempt wit, of which the specimens he affords exhibit only coarseness and vulgarity.

ART. VIII.—*The Character of the Russians, and a detailed History of Moscow, &c.* By Robert Lyall, M.D. 4to. London. 1823.

WE scarcely know how to deal with this unwieldy volume of 800 pages; with five-sixths of it, however, which relate to one single city of the Russian empire, we shall be very brief; appropriating the room we have to spare to the other sixth, which professes to describe the 'Character of the Russians.' Indeed the former and larger portion, being constructed of those materials which usually make up our half-crown 'Guides' to watering places, would not, we conceive, afford much more entertainment to our readers than it has done to us. Who, indeed, but a native can, at this day, feel any particular interest in the history and topography of Moscow, its monks and its monasteries, its cathedrals, crowns, crosses, &c.? or in the endless discussion of—who burned this ill-fated city,—the Russians or 'Napoleon, the great Napoleon,' who (as Doctor Lyall gravely assures us) 'had no other object at heart than the happiness of Europe!' It is sufficient for us to know that the fire, and the frost, and the firmness of all ranks of the Russian people delivered their country from the 'tender mercies' of a perfidious invader; and that to them was mainly owing the restoration of peace to an indignant and harassed world. The fact itself is now no otherwise of moment than as the conflagration proved, in its results, one of the most fortunate that ever afflicted a numerous population, and may, on that account, properly enough be called, as Dr. Lyall says it is by all ranks of Russians, 'the sacrifice of Europe.' We rejoice, however, to find that a phoenix has arisen out of its ashes, and that the renovation of this second capital of the empire has, according to his description, been little less than miraculous.

'I differ,' says our modest author, 'from the Emperor Napoleon—and it is not often I would venture to differ from so high a political authority!—in supposing that the burning of Moscow will retard the advancement of Russia either fifty or one hundred years. I agree in a great measure with Count Rostopchin; and it is seldom that I can coincide with him!—that Russia, in place of being retarded by the conflagration of 1812, on the contrary has been led to know, "perforce, her riches, and her gigantic resources."'

Before we proceed to examine the shorter portion of his work, we wish to say a word or two with respect to the author, which may serve to explain why we hesitate to confide in his impartiality, or give implicit credence to many of the statements which he has introduced as illustrations of the 'Character of the Russians.'

Dr. Lyall, we understand, is one of that numerous and, generally

herally speaking, meritorious body of Scotch physicians, (including surgeons and apothecaries,) who, at a very small expense of money and study, are enabled to write M. D. after their names: he arrived at St. Petersburg penniless and friendless, in search of what Scotland did not afford him; and by some of his countrymen, respectably settled there as physicians, was recommended to the Countess Orlof Chesmenska of Moscow, to administer physic to her six hundred household servants and slaves: after a little time and practice he naturally aspired to the honour of physicking their mistress; who, just as naturally, preferred her own physician, (an Italian;) and the disappointed doctor took his leave, equally out of humour with the countess, her household officers, and her six hundred slaves. He then lived or travelled with several of the Russian nobility; but his politics, by his own account, were not exactly suited to the taste of his patrons. What they were may be gathered from the following passage, which is only one of a hundred; for the doctor follows the advice of Sir Toby, and is never weary of 'taunting the enemy with the licence of ink.' 'Had Napoleon known as well how to have acted his part, [as Rostopchin] we should have had no Holy Alliance, nor any occasion for such a coalition; and probably Europe would have been as happy under the *sublime genius of the most extraordinary man that ever drew breath*, as she is, fettered by the limited, depressive, degenerating policy of repeated congresses.' However harmless such trash as this may be in England, it manifests, with submission to the Doctor, no extraordinary portion of common sense to parade it in Russia; the Doctor, however, glories in his intrepid folly: 'I made no secret,' he says, 'of my opinions, nor of the contents of my MS. which I meant to publish.' A timely hint, he tells us, was consequently given to him, that his papers might be seized; and in order to avoid a visit from the police, and a tour perhaps into Siberia, he made all haste with his family into Britain! (pref. p. viii.) 'O most lame and impotent conclusion!' We expected that he would have braved a journey to Tobolski, at least.

Bearing in mind, therefore, the fact of Dr. Lyall being, as it were, driven out of Russia by his own indiscretion, or quitting it through his fears, we cannot do otherwise than set him down as a prejudiced person, and therefore, as we hinted above, feel ourselves justified in not giving immediate confidence to his statements: As to the merits of the work in other respects, it carries with it sufficient testimony that the intellectual acquirements of the author have scarcely reached the point of mediocrity: the style is mean and vulgar, the facts brought forward (supposing them to be such) are selected without taste or judgment, and the

arrangement of the subjects is wholly without skill. The descriptions are sometimes ridiculously inflated: the following, we suppose, is meant to be picturesque; it is Moscow in flames.

'The misery of the unfortunate inhabitants of Moscow, during this shocking scene, was awful. The rattling of the wind, the upturning of iron roofs, the roaring of the flames, the crash of tumbling edifices, the click of cracking windows, the bawling of children, the shrieks of maltreated or flying women, the howling, bellowing, and plaintive cries of domestic animals, the outrage of tipsy robbers, the rolling of carriages, and the report of fire-arms, made an appalling combination.'—p. 499.

The writer is exuberant in anecdotes, which, for the most part, are pointless and insipid, and frequently both filthy and indecent. He draws general conclusions from particular circumstances, mistakes exceptions for generalities, and individual delinquency for national depravity. Thus, for instance: 'a nobleman of the highest rank' carried off, as he says, at a certain fête, a silver spoon in his pocket; and a 'prince,' while cheapening some wares, secreted a gilt cup and saucer under his cloak'; and we must therefore infer, that the Russian princes and nobles add, to the frightful catalogue of their other vices, those of thievery and shop-lifting. Then we have 'Mons. L. and Count M. and General N.' exhibited in the most odious colours, as illustrations, we presume, of the Russian military character. Immediately after which, with a degree of candour and consistency truly admirable, the doctor warmly reproves the late Dr. Clarke for drawing 'general consequences from particular cases:' and while he affects to be shocked at the unfair and exaggerated descriptions of that author, he not only extracts whole pages of the most offensive of them, (written at a moment when irritation had gained the ascendancy of his usual good-nature,) but adds to them other particulars more injurious and disgusting than those which he quotes.

We are not ignorant how difficult it is, under the most favourable circumstances, and with every desire to observe the strictest impartiality, to arrive at a just discrimination of national character; and the difficulty is not a little enhanced, when it applies to a population so diversified as that of Russia.

It is true that, in most nations, and above all in those which are unmixed, or in a low degree of civilization, we meet with certain marked and striking features in character as well as countenance, common to the whole community; but such is the extraordinary variety of nations, languages, religions, and customs that make up the forty-five millions of Russian subjects; and such are the extremes of wealth and poverty, of virtue and depravity, in some or all of the classes, that he who should attempt to draw one general portrait

portrait of the inhabitants of this great empire, would be almost sure to fail, or to produce only the distorted features of a caricature.

In such a case, there is but one way to arrive at an approximation to a national character; and that is, by separating the heterogeneous mass, and grouping the constituent parts into classes: of the 'convenience' of this method Dr. Lyall seems to be in some measure aware, when he promises to treat separately of the nobility, of the clergy, of the merchants, and of the peasantry, (no very judicious division of the diversified inhabitants of Russia,) which, however, he has not strictly observed. The following vague, sweeping, contradictory character of them leaves us in a worse state than we were before the appearance of Dr. Lyall.

'The nature of the government, the too predominant military taste, and the distinction of ranks in Russia, so warmly complained of by foreigners in general, and so powerfully felt by Britons in particular, naturally render the natives of all classes of society servile and obsequious, diffident and even cowardly, to superiors; haughty, commanding, and frequently severe, to inferiors; and insensibly leads the attention more to the exterior of the man—his uniform and his ribbons, his stars and his crosses,—than to his religious or his moral conduct, his literary attainments, or his place in the intellectual world.'

'The Russians are insinuating and cunning, deceitful and perfidious, sensual and immoral, given to levity, fond of novelty, and improvident: with the command of little money, they are avaricious and mean; when cash abounds, they are generous, ostentatious, and prodigal: they are cheerful, good-humoured, and social: they are luxurious, hospitable, and charitable: they love light occupations and amusements, as plays, operas, masquerades, exhibitions, dancing, singing, and instrumental music; chess, and draughts, and billiards; but above all, playing at cards, to which whole days, and weeks, and months, and years, are devoted. They have a great curiosity to pry into the affairs of others; they have quick apprehensions; their talent for imitation is universally allowed; they are fluent in languages; a few are endowed with good parts and ingenuity, and are men of literature; the generality are moderately well informed and accomplished, *as to what regards the exterior of life*; few are distinguished for their proficiency in the sciences; they are accustomed to good living, but are generally moderate in their cups; they are disposed to indolence, to a sedentary mode of life, and to much sleep.'—p. 8.

And he thus completes the picture:—

'The manners of the higher and travelled nobility are easy, elegant, and imposing; and the natives of no country can make themselves more agreeable to foreigners. The manners of the lower nobility are affected, consequential, overbearing, and sometimes rude; though some few of them are endowed with amiable and generous passions.'—p. 9.

Lord Macartney, who knew them well, and had occasion to

study their character, speaks somewhat differently of the *travelled* Russians of his day. 'So seldom,' he says, 'do they derive advantage from those circumstances which form and accomplish the gentlemen of other countries that, instead of instruction or real improvement, they rarely acquire more than personal affectation and mental distortion; and, after all their travels, return home far inferior, in the virtues of a good citizen, to those who have never travelled at all.'—Nothing, the noble writer continues, 'was ever more just than Rousseau's censure of Peter the First's conduct: that monarch, instead of improving his subjects as Russians, endeavoured totally to change and convert them into Germans and Frenchmen; but his attempts were unsuccessful: he could not make them what he wished to make them; he spoiled them in the experiment, and left them worse than they were before.'

We have not been able to discover how Dr. Lyall distinguishes between the *higher* and *lower* nobility, whether in point of antiquity or of rank; of wealth or poverty. He is not aware, perhaps, that the Russians scarcely know themselves who are the most ancient or the most noble families among the diversified group of Muscovite dukes, the sovereigns of petty states, the Tartar chiefs, and the created kneezes or princes, all of whom are included among the nobility. The counts and barons first raised to these titles by Peter the First from rank in the service are, perhaps, those whom he designates as the *lower* nobility, and if so, the character assigned them is by no means correct. In no nation are there to be found more accomplished, enlightened and honourable men than are met with among the officers in the civil and military employments of the state; nor do we know that the old nobility affect to assume any superiority over them. In fact, it would be no easy matter for any Russian nobleman to make out his title to a high antiquity, as in consequence of the disputes that formerly occurred on this head, Alexis Michaelowich commanded the nobility to deliver up to him all their patents, family papers, and pedigrees; and as soon as this requisition was complied with, he ordered them to be publicly burnt before the gates of his palace.

When Madame de Staël pronounced the imagination of the Russians to be unbounded, and that there was something 'gigantic' which characterized them in every undertaking; she was certainly right in the latter respect; not, however, we presume, in consequence of the exercise of the imaginative faculty, so much as from moral necessity, the result of great wealth, and great power. The mansion of the Russian noble, considering the extent of his territorial possessions, the number of his domestics, and the amount of his revenue, is not on a more gigantic scale in Russia than Chatsworth, Eaton, or Lowther in England, though the
former

former might perhaps be found equal in point of extent to all the three. Dr. Lyall, too, tells us that the Russian nobles build houses for giants, but that they seldom finish them; and that he 'could not point out half a dozen *completely well-arranged and finished* noblemen's establishments among the hundreds of sumptuous palaces, the numerous fine villas, and the many beautiful country retreats which decorate Moscow and its vicinity.' Our information is somewhat different: it is not, however, surprizing, that a magnificence almost unavoidable in the nobility, an extravagance occasioned by their unbounded hospitality, an enormous multitude of servants, added to their general indolence and want of management, should, not unfrequently, lead to embarrassment, even without ascribing it 'to the roguery of stewards,' who are described by our author as 'a set of villains and robbers, in no degree behind the merchants in their initiation to deceit and their practice of roguery, while they are equally destitute of virtue, equally void of shame, equally given to corruption, and equally depraved in morals.' Our author's hostility to the *steward* we can understand, from a circumstance not necessary to be mentioned; but his unmeasured abuse of the *merchants* (a name with which by the way he dignifies the petty traders and shopkeepers) seems to have no other foundation than that they ask more for their goods than they will ultimately take, and tease passengers to buy as they walk the street. We suspect, if the Doctor wished to take the air in Monmouth-street, Wych-street, or Houndsditch, he would find no particular want of *teasing*, or of what he is pleased to designate as the 'roguery and shameless destitution of virtue' of Petersburg and Moscow.

It is well known to those who have perused the curious and amusing accounts of our first intercourse with Russia, how strongly the Muscovites were addicted to inebriety; and that Peter the Great took uncommon pains to root out this vice, the result of a barbarous hospitality, which has gradually diminished since that time; so much, indeed, that drunkenness now may be said to have almost ceased to exist among the upper ranks of society. Sir Robert Wilson, who had the best opportunities of knowing the character of the Russian officers of the army, asserts that the vice of drunkenness does not degrade them; and that, though 'gay and convivial at table, they have no Bacchanalian orgies, where rank and humanity are confounded and degraded.' Other travellers have borne the same testimony to their general sobriety; but Dr. Lyall, who, we suspect, knows little or nothing of the matter, but who seems to take a splenetic pleasure in differing from all his predecessors, 'must not,' he says, 'omit to state, that the young nobles, and more particularly the young officers of the

army, have, of late years, become extremely fond'—of what?—'of French wines, and are so especially delighted with champagne'—that—'in the capitals and large towns a number of bottles are emptied'! What more is wanted to prove that they ought to be 'classed with the adherents of Bacchus!' As some palliation, however, for the enormity of liking champagne, he 'honestly confesses, that he has known very few of the Russian nobles who were given to the immoderate use of *spirituous liquors*.' While in this liberal mood, he proceeds to compliment them on their high sense of delicacy and good breeding, at the expense of his countrymen: how well he is qualified to speak on this point, from his acquaintance with good society, we may judge from the following extract:—

'Is it not a disgrace to us, that a nation so far inferior to Great Britain as Russia, a nation too, which was so lately notorious for excess in drunkenness, should at present show us an example of sobriety worthy of our imitation? How often have the nobles of Russia put me in mind, to use their own words, "of the *unpolite and barbarous practice* of sending the ladies away from table before the gentlemen retire," and of the disagreeable scenes which follow, especially after indulgence in wine and spirits! A Russian nobleman, who received his education at the university of Edinburgh, has often said to me, "You *Englishmen* speak of our abominable customs, but you forget the filthy scenes which follow your drinking parties." To such just and powerful animadversions I could oppose nothing, and was silenced with regret.'—p. lxxxix.

He might, at least, have replied, that, being a Scotchman, he, like the Edinburgh student, could only speak of the 'filthy scenes' that were acted within the borders.

Deception,—according to our author,—is characteristic of the Russians of all ranks, but he contents himself with particularizing 'those of the nobility on the great scale,' commencing with that *state hoax*, as he calls it, 'which Prince Potemkin played off when Catherine II. made a voyage to the Crimea, in the year 1787.'

'Her Majesty's progress was a continued triumph through a populous country, covered with villages, and flocks, and herds, and smiling amidst plenty and universal prosperity. This was equally the case, whether in her bark she was wafted along the Volga, was driven in her state-carriage along the level and excellent smooth roads, repaired on purpose, in the south, or stopped in palaces expressly constructed for a day's repose. Portable villages erected in the morning, and destroyed in the evening, on the following day arose like creation on some other spot, and under some new arrangement. Cattle were driven to the banks of the Volga, or to line the roads by which Catharine was to pass, and peasants were obliged to quit their houses at the distance of twenty or thirty versts for the same purpose, and to inhabit new dwellings for a day; and thus her Majesty was duped, while she thought she was treading over fairy land.'—pp. xciii. xciv.

As a further proof of the general propensity for deception, we are told that, in the renovation of Moscow, 'the authorities, not content alone with *reality*, which did them great credit, ordered the walls of many of the ruined houses to be built up, to be roofed, to have windows put in, and to be plastered and painted, so that many of the mansions which had a magnificent appearance, presented a complete interior vacuity.' We lament our dulness; but really if the houses had their walls built; their roofs put on, their windows put in, and if they were, besides, plastered and painted, we cannot exactly comprehend what kind of deception was practised either on his Imperial Majesty or Doctor Lyall. The following is more to the point:—

'As crosses, and honours, and immunities, and favours, are frequently obtained in Russia, through presents to the crown, or public acts of charity, General N——, although already in possession of a number of orders, had a great *penchant* to receive the *ribbon* of Vladimir, and had recourse to an *honourable way* for accomplishing his purpose.

'He ordered an architect to prepare a plan for a small hospital, the skeleton of which, a *coarse wooden frame*, was soon elevated, and its compartments as speedily filled up with *basket-work*. The walls of the edifice were covered over with *clay* well smoothed, and then completely white-washed. A large wooden green-painted dome, bearing a gilded ball, rose from its centre, and the flimsy structure had then a neat enough exterior appearance. Its interior was divided into six wards, the walls of which were also *clayed*, and, in true Russian style, painted with gaudy colours. Beds, or rather bags filled with hay, cheap bedsteads and bed-clothes, dresses for the sick, and utensils of different kinds, were provided. Only three chimnies surmounted the hospital, but they were more than enough, as two of them terminated in the roof; and the third belonged to the kitchen oven, which, as we shall immediately see, was only used on great occasions.

'The hospital being ready, intimation was given to the neighbourhood, that patients, consisting of peasants from the villages of the crown, and from those of the poorer nobility, would be received, and boarded, and treated gratis. A few patients were admitted and cured in this institution during summer; for in winter, as may be easily conceived, such a fabric, without fire-places, would be intolerable even in Britain, and ten times more so in Russia. A report was then made to the crown of the utility and success of the institution, and the *ribbon* was received.

'For some years this hospital was totally deserted, except at a rare time for a month or two each summer. It now and then becomes the scene of a comedy, which may be called "*Imposition and Laughter*," and is of such a nature, I believe, as is seldom played, except in the Russian dominions. I shall therefore be excused for detailing the novel particulars. The principal *dramatis personæ* consist of the noble proprietor and his noble visitors, the doctor and his clerk, an apothecary and nurses, besides male and female patients metamorphosed out of healthy villagers. A complete idea may be formed of this comedy, by

describing

describing the manner in which it was performed about five years ago ; for since that period, some changes, but perhaps not improvements, have been made.

General Araktcheef, who is attached to the person of his Imperial Majesty, for certain private reasons, was pressingly invited to make a visit to General N——'s estate. The invitation was accepted, and the day fixed. As usual, every preparation was made to receive so distinguished a guest in the *most noble* manner; and among other amusements, a visit to the hospital was proposed, though for nearly a year no patient had been within its precincts. Early in the morning of the day appointed for General Araktcheef's arrival, above a dozen of people, men and women, were employed in washing, and cleaning, and arranging the hospital; the kitchen-stove was lighted, and the kitchen itself stored with good provisions under the care of an excellent cook. The beds were made up; and black boards were placed against the walls over the heads of the beds, upon which were written with chalk, the names and age of the patients, the technical and the Russian appellations of their diseases, the date of their admission, and the diet allowed them, as is always the case in the public hospitals in Russia. All was thus arranged, but there was no sick, except three or four invalids, in the village. In the *transforming empire* of Russia, however, this was of no consequence. The women who had washed the hospital, and a number of peasants, males and females, who were ordered to repair to it, in obedience to their lord's command, disrobed and washed themselves, put on the dresses provided for patients, got into bed, and feigned sickness.

After an elegant dinner, the host conducted General Araktcheef and a number of other visitors to the hospital, where they were received by a clerk in the lobby with its report-books in his hand, which he showed to his excellency. No physician being stationed there at the time, the apothecary assumed his name and office, and as the party paced the wards, gave all necessary explanation respecting the *diseases* of the patients. His assistant then brought in a basket full of medicines, vials, powders, ointments, plasters, &c., which he distributed to each, adding, according to the *circumstances of the case*, "This is a mixture for thy fever," "These herbs are for thy cough," &c. &c. A plateful of excellent soup, with a piece of beef in it, a quantity of *kasha* and butter, pieces of black and white bread, and a bottle of *kvass*, were now presented in succession, that General Araktcheef might be able to judge of the manner in which the sick were fed. He was highly pleased, it is said, with the institution, and took his departure. He had not been gone above a few minutes, when all the *patient-actors* started from their beds, threw off their robes, and being highly amused, laughed heartily, and then bent their way home, and wished for a repetition of the farce, as they had had an excellent day's provisions. And so the hospital was left dreary and void.—pp. xciv—xcvii.

We do not believe one syllable of this prettily got-up story. We know something of General Araktcheef, and from that knowledge we venture to say, that he is as little likely to be the dupe of such a miserable artifice as any officer in the British army.

The

The General N——, who figures in the above extract, had, as appears, some transactions with the Doctor, but of what nature we are not told; however, he and another General, L——, make a considerable figure in the Doctor's history of duping. They may console themselves, however, with the reflection, that they are only in the fashion, and that the apparent splendour and magnificence of the Russian nobles are, according to their old acquaintance, nothing but deceptions.

'A *fête* was to be given by Madame Poltaratska, the mother of the gentleman whom I accompanied, in the village of Gruzino, near Torjok, on the Sunday subsequent to our arrival at that estate. Throughout Saturday, carriages filled with nobles continued to arrive from time to time, some of them with large bags filled with beds, and fixed behind them; others followed by *telegas* loaded with beds and pillows. Although the house of Madame Poltaratska was of considerable size, it was matter of astonishment to me, where the whole party, amounting to nearly fifty individuals, were to find rooms for their accommodation in the night, though the *beds* were already provided. Conversation and cards were the evening amusements, and at eleven o'clock an elegant supper was served up, and at its conclusion, a scene of bustle and confusion followed which riveted my attention. The dining-room, the drawing-room, the hall, the whole suit of apartments, in which we had passed the evening, were converted into bed-rooms. Dozens of small painted and unpainted bedsteads, each for a single person, and of the value in Russia of five roubles, were speedily transported into the chambers, and arranged along the sides of the rooms, which soon resembled a barracks, or the wards of an hospital. Scores of servants, both of those belonging to Madame Poltaratska, and to the visitors, were now running backwards and forwards, with beds and mattresses, pillows and bed-linen, *shoobs* and baggage. Many of the beds and mattresses had no inviting appearance. Some of the guests who had been less provident were accommodated with beds; but as there was a scarcity, the beds of the servants were used by others. The number of bedsteads was also insufficient; but this was of little moment; a number of beds were immediately arranged on the floor, some upon chairs, and others upon the *lejankas* (flat stoves, or parts of stoves); besides, all the sofas were at once converted into places of repose for the night.'—pp. liii. liv.

Of the 'meanness of the Russian nobles,' we are presented with the following instance:—the doctor, like the Knight of la Mancha, seems to have mistaken an inn for a castle.

'In the spring of 1821 I resided at Serpuchof, a district town in the government of Moscow. The *Maslenitsa*, or Butterweek, which precedes the Carnival, was distinguished, as in the metropolis, by balls and amusements, and even a well-managed masquerade. A sledge parade was announced for Saturday, and a *déjeuner à la fourchette*, by Prince —, *le Maréchal de la Noblesse*; and I, among others, accepted the invitation. The number of sledges was not great, nor the spectacle at all imposing.

imposing. As the weather was cold, every individual present seemed to await the breakfast with impatience. After being tantalized till two o'clock, a shabby entertainment followed. Half of the ladies and gentlemen never sat down, but ate and drank while standing on their feet; some seized a piece of fish with a fork, put it upon a plate, and withdrew from the table; others, without ceremony, got hold of pieces of a pie, divided on purpose, and retired with them in their hands. Some got a dram of sweet *Votki*, others a glass of wine, &c. &c. All I could come at, in the universal scramble, was a little *Votki* and a bit of pie. A gentleman who had been more fortunate, and had partaken of two or three dishes, seemed to enjoy a triumph, when a servant approached him and demanded two roubles and a half;—so much for each dish, and half a rouble for his dram. His astonishing wild stare of surprise, fury, and indignation, and his hearty curses, I shall not readily forget. He paid the money, and the affair ended. Application was then made to some of the other guests, who absolutely refused payment. I was about to quit the *grand hall*, when a servant approached me and demanded a *rouble and a half*. I felt insulted, and while scolding, desired that Prince —— might be told, that I had been present at a public entertainment, and that I should never pay a kopeck, and off I went. Every individual present understood, that the paltry breakfast was given by Prince ——, and indeed a number of his favourites were not asked payment. His steward was master of the ceremonies; his cooks prepared the dishes, *in the assembly-rooms of the town*; his servants waited at table; and he himself acted as host during the entertainment. Deservedly, he was abused by his countrymen for this *acte élatant*.—p. xxxviii.

This is followed by a number of repulsive stories, some of which we have already noticed; and then we have the following most pathetic and appalling apostrophe, as a preface to the story of the same or some other Prince —— dash, (for they are all M's and N's, or ——):

'Ye generous spirits who admire, who protect, and who foster genius,—whose sympathies are roused at the sight of talents struggling with poverty, and who detest meanness and oppression,—give way to your sensations, let the flood-gates of your feelings open, and let your indignation have its full sway, while listening to the following history!'

Mercy on us! for what horrible event, thought we, is this prologue preparing us? It was simply—that the said Prince —— bestowed upon a poor painter who had been working for him, and who expected to be handsomely rewarded, a piece of coarse cloth for a waistcoat!

We had occasion to observe, in a former page, that our author, while affecting to condemn the grossness of Dr. Clarke, had not only repeated his most objectionable descriptions, but rendered them still more revolting by odious additions of his own: filthy and repulsive, however, as the details are into which he enters, under pretence of defending the Russians against the calumnies of his

his predecessor, they are pardonable when compared with the numerous pages of loathsomeness and obscenity which he has thought fit to copy from two anonymous French Travellers respecting the *Physical Club* (*Club Physique*) of Moscow, which, if any thing like it ever did exist, and we must have better authority for it than any which Dr. Lyall has produced, has long since disappeared. But we have every reason to believe it never had existence: we have inquired of Russians, who had no knowledge of it; of our own countrymen, who never heard of it. He quotes its description, he says, in the original, 'because it would lose its *naïveté* (its disgusting beastliness) ' by translation, and because some of the terms, when translated, might not be suitable for the British public.' No, indeed, nor any other public:—the details into which he frankly enters, in addition to the Frenchmen's ribaldry, give us a meaner opinion of Dr. Lyall's judgment and sense of propriety, than all the idle and gossiping stories, and they are not a few, contained in his book.

Our author, we suspect, was no favourite among the Russian ladies; he will not even allow them the faint praise, which Dr. Clarke gives them, of being beautiful; but thinks the Doctor must have laboured under some strange delusion: for himself—he unhesitatingly pronounces them ugly, addicted to sensuality, infidelity, grossness, and every other vice that besets the male sex. As if this were not enough, he has recourse to some old writers, and ekes out a number of pages in describing what they were 150 or 200 years ago!—But, do they now daub their faces with paint?—are they now grossly fat?—do they still black their teeth and their eye-lashes?—and 'lye a-bed all day long drinking Russian brandy, (which will fatten extremely,) then sleep, and afterwards drink again, like swine designed to make bacon?' Dr. Lyall boldly answers in the affirmative; and adds, that 'these characteristics are common to all ranks of the Russian females'! this we know to be untrue, as well as the vile daubing of Storch, with which the doctor seems to be greatly delighted, and which he pronounces 'exceedingly just'!—'what ladies can lay on more paints than the wives of the Russian merchants, as they waddle along under the burden of their pampered, sleek, and shining collops of fat, bedizened with all the magnificence that pearls and lace can bestow?' His own description of these amiable creatures follows:—

'The wives of the Russian merchants, whose circumstances permit it, pass their lives in little else than ordering the preparation of food, eating and drinking, and repose and sleep. They do not work themselves, they take almost no charge of their children, whom they commit to the guidance of wet nurses immediately after birth; and as they are surrounded by servants, they contract the most indolent habits. A number

ber of them very frequently meet together and make merry; and even when alone, many of them get intoxicated. They then betake themselves to bed, which is often placed over a *lejanka*, (the flat part of many ovens,) and from the internal heat of spirits, and the external heat of stoves, their faces become excessively flushed. When a husband returns from his affairs, and finds his wife thus laid up, while laughing, he addresses her in the mildest language, "*Shto ti Milinka; Ti napilas,*" "What, my dear! Thou art tipsey." And she replies in the tone of disease, "*Nyet u menya golova bolit,*" "No, I have a head-ache;" and there is no more said about the matter.—p. cxviii.

The doctor must have been in the *oven* himself to witness this interesting colloquy; notwithstanding which, however, we cannot give him credit for any very intimate knowledge of the Russian women. Mr. James, one of the most sensible and enlightened travellers in the north of Europe, speaks of them in very different terms, and Sir R. K. Porter, who married a Russian lady, says, 'the young women are amiable and virtuous, and the married ones ignorant of vice.' The doctor, however, is too pertinacious in his prejudices, to admit any part of this to be true; he has no opinion, he says, of the virtue of the young, or of the chastity of the married women.

'Freedom of speech, though not characteristic alone of the Russian ladies, cannot fail to attract observation. The openness with which even unmarried females speak of pregnancy, of confinement, of the diseases of child-birth, &c. in the presence of males, has often astonished and disgusted me. As a medical man, I soon found that delicacy of expression, and of allusion, used in Britain, when examining patients, altogether unnecessary in Russia. Indeed, in some cases, before gentlemen, I have been put to the blush by an open declaration, on the part of the sick, of that at which I had only ventured to hint.—This practice is peculiarly disgusting during meals. If the words, constipation, diarrhoea, obstructions, hæmorrhoids, scrophula, and allusions to fashionable diseases, &c. be apt to influence the appetite, the stranger had better lay aside the intention of frequenting the open tables of the Russian nobility. I shall now relate a few facts which illustrate the manners of the female sex, married and unmarried, it being understood that there are exceptions.'—p. cxxi.

Exceptions! why is it possible that a man who calls himself a physician, and who of course ought to know something of the force of words, can thus blunder between exceptions and generalities?—yet so it is—and the doctor proceeds to revel in impurity with great apparent satisfaction. We shall not follow him, of course, and therefore take leave of this most displeasing part of the subject, with one of his illustrations of the *general* want of virtue in the Russian ladies.

'At Kaséno, about eight or nine miles from Moscow, there is a lake which

which is celebrated for curing diseases, and especially "the curse of barrenness;" and hence it is often called the *prolific lake*. This village is much frequented, particularly on Sundays, and the *devotees*, male and female, after attending divine service in an adjoining church, as in the times of primeval innocence, bathe promiscuously in the lake; and then, very frequently, withdraw to the shades of the neighbouring woods. A friend of mine was one of a Sunday dinner-party in the country, who, in their way home, made a *détour* to Kaséno. When near the bathing-place, which was then in the open air, they quitted their carriages, and my friend, with a lady of high rank, led the van. Perceiving some individuals in the water, in a state of nature, he suddenly stopped, but the lady made a movement, and they advanced. At the brink of the bath, she said to him, "*Ce n'est rien. Pourquoi avoir une honte dénaturée?*" —p. cxxii.

Without stopping to argue the point, whether such an expression may not be '*un peu forte*,' we think there would be no difficulty in finding, in other countries, women of the most scrupulous virtue, who, at the moment, might unreflectingly make use of words of a similar import, without suspecting that they were laying the whole community of ladies of rank under the imputation of being loose in their language, and abandoned in their morals. We do not believe, however, that any Russian lady ever used such an expression at Kaséno—nay, further, we do not believe that any such bathing parties have existed for the last half-century. But we must here drop the ladies, who, we more than suspect, are indebted for their character to some personal offence; they need not, however, be uneasy at the doctor's censure, as he is the only modern traveller who has not spoken of them in terms of praise.

The merchants, as we have already said, he indiscriminately pronounces to be '*villains*.' It is much easier to lose a good character than to acquire one, and just the reverse with regard to a bad one, which generally sticks to nations as well as individuals; and since Peter the Great, when asked why he refused to let the Jews come into Russia, jocularly replied, '*Because I am afraid my subjects will cheat them*;' it is enough for Dr. Lyall to consider them all cheats to this day.

'In their dealings,' he tells us, 'no check is imposed upon the rapacity and fraud of the Russians by the fear of detection, the consciousness of shame, the sense of justice, or the love of honour. Speciousness, craft, dishonesty, swindling, lying, and even perjury, form the general lineaments of the character of all the guilds of the Russian merchants, and of the burgesses; and the interstices may be filled up by adding the less prominent and allied vices which disgrace human nature.'

This is pretty charitable for one who makes a parade of his Christian '*benevolence and good will towards mankind*;' but then

then he piously assures us, that while their moral degradation rouses his disgust and indignation, it awakens his sympathy and compassion.

‘How soothing,’ he tenderly exclaims, ‘would it be to my bosom, could I anticipate a speedy change; but alas! the pitiable state of the merchants is deeply entwined with the wofully corrupt administration and the political condition of the empire: it forms one of the rotten spokes of one of the rotten wheels which hitherto have kept the mighty rotten machine of civil administration in motion.’

Lord Macartney, however, has declared the merchants to be, ‘in general, a very orderly sort of people, equally decent in their houses and in their appearance;’ and he adds, that ‘they are the most devout and religious class of people in the empire; have an extreme veneration, obedience, and respect for their parents, and a remarkable scrupulosity in taking an oath.’ How such men can be charged with being addicted to perjury, is best known to those who manufacture those national libels in which the doctor so liberally deals. Had he but for a moment recollected or known the extent of their mercantile concerns with this and other countries of Europe and America—had he known that, exclusive of Archangel and the Black Sea, 9000 vessels pass the Sound annually, mostly for the ports of Russia, of which more than 3000 are British, he would not—at least no other person with that knowledge would—have dared to vilify so respectable a body of men.

Dr. Lyall appears to be nearly as well acquainted with the state of the clergy, and the ritual and superstitions of the Russian church, as that of the merchants; with the exception of some discussions on the practical parts of worship in his interminable history of Moscow, he dispatches this numerous class, who influence in no small degree the public manners, more especially of the middling ranks and peasantry, in half a page! In this brief account he sets out with the ignorant assertion, that the high clergy are all monks. Now the high or superior clergy consist of metropolitans, archbishops, and bishops, not one of whom has any concern with monasteries. The only order of monks is that of St. Basil, or, as it is sometimes called, St. Anthony; and the highest order is that of Archimandrite; and these, with their inferiors, are subject to the synod, and not to the bishops. Dr. Lyall, however, is right, we think, in saying, that *some* of the higher clergy, he might have said *most* of them, are men of information, and exemplary in their lives; nor do we feel any disinclination to agree with him when he adds, that the *popes*, or parish priests, are ignorant; that many of them are dissolute and irregular in their lives; that they indulge freely in potations of spirits; that no deference is paid to them; and that, in fact, they may be said to be excluded from genteel society.

It is not worth while to dwell on the various superstitions which prevail in the Greek church; they are pretty nearly the same, and about as rational, as those of the church of Rome; they differ in particular points of ceremony, but agree in essentials. Lord Macartney observes, that the Confession of the Catholic and Apostolic faith of the Greeks and Russians, confirmed by the patriarchs of Alexandria, Antioch, and Jerusalem in the year 1643, is whimsically divided under the three heads of *Faith, Hope, and Charity*: that to *Faith* are given the twelve articles of the Nicene Creed, and the Seven Sacraments; to *Hope* the Lord's Prayer and the Seven Beatitudes; and to *Charity* the ten commandments—the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost—the nine precepts of the Church—the seven deadly sins—seven charities to the bodies, seven charities to the souls of men—with various other boons, which our readers would scarcely thank us for enumerating. He also observes, that although the superstitious use of pictures (which must all be executed by artists of the Greek church) is very general, it is remarkable that the same cause which produced excellence in painting in Italy and other popish countries, has been utterly inoperative in Russia, there not being one good picture by a native in the whole country: this will appear the more extraordinary when it is considered that the Russians are admirable imitators, and that the nobility are particularly fond of pictures. The Emperor Alexander, however, has recently established an academy for painting in Petersburg.

In treating of the peasantry, our author speaks with becoming warmth of the intemperate language of the late Dr. Clarke on that subject. When that traveller talked of their being 'fed on the bark of trees, chaff and other refuse, quass-water, and fish oil,' Dr. Lyall supposes him to have spoken, not from his own observation, but from an account of Russia by one John Milton,* who wrote in the seventeenth century; and he adds, that it is 'a shocking misrepresentation:' he asserts, on the contrary, and we believe him, that they are better fed, clothed and lodged, than the peasantry of most European countries; and that, as Tooke has observed, a great part of them, especially such as belong to wealthy lords, 'live happily, grow rich, and would hardly be persuaded to change their condition for what passes under the name of freedom, but is commonly nothing more than a brilliant conceit;' that 'the majority of the Russian subjects fare better in their way than the great multitude in France, Germany, Sweden,

* We entirely acquit Dr. Lyall of having the slightest suspicion that 'The Brief History of Muscovia, by John Milton,' so contemptuously mentioned by him on several occasions, has been ascribed to our great poet, though published many years after his death: no satisfactory proof, however, has been produced of such being the fact.

and several other countries'—he might have included England—but then we enjoy in England this 'brilliant conceit,' which our peasantry justly value much more than all the 'cabbage-soup, millet-porridge, dried gudgeons and cucumbers, boiled mushrooms and other dainties,' of the Russian serfs, subject, as they all are more or less, to the caprice of those to whom they belong; though slavery, in Russia, it must be admitted, is stript of almost all its horrors. No master is permitted to flog his slaves; this punishment can only be awarded by an officer of justice, and inflicted by the police. Dr. Clarke, in his sweeping way, not only pronounces the whole population of the Russian empire to be slaves, but affirms that all ranks, from the highest to the lowest, are hourly liable to be flogged. 'The Emperor,' he says, 'canes the first of his grandees; princes and nobles cane their slaves; and the slaves their wives and daughters. Ere the sun dawns in Russia, flagellation begins; and throughout its vast empire cudgels are going, in every department of its population, from morning until night.' It is hardly necessary to say that this is a most ridiculous fable. We know that the neighbouring nation of China owes much of its quiet government to the whip and the bamboo; and so, perhaps, might the Tartarian and Moscovite provinces several centuries ago; but in the latter, as we have said, flagellation no longer exists, either as an 'imperial amusement,' or as a 'high privilege' of the superior nobility.

The following passage contains, we think, a sound practical view of the question respecting the freedom of the Russian peasantry, which is now agitating among the statesmen of the Russian empire:—

'Though domestic slavery be the most cruel and oppressive civil subjection, to those who have tasted the sweets of liberty, yet those ignorant of these sweets experience no privation; and such is the condition of the Russian peasantry. When they are educated, have learned what liberty is, and to prize its blessings, it will be time to give them their freedom. That this step may be taken with caution, and only a part of the empire set free at a time, must be the wish of every man acquainted with Russia, and every philanthropist who has studied human nature on the great scale, by the history of nations, and of the world.'—p. cxli.

We are not much surprized that Dr. Lyall should have omitted all mention of the Russian soldier, who acts so important a part in the great mass of the population; a defect which we perceive he has somewhat supplied in a subsequent pamphlet; by which it appears that military colonies are establishing along the whole frontier line of Poland. Each serf (for these colonies are confined to the imperial villages) receives into his family a soldier, who in return assists him in his agricultural labours. The consequence

consequence is, that he intermarries, has children, and these children become soldiers. Such a system is well calculated to make the Russian army completely national. The native Russian is, in fact, an excellent soldier; for patience, perseverance, and strict obedience, he has, perhaps, no equal. His courage, however, is rather of a passive than active quality; he will march to the breach without flinching, and follow his leader to the cannon's mouth, but he is rarely animated by the spirit of enterprise. As every thing must be magnificent in Russia, their army well deserves that epithet; such a body of men are, unquestionably, not to be surpassed in all Europe; but it is a body not easily put in motion. With the exception of the Generals Sacken, Wittgenstein, and Woronzoff, there are but few officers who would know how to manœuvre a body of 20,000 men. This grand machine of 600,000 effective men renders Russia invulnerable to any attack from without; but it is immoveable beyond the frontier without such sums of money as Russia can neither supply nor command.

On the character of the navy Dr. Lyall is equally silent. In fact, Russia can scarcely be said to have a navy; nor can she ever hope to have an efficient fleet while her navigation is confined to the Baltic, the Caspian, and the Black Seas. Yet she is constantly building ships at Archangel, to be laid up at Cronstadt—an expense which, as it appears to us, might well be avoided. She has but two experienced Admirals, and they are both Englishmen; the one, Crown, formerly a master in the English navy, commands in the Baltic; the other Greig, in the Black Sea. Some of their inferior officers, however, are active and intelligent men; and in particularizing Krusenstern, it is but justice to say, that, to a thorough knowledge of his profession, both practical and scientific, he unites a most zealous and anxious desire for the honour of the naval service of his country. Russia, however, is not naval. She has no regular establishment for the education of officers and seamen; but both are made on the spur of the occasion; yet such is their docility and aptness at imitation, that they soon become very competent to all the duties of seamanship. When, in the course of last war, a Russian squadron under Admiral Crown joined our North-sea fleet, the admiral was actually seen on the top-sail yard instructing his people to furl the sail; in the course of two months, however, to the surprize of all our officers, they were able, by daily exercise, to go through all the manœuvres and evolutions of the fleet.

Dr. Lyall gives a frightful account of the abuses which prevail in all the departments of the civil administration of the empire, as well as in those of the army and the navy, which he palliates however to a certain degree, on account of the very inadequate salaries

granted to them by the state; conceiving that it follows as a matter of course, that they must either act inconsistently with their rank, resign their places, or resort to improper measures for bettering their incomes. In Russia, he says, bribes are '*genteelly* called presents,' and are intended merely to excite a person to do his duty, and to recompense him for his time and trouble; they are, in fact, fees of office, which, half a century ago, were as common in the departments of other governments as they now appear to be in Russia.

But our author goes a step further, and asserts that 'corruption and bribery' are equally characteristic of the 'cabinet council of His Imperial Majesty as of the meanest tribunal.'

'It is a fact, revolting to human nature, that senators, who are clothed in scarlet, and covered with embroidery, who ride in their carriages and four, and who live in the highest style, will condescend to receive a twenty-five rouble, or, some say, even a ten rouble note, as a bribe; and in the most simple affairs the process is protracted till the fee be paid. In the senate, justice may truly be said to be put up to auction, and to be bought by the highest bidder; and the fluctuations of decision, according to the presents or the promises of the opposing parties, have, at times, exceeded all credibility.'—p. clv.

The author concludes what he calls his 'dreary review' by informing us that the whole system of the administration of Russia is like 'the tissue of a decayed spider's web, or rather like the centre of an immense wheel held together by rotten spokes;' that 'corruption supports corruption, rottenness props rottenness; and this explains how the machine still continues its onward progress:—to our dull apprehension, we confess, it explains nothing; nor do we well understand how a 'slight concussion,' by 'sympathy,' can so 'diffuse its force uniformly throughout the whole, that no part gives way; for when one part gives way, the whole will fall.' How it has held together for so many centuries, when infinitely more rotten than at present, and why it should now fall, after it has, by his own admission, been uniformly improving, the Doctor does not explain. While the emperor is, according to his own account, labouring in every possible way to check abuses, to extend toleration to all, to spread the sacred truths of the gospel through the means of Bible societies, to establish schools on the Madras system in every part of his extensive empire, and to encourage literature and the arts in his dominions, we should rather be inclined to think that this 'rotten machine,' whose fall he so unhesitatingly prophesies, was at no period of its existence in so sound a state as the present. The Doctor himself admits that a great and salutary change is taking place. He gives a list of the journals and newspapers already established, and says—

'While

* While we lament the fettered state of the press, and curse the detestable and corrupt censorship, we must rejoice at the advance of mind to which that list bears testimony. Some of the journals are much read, especially those which treat of general history, and of the politics of the day. The number of universities, of academies, of gymnasia, of public schools, of private schools (*pensions*), of bible societies, and of other institutions in Russia, taken collectively, and in connection with the above fact, show us that a mighty engine is at work in the civilization of that country. In the perusal of the descriptions of the learned establishments of Moscow, the reader, however, will perceive, that I am not apt to augur without consideration, and that I am very sensible of the difficulties which oppose themselves in Russia to the wonted effects of such institutions in a free country. Of late, one feature of the gazettes has forcibly struck me; scarcely a number comes forth which does not contain the notice of a new school, bible society, or charitable institution, somewhere in the autocratic territories.—p. cxxv.

When to these means of general knowledge are added the universal system of establishing schools for the instruction of the children of the military as well as of the peasantry, and the number of travelled and enlightened officers not much short of fifty thousand, many of them men of education, who have witnessed in their recent campaigns the manners and customs of other nations, there can be little doubt that a spirit of improvement is silently working its way throughout the Russian empire, which will extend to all ranks and classes of its subjects. Let but every possible facility be given to the gradual but complete liberation of the serfs; let lands be distributed to them, of which there are millions of acres of the first quality lying waste; let roads of communication be made, (and the making of them may be one of the conditions of granting lands,) and the fine navigable rivers be connected by means of canals, and all that can be desirable to constitute a good government will necessarily follow. Much of this appears, indeed, to be already in train.

Of the state of the gaols, the amount of crime, and the punishments awarded for criminal offences, Dr. Lyall tells us literally nothing; he probably had nothing to paint in dark colours on this score; for it is well known that in no nation of Europe are there so few criminals of any description as in Russia; and yet if ignorance, idleness, drunkenness and penury be, as they are generally considered to be, the parents of crime, the readers of Dr. Lyall's book would naturally conclude that robberies and murders must desolate the country. The inferior clergy, he tells us again and again, are all drunkards, the merchants and their wives are drunkards, the peasantry are drunkards, and the nobility, besides being drunkards, every thing that is vile—and yet the largest empire in the world is the most exempt from those higher crimes, which in other countries are deemed deserving of capital punishment!

Dr. Lyall, and persons of his *liberal* way of thinking, are so accustomed to dabble in idle speculations on revolutions, and representative governments, and the sovereign will of the people, that we are not in the least surprized at his contradictory opinions with regard to Russia; but if he for a moment supposes that Russia is arrived at that state of general knowledge, which fits her for a deliberative assembly of her people chosen to represent the several interests of her widely extended empire, his residence in that empire must have tended little to the sanity of his political views. What possible good, we would ask, could be expected from the delegates of the various nations and clans of different manners, feelings, language, religions, and customs—of Cossacks—Calmucs—Kirgisses—Monguls—Muscovites, &c.! Such an assembly, in attempting to make laws, and administer justice, to meet the views of their respective constituents, would create a confusion equal to that at the building of Babel.

The Emperor Alexander, who is unquestionably one of the best informed and most intelligent personages in his empire, is said to be fully impressed with the happy state of that monarch, the responsibility of whose acts rests solely on the heads of his advisers; but, at the same time, he is also aware that his forty-five millions of subjects are by no means in a condition to receive the great boon of a representative government. Whatever his views may be, his measures are evidently preparatory to that desirable end. Those indeed who have attended to the change which has been gradually operating since the expulsion of the French from Russia are sanguine in their hope of such a regeneration in the government of that mighty empire, as must ultimately give freedom to all classes of her subjects, not by violently ‘tearing in pieces the political hydra,’ as Dr. Lyall in one of his fits of splenetic and inconsistent philanthropy wildly recommends, but by those sure and quiet measures, which revolutionary enthusiasm cannot or will not see, but which are contemplated with pleasure by the wise and the good.

ART. IX.—*Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery.* By Mary Russell Mitford, Author of *Julian*, a Tragedy. 8vo. 1824.

WE have no passion for ‘breaking a butterfly upon the wheel,’ and should not notice this little volume, if we were not on the whole pleased with its contents. The sketches of country scenery, in which it abounds, have such a convincing air of locality; the human figures, interspersed among them, are touched in such a laughter-loving, good-humoured spirit of caricature, innocent, and yet often pungent withal, that we scarcely know a more

more agreeable portfolio of trifles for the amusement of an idle hour. Abundant matter for small criticism, indeed, might be found in the details of the work. In the first place, several of the pieces have too much of the manner of Teniers about them; particularly for the productions of a female pencil. They are too broad and Flemish in the outlines, too low in the situations, and too coarse in the expression, although, doubtless, free from intentional offence or impurity of thought. Miss Mitford is painting rural scenes and often humble life, it is true; and we are not fastidious enough to desire that she should people the tufted hedges, rows and green uplands, the wild heaths and the shady lanes of her village, with the costume of the drawing-room; as artists of the last century were wont to adorn their prim landscapes with laced macaronies and furbelowed dames. But she seems to have forgotten, or to have yet to learn, that vulgarity is not nature; and that it is very possible—a truth which the example of several amiable writers of her own sex might have taught her—to seize, and to record with fidelity, the peculiarities of uneducated society, without identifying herself too closely with them; to describe the manners, the occupations, and even the pastimes of her rustic neighbours, without adopting their vulgarisms of language, or descending to clothe her ideas in the phraseology of the dog-kennel and the kitchen.

We notice these defects in Miss Mitford's volume with no uncourteous spirit; and we expose them with the less hesitation, because the style of expression of which we complain is quite foreign to the poetical refinement of fancy displayed in some of her earlier productions, and is in a great degree assumed, very injudiciously, for the present occasion. It is really provoking to find a lady, who has evidently been reared in the lap of English country gentility—that pure retreat of simple pretensions, elegant sufficiency, and intellectual tastes, the proudest boast of our island—and who has, moreover, communed much with the chastest part of our literature; it is really provoking to find her studiously labouring to familiarize herself with the use, and to soil her pages by the introduction of such low and provincial corruptions of language as 'transmogrified,' 'betweeny,' 'dumppiness,' 'rolypoly,' 'kickshaws,' 'hurry-scurry,' 'scrap-dinners,' 'pot-luck,' and similar flowers of diction scarcely worthy of Lady Morgan. We should have been better satisfied also, to have found Miss Mitford less ambitious of astonishing us male creatures by her acquaintance with the mysteries of cricketing and coursing: it is very difficult for a lady to descant gracefully upon the athletic qualities of blacksmiths and ploughmen, the merits of batters and bowlers, of long-stops and fielders, and the arithmetic of notches

and innings. But it is against the unnatural amalgamation of the craft of the kennel with the light and tasteful pursuits of her sex, that we especially protest. The worrying of the poor timid hare should excite any emotion but pleasure in a female breast; and such technical jargon as the following passage, on the good points of a greyhound, is strangely unbecoming a female mouth.

‘His old dog, Hector, for instance, for whom he refused a hundred guineas: what a superb dog was Hector!—a model of grace and symmetry, necked and crested like an Arabian, and bearing himself with a stateliness and gallantry that shewed some “conscience of his worth.” He was the largest dog I ever saw; but so finely proportioned, that the most determined fault-finder could call him neither too long nor too heavy. There was not an inch too much of him. His colour was the purest white, entirely unspotted, except that his head was very regularly and richly marked with black. Hector was certainly a perfect beauty. But the little bitches, on which his master piqued himself still more, were not, in my poor judgment, so admirable. They were pretty little round, graceful things, sleek and glossy, and for the most part milk-white, with the smallest heads, and the most dove-like eyes that were ever seen. There was a peculiar sort of innocent beauty about them, like that of a roly-poly child. They were as gentle as lambs too; all the evil spirit of the family evaporated in the gentlemen. But, to my thinking, these pretty creatures were fitter for the parlour than the field. They were strong, certainly, excellently loined, cat-footed, and chested like a war-horse; but there was a want of length about them—a want of room, as the coursers say; something a little, a very little, inclining to the clumsy; a dumpiness, a pointer look. They went off like an arrow from a bow; for the first hundred yards nothing could stand against them; then they began to flag, to find their weight too much for their speed, and to lose ground from the shortness of the stroke. Up hill, however, they were capital. There their compactness told. They turned with the hare, and lost neither wind nor way in the sharpest ascent. I shall never forget one single-handed course of our good friend’s favourite little bitch Helen, on W. hill. All the coursers were in the valley below, looking up to the hill-side as on a moving picture. I suppose she turned the hare twenty times on a piece of green sward not much bigger than an acre, and as steep as the roof of a house. It was an old hare—a famous hare, and one that had baffled half the dogs in the county; but she killed him; and then, though almost as large as herself, took it up in her mouth, brought it to her master, and laid it down at his feet. Oh how pleased he was! and what a pleasure it was to see his triumph!”—pp. 51—53.

We would earnestly recommend our fair friend to leave the qualities of the ‘little bitches,’ and the gross technicalities of the sports of the field, to her coursing acquaintance, the gentleman farmer.

We have taken the trouble of making these observations, because Miss Mitford is really capable of better things; and we have

have no doubt that our hints will not be thrown away on her. While we are engaged in this ungracious office of censure, we must say a few words more. We like the conceit of pastoral infantine simplicity as little as the assumption of coarseness; the baby frock and pinafore as little as the russet gown and hunting whip. Miss Mitford's greyhound, May, and her little spoiled favourite Lizzy, the carpenter's daughter, are tedious beyond endurance; and the repetition of her chidings and caresses to the one, and of her colloquies with the other, is sadly puerile and unmeaning. "Faster, my Lizzy! Oh what a bad runner!" "Faster, faster! Oh what a bad runner," echoed my sauce-box. "You are so fat, Lizzy, you make no way!" "Ah! who else is fat?" retorted the darling. Certainly her mother is right, I do spoil that child. In the same spirit we have whole pages devoted to the process of making a *cowslip ball* for the child—miserably tiresome—and another paper on '*Violeting*.' There is no greater charm in woman than the enthusiastic admiration of nature; but the feeling should be tempered by discretion, and not evaporate into mere 'babbling o' green fields.'

But we have done with censure, and gladly pass to the work of commendation. We have only torn away the weeds from this flower-bed of rural sweets with an impatient hand, that we might clear the soil and show the beauties of the collection relieved from so worthless an admixture.—The volume opens with a natural and lively picture of her Berkshire village, which introduces us very minutely and agreeably to its simple tenants and scenery. The delineation occupies, however, more space than we can afford to give it; and we shall copy only the landscape from the distance.

'The road winding down the hill with a slight bend, like that in the High-street at Oxford; a waggon slowly ascending, and a horseman passing it at full trot—half way down, just at the turn, the red cottage of the lieutenant, covered with vines, the very image of comfort and content; farther down, on the opposite side, the small white dwelling of the little mason; then the lines and the rope-walk; then the village street, peeping through the trees, whose clustering tops hide all but the chimneys, and various roofs of the houses, and here and there some angle of a wall: farther on, the elegant town of B——, with its fine old church towers and spires; the whole view shut in by a range of chalky hills; and over every part of the picture, trees so profusely scattered, that it appears like a woodland scene, with glades and villages intermixed. The trees are of all kinds and all hues, chiefly the finely-shaped elm, of so deep and bright a green, the tips of whose high outer branches drop down with such a crisp and garland-like richness, and the oak, whose stately form is just now so splendidly adorned by the sunny colouring of the young leaves. Turning again up the hill, we find ourselves on that

that peculiar charm of English scenery, a green common, divided by the road; the right side fringed by hedge-rows and trees, with cottages and farm houses irregularly placed, and terminated by a double avenue of noble oaks; the left, prettier still, dappled by bright pools of water, and islands of cottages and cottage gardens, and sinking gradually down to corn-fields and meadows, and an old farm-house, with pointed roofs and clustered chimneys, looking out from its blooming orchard, and backed by woody hills.—(pp. 14—16.)

Among Miss Mitford's sketches of rural scenes for which we cannot find room, we may notice with sincere praise 'The Winter Landscape,' (p. 27.) and 'The Orchard Harvest,' (p. 242.) Of her descriptions of rural character, 'The Village Beau,' (pp. 188—198.) has merit and humour, and 'Country Boys,' (pp. 206—9.) are evidently drawn from the life, and with considerable spirit. But beyond all comparison, the best portrait of low life in the volume is that of Tom Cordery, the poacher of 'the wild north-of-Hampshire country,' as she calls it;—a country of which we know something ourselves. It is a kind of border land of humanity, with more rudeness and desolation of aspect than the traveller might look for within half a day's journey of this great metropolis; a desert through which the Loddon—Pope's Loddon—steals its infant course, marking its track by a low valley of scanty verdure and of gnarled and stunted oaks; an oasis of cultivation in a wild ocean of heath, which swells into huge dark billows of hills, and repairs its want of absolute mountain grandeur by the imposing effect of its immensity of solitude. On the skirts of this dreary region, fifty years ago, the highwayman prowled; and it is less than half that period since the major part of its scattered population were deer-stealers, who exercised their depredations upon the adjacent royal forest of Windsor. The peasantry of this district, where market-towns are not, and in which, until lately, there was little busy intercourse, are still half a century behind the rest of the country in civilization. The very hamlet churches which they frequent have the touch of antiquity upon them, and the thinly planted farm-houses bear record, with their peaked gables and pointed chimnies, of the passage of two centuries. Miss Mitford's Tom Cordery is a faithful copy of the poacher of the last generation who stalked through these wilds, and we doubt not that a few individuals of the same species may be found in them even at this day. There is something of the manner of Crabbe in her delineation; but we shall take part of it as it stands.

'This human oak grew on the wild North-of-Hampshire country, of which I have before made honourable mention; a country of heath and hill, and forest, partly reclaimed, inclosed, and planted by some of the greater proprietors, but for the most part uncultivated and uncivilized;
a proper

a proper refuge for wild animals of every species. Of these the most notable was my friend Tom Cordery, who presented in his own person no unfit emblem of the district in which he lived—the gentlest of savages; the wildest of civilized men. He was by calling rat-catcher, hare-finder, and broom-maker; a triad of trades which he had substituted for the one grand profession of poaching, which he followed in his younger days with unrivalled talent and success, and would, undoubtedly, have pursued till his death, had not the bursting of an overloaded gun unluckily shot off his left hand. As it was, he still contrived to mingle a little of his old unlawful occupation with his honest callings; was a reference of high authority amongst the young aspirants, an adviser of undoubted honour and secrecy—suspected, and more than suspected, as being one “who, though he played no more, o’erlooked the cards.” Yet he kept to windward of the law, and indeed contrived to be on such terms of social and even friendly intercourse with the guardians of the game on M. common, as may be said to prevail between reputed thieves and the myrmidons of justice in the neighbourhood of Bow-street.—

‘Never did any human being look more like that sort of sportsman commonly called a poacher. He was a tall, finely-built man, with a prodigious stride, that cleared the ground like a horse, and a power of continuing his slow and steady speed, that seemed nothing less than miraculous. Neither man, nor horse, nor dog, could out-tire him. He had a bold, undaunted presence, and an evident strength and power of bone and muscle. You might see by looking at him, that he did not know what fear meant. In his youth he had fought more battles than any man in the forest. He was as if born without nerves, totally insensible to the recoils and disgusts of humanity. I have known him take up a huge adder, cut off its head, and then deposit the living and writhing body in his brimless hat, and walk with it coiling and wreathing about his head, like another Medusa, till the sport of the day was over, and he carried it home to secure the fat. With all this iron stubbornness of nature, he was of a most mild and gentle demeanour, had a fine placidity of countenance, and a quick blue eye beaming with good humour. His face was sunburnt into one general pale vermilion hue that overspread all his features; his very hair was sunburnt too.’—

‘Every body liked Tom Cordery. He had himself an aptness to like, which is certain to be repaid in kind—the very dogs knew him, and loved him, and would beat for him almost as soon as for their master. Even May, the most sagacious of greyhounds, appreciated his talents, and would as soon listen to Tom sohoing as to old Tray giving tongue.

‘Behind those fallows, in a nook between them and the hill, rose the uncouth and shapeless cottage of Tom Cordery. It is a scene which hangs upon the eye and the memory, striking, grand—almost sublime, and above all, eminently foreign. No English painter would choose such a subject for an English landscape; no one, in a picture, would take it for English. It might pass for one of those scenes which have furnished models to Salvator Rosa. Tom’s cottage was, however, very thoroughly national and characteristic; a low, ruinous hovel, the door

of

of which was fastened with a sedulous attention to security, that contrasted strangely with the tattered thatch of the roof and the half broken windows. No garden, no pig-stye, no pens for geese, none of the usual signs of cottage habitation:—yet the house was covered with nondescript dwellings, and the very walls were animate with their extraordinary tenants: pheasants, partridges, rabbits, tame wild-ducks, half tame hares, and their enemies by nature and education, the ferrets, terriers, and mongrels, of whom his retinue consisted. Great ingenuity had been evinced in keeping separate these jarring elements; and by dint of hutches, cages, fences, kennels, and half-a-dozen little hurdled inclosures, resembling the sort of courts which children are apt to build round their card-houses, peace was in general tolerably well preserved. Frequent sounds, however, of fear or of anger, as their several instincts were aroused, gave token that it was but a forced and hollow truce; and at such times the clamour was prodigious. Tom had the remarkable tenderness for animals when domesticated, which is so often found in those, whose sole vocation seems to be their destruction in the field; and the one long, straggling, unceiled, barn-like room, which served for kitchen, bed-chamber, and hall, was cumbered with bipeds and quadrupeds of all kinds and descriptions—the sick, the delicate, the newly caught, the lying-in. In the midst of this menagerie sate Tom's wife, (for he was married, though without a family—married to a woman lame of a leg, as he himself was minus an arm,) now trying to quiet her noisy inmates, now to outscold them. How long his friend, the keeper, would have continued to wink at this den of live game, none can say: the roof fairly fell in during the deep snow of last winter, killing, as poor Tom observed, two as fine litters of rabbits as ever were kittened. Remotely, I have no doubt that he himself fell a sacrifice to this misadventure. The overseer, to whom he applied to re-instate his beloved habitation, decided that the walls would never bear another roof, and removed him and his wife, as an especial favour, to a tidy, snug, comfortable room in the work-house. The work-house! From that hour poor Tom visibly altered. He lost his hilarity and independence. It was a change such as he had himself often inflicted—a complete change of habits, a transition from the wild to the tame. No labour was demanded of him; he went about as before, finding hares, killing rats, selling brooms; but the spirit of the man was departed. He talked of the quiet of his old abode, and the noise of his new; complained of children and other bad company; and looked down on his neighbours with the sort of contempt with which a cock pheasant might regard a barn-door fowl. Most of all did he, braced into a gipsy-like defiance of wet and cold, grumble at the warmth and dryness of his apartment. He used to foretell that it would kill him, and assuredly it did so. Never could the typhus fever have found out that wild hill side, or have lurked under that broken roof. The free touch of the air would have chased the demon. Alas, poor Tom! warmth, and snugness, and comfort, whole windows and an entire ceiling, were the death of him. Alas, poor Tom!—pp. 165—176.

After this, we turn to a sketch of quite an opposite character—the

the portrait of an 'Old Bachelor;' a lover of gastronomic science, who knew when a wild-duck was 'roasted to half a turn,' a man of family, and a retired fellow of a college.

'In person he was a tall, stout, gentlemanly man, "about fifty, or by'r lady inclining to threescore," with fine features, a composed gravity of countenance and demeanour, a bald head most accurately powdered, and a very graceful bow—quite the pattern of an elderly man of fashion. His conversation was in excellent keeping with the calm imperturbability of his countenance and the sedate gravity of his manner—smooth, dull, common-place; exceedingly safe, and somewhat imposing. He spoke so little, that people really fell into the mistake of imagining that he thought; and the tone of decision with which he would advance some second-hand opinion, was well calculated to confirm the mistake. Gravity was certainly his chief characteristic, and yet it was not a clerical gravity either. He had none of the generic marks of his profession. Although perfectly decorous in life, and word, and thought, no stranger ever took Mr. Sidney for a clergyman. He never did any duty any where, that ever I heard of, except the agreeable duty of saying grace before dinner; and even that was often performed by some lay host, in pure forgetfulness of his guest's ordination. Indeed, but for the direction of his letters, and an eye to *** rectory, I am persuaded that the circumstance might have slipped out of his own recollection.

'His quality of old bachelor was more perceptible. There lurked under all his polish, well covered but not concealed, the quiet selfishness, the little whims, the precise habits, the primness and priggishness of that disconsolate condition. His man Andrews, for instance, valet, groom, and body-servant abroad; butler, cook, caterer, and majordomo at home; tall, portly, powdered and black-coated as his master, and like him in all things but the knowing pig-tail, which stuck out horizontally above his shirt collar, giving a ludicrous dignity to his appearance;—Andrews, who, constant as the dial pointed nine, carried up his chocolate and shaving-water, and regular as "the chimes at midnight," prepared his white-wine whey; who never forgot his gouty shoe in travelling, (once, for two days, he had a slight touch of that gentlemanly disorder,) and never gave him the newspaper unaired; to whom could this jewel of a valet, this matchless piece of clock-work belong, but an old bachelor? And his little dog Viper, unparagoned of terriers, black, sleek, sharp, and shrewd; who would beg and sneeze, and fetch and carry, like a Christian; eat olives, and sweetmeats, and mustard, drink coffee, and wine, and liqueurs; who but an old bachelor could have taught Viper his multifarious accomplishments?—

'Perhaps the chance of a rubber had something to do with his visits to our house. If there be such a thing as a ruling passion, the love of whist was his. Cards were not merely the amusement, but the business of his life. I do not mean as a money-making speculation; for although he belonged to a fashionable club in London, and to every card-meeting of decent gentility within reach of his country home, he never went beyond a regular moderate stake, and could not be induced to bet even
by

by the rashest defier of calculation, or the most provoking undervaluer of his play. It always seemed to me that he regarded whist as far too important and scientific a pursuit to be degraded into an affair of gambling. It had in his eyes all the dignity of a study; an acquirement equally gentlemanly and clerical. It was undoubtedly his test of ability. He had the value of a man of family and a man of the world, for rank, and wealth, and station, and dignities of all sorts. No human being entertained a higher respect for a king, a prince, a prime-minister, a duke, a bishop, or a lord. But these were conventional feelings. His genuine and unfeigned veneration was reserved for him who played a good rubber, a praise he did not easily give. He was a capital player himself, and held all his country competitors, except one, in supreme and undisguised contempt, which they endured to admiration. I wonder they did not send him to Coventry. He was the most disagreeable partner in the world, and nearly as unpleasant an adversary; for he not only enforced the Pythagorean law of silence, which makes one hate whist so, but used to distribute, quite impartially, to every one at table, little disagreeable observations on every card they played. It was not scolding, or grumbling, or fretting; one has a sympathy with those expressions of feeling, and at the worst can scold again; it was a smooth polite commentary on the errors of the party, delivered in the calm tone of undoubted superiority with which a great critic will sometimes take a small poet, or a batch of poets, to task in a review. How the people could bear it!—but the world is a good-natured world, and does not like a man the less for treating it scornfully.—p. 179.

Besides this picture of the 'Old Bachelor,' we would direct the reader's notice to two other papers of the same kind in the collection, 'Modern Antiques,' (p. 36.) and 'The Talking Lady,' (p. 107.)—both abounding in arch and amusing touches of character, which prove that Miss Mitford has observation and tact, and playful *badinage*, to catch higher follies as they fly, than the whims and eccentricities of village life. We hope she will employ these qualities for the future gratification of her readers; and we part from her in her own good-humoured mood, and with no disinclination to be her debtors for another smile.

ART. X.—*A Tour in Germany, and some of the Southern Provinces of the Austrian Empire, in the Years 1820, 1821, 1822.*
Edinburgh. 2 vols. 1824.

THESE volumes are ushered into the world with a modesty not common in our days. Will our readers believe that they are in duodecimo, and are actually without name, dedication, preface, introduction, vignette, or margin? But, whilst they make no professions, they are full of curious and interesting matter; offer a very masterly sketch of the present condition of Germany, moral,
political,

political, and literary; and tell their tale with great spirit, precision, and good taste.

Our tourist leaves Paris for Strasburgh, of which the kitchen no less than the language indicates that the Rhine has not always been the boundary of France, for national cookery and national character go closely together; accordingly, the German, who is a plain, straight-forward, unaffected person, satisfies himself with boiling his beef and roasting his mutton as it comes from the butcher's hands: the vanity of the Frenchman, on the contrary, leads him to think that there is nothing so good in nature or art, but he can make it better; he therefore sets about improving the creatures for food, till it is impossible to know whether they are birds or beasts or creeping things; and in the same spirit touches up the pictures of Raphael till they are almost equal to David.

Bidding adieu to the French custom-house officers, who playfully examine the baskets of the peasant girls on their return from the Strasburgh market, and smuggle a kiss or two in the transit, we find ourselves at Kehl, and are thence whirled along in a German diligence or 'neat post-waggon,' at the rate of three miles an hour, towards the capital of Baden. Carlsruhe, however, has little, except the presence of a small and insignificant court, to detain the stranger, and better things are in reserve. At Mannheim the memory of Sand is fondly cherished—the students (of whom we shall have occasion to speak more at large by and by) attempted to sow the field where he was executed with 'forget-me-not:' and the ladies, who thought little of the head, cried out lustily against the barbarity of cutting off his beautiful locks; the more sober-minded, however, though they might hate Kotzebue as a 'servile,' and pity Sand as a fanatic, had good sense enough to acquiesce in the justice of a sentence which punished murder with death.

Frankfort is a city where the people do nothing but 'dream of money-bags;' abounding with Jews ready to raise the markets by artificial monopolies, or to dart out of their dingy shops, bedecked with Hebrew superscriptions, upon the unwary passenger, with a 'what do you lack?'

Here assembles the diet, a piece of clumsy machinery which enables Prussia and Austria to govern all Germany. It is in vain that the small states with their half and quarter votes form the nominal majority, the will of the two great powers is absolute and uncontrolled: true it is, that the Confederation provides a public treasury, and a common army of defence, but the interests of Prussia and Austria direct the disposal of both; even in the states where representative governments have been established, the voice of the legislature cannot be heard on the most important of all subjects,

subjects, peace or war, and their parliaments must vote away the public money in spite of themselves, for the support of a cause in which they may have no concern, direct or indirect. Indeed, so thoroughly identified is the will of the *Diet* with that of the two leading members of the confederation, that though Weimar had been guaranteed in the use of liberal institutions and a free press, at Frankfort, she was compelled to submit to the imposition of a censorship at a subsequent congress of ministers at Carlsbad. But there is no alternative; the pitcher and pewter pots are unluckily swimming together, and collision would be productive of nothing but destruction to the weaker vessels. Such reason have we to be thankful for our insular situation, which effectually secures us from the miseries of unequal yoke-fellowship:—from the temptation to crush the liberties of others, or, what is as bad, to resign our own!

Weimar, the capital of the grand duchy of that name, is the Athens of Germany. Encouraged by the grand duke, the most popular of sovereigns, Wieland, Schiller, Göthe, and Herder resorted to his court, (the first of whom, indeed, had the charge of his education,) and by their united genius have shed a lustre over this little territory, not exceeding two hundred thousand souls in population, which nothing but its literature could have imparted to it. Of these intellectual potentates Göthe alone survives—now through years and infirmities withdrawn from a world with which he heretofore delighted to mix. Yet not long ago, when a concert was given at court in honour of a birth-day, the aged poet found his way thither late in the evening, and on his entrance the music ceased, court and princes were forsaken, and the grand duke himself advanced to lead up his grey-headed friend. The theatre, which used to be the scene of his glory, he has for some time deserted; whimsically driven away by the performance of a mastiff-dog in the Forest of Bondy, introduced under the auspices of an actress whom the court had its reasons for indulging. The profane animal (we mean the dog) persisted in pulling a bell by biting a sausage which was tied to a rope; and the spectators (who of old were apt to pique the poets by clamouring for ‘a bear and some boxers,’ in the midst of their best passages) most pertinaciously found food for merriment in the exertions of this histrionic brute. But this taste is not confined to Weimar. In the opera of *Olympia*, at Berlin, an elephant was one of the dramatic personæ, till, on the third night of the representation, the lads in the hind legs having quarrelled with those in the fore legs, the mighty beast was extended on the stage in terrible convulsions. Our author is not in the habit of dressing up old jokes with circumstantial particulars, or we should have suspected that he had
been

been borrowing a leaf from the facetious George Colman. Göthe, however, (to return to our tale,) has his revenge in the gradual decline of the theatre of Weimar, since it has been under (what Johnson might call) a *gynecocracy*; and that accident, after all, is not much to be regretted which dissolves the connection between the stage and a man of seventy-four. Amongst the ladies of Weimar as also of Saxony, there is a simplicity which is quite delightful; knitting and needle-work know no interruption at home or abroad, and a female going to a rout might forget her fan, but would assuredly remember her work-bag. At Dresden, even the theatre is not protected from the needle and knitting-pin, and our author has seen a lady gravely lay down her work, wipe away the tears which the sorrows of *Thekla* had brought into her eyes, and immediately proceed with her stocking-foot. It was, however, to be expected, that in a town which prides itself upon its learning, the softer sex would not always be free from pedantry, and accordingly, a few clubs of Blues have been formed to drink tea, and 'talk about Shakspeare, taste, and the musical glasses.'

The popularity of the reigning family was insured by its humane and generous efforts to relieve the wretchedness intailed on the country by the war which closed with the battle of Leipsic—every source of courtly expense was cut off for the purpose of administering to the wants of the houseless and fatherless peasantry, whose old village stories of 'witches on the Hartz, and legends of Number-Nip from the mountains of Silesia,' had given place to tales of individual misfortune, of desolation, and of blood; and however it may be credited, this sympathy has bound the people to the rulers far more closely than the representative government which the grand duke has since bestowed on them, and on which they are unenlightened enough to set a ludicrously little value.

'When the first election took place under the new constitution, considerable difficulty was experienced in bringing up the electors, particularly the peasantry, to vote. In defiance of the disquisitions of the liberal professors of Jena, they could not see the use of all this machinery:—Do we not pay the grand duke for governing us, they said, and attending to public business? why then give us all this trouble besides?'—v. i. p. 110.

Nay, after the experiment of a representative body has been tried during seven years, many still assert that matters went on quite as well, and more cheaply, without them. Neither could the grand duke with all his influence persuade the members to debate with open doors, so fearful were some of the rustic senators of public ridicule:—nor would they permit even an abstract of their journals to be printed, except on condition that the names of the speakers

should not appear. Half a guinea a day is the allowance at Weimar to each member during the session; and the representative of a county may be seen trudging to 'the house' with a crust in his pocket, and returning home with his wages in his fob. Out of doors few persons care one farthing what the one-and-thirty statesmen are doing within; and except that an oracular word may now and then escape from a senator at a table d'hôte, or that a couple of old gentlemen may gossip over a state-question as they lounge through the park, it is in vain to seek for symptoms that the great council of the nation is assembled at Weimar. An opera, a romance, or a sledge-party, is a subject of tenfold more interest; and politics are, as yet, the last thing thought about. Doubtless a taste for them will be created by degrees, and it is best that it should; when it comes to the birth an adult, it is too apt to start forth, like Minerva from her father's head, in arms. At a stage distance from Weimar is Jena, the most notorious (we use the word deliberately) of the German universities. The students, or Burschen as they call themselves, (a term signifying 'young fellows,' and by them self-appropriated,) are personages who figure so prominently at this moment in continental politics, and are so much bepraised by our liberal prints, that we are most happy in making a better acquaintance with them through the tourist, especially as it may render a more direct intercourse unnecessary. A German university, then, is conducted in a spirit of economy and at the same time of liberal thinking, which is certainly opposed to the woeful waste and bigotry of those venerable establishments of our own country, as they exist at present. Still, it may be hoped, that by the progressive spread of knowledge and the blessing of Scotch assistance which is so handsomely offered, our English prejudices on this point may at length be removed, and sounder principles be acted upon. The professors (who are appointed by the sovereign) rejoice in salaries of about eighty pounds a-year, though a judicious higgler will sometimes drive a bargain for five-and-twenty or thirty more. This is well; they are not too high-fed to work: which is, in their case, to give gratis lectures in the several departments of study; exercise jurisdiction over the students, and confer degrees. In due time, however, a discovery was made, (the learned Michaelis has the credit of it,) that though the statutes insisted on gratis lectures being given, there was no reason on earth why others that were not gratis should not be given too. This exposition of the law, which savours a little of the style of commentary that Peter applies to the shoulder-knots, was unanimously approved. The professors contrived (no doubt with difficulty) to make the public and gratis lectures dull and uninteresting, whilst they reserved all their

their strength for those which were private and profitable; of course, the former by degrees almost entirely disappeared, and amongst the hosts of professors at Jena there are now very few who have read a publicum in their lives.

The next step was to divide and subdivide the branches of study, that a separate course might be assigned to each, and lectures multiplied accordingly—here, however, much jockeyship was needful:—

One professor draws up the Gospel of St. John and the Acts of the Apostles; a second opposes to him the first three Evangelists, the fourth being already inlisted by his adversaries; the third takes them both in flank with the Works and Days of Hesiod; while the fourth skirmishes round them in all directions, and cuts off various stragglers by practical lucubrations in Greek syntax. Now if people think that they will learn Greek to better purpose from Professor Eichorn's Acts of the Apostles than from Professor Tyschen's three Gospels, the latter must just dispense with his students and rix-dollars;

When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war.

The former gentleman again leads on Oriental literature under the banner of the Book of Job; the latter takes the field undismayed, and opposes to him the Prophecies of Isaiah; but Professor Eichorn unmasks a battery of prelections in Arabian, and Professor Tyschen, apparently exhausted of regular troops, throws forward a course of lectures on the "*Ars Diplomatica*" to cover his retreat. In Latin, too, one professor starts the Satires of Persius against those of Horace, named by another, and Tully's Offices against the *Ars Poetica*; the one endeavours to jostle the other by adding Greek; but they are both Yorkshire, and the other adds Greek too.

Thus are men kept as they should be for the interests of sound learning, on a moderate *qui vive*, and prevented from rusting by monastic quietism. But it is not by these means only the professor strives to fill his pockets and his lecture-room; the young gentlemen, forsooth, must be courted and caressed by popular treats and timely compliances,—

pueris dant crustula blandi

Doctores—

And accordingly, discipline is relaxed—radicalism winked at—outrages overlooked; for what would otherwise be the consequence?—empty benches in the lecture-room, and a corresponding lack of rix-dollars to the lecturer. For the rigorous among their teachers, these gentlemen in statu pupillari, have hootings and pereats, for the indulgent, vivats and serenades.

It is nothing uncommon to see a venerable professor descend from among his folios to the filial youths who fiddle beneath his window at fall of night; and with cap in hand, while tears of tenderness dilate the rheum of his aged eyes, humbly thank the covered crowd for the inestimable honour. —v. i. p. 197.

Nay, further; to conciliate their hopeful disciples, the heads of a German university give a ball on Sunday evening at the Rose: and what Bursche who has a heart can withhold his fee on the Monday from the learned father of the delightful Miss Heavy-stern, with whom he had waltzed over-night? It would be quite edifying to see professors Dobree and Gaisford compelled to pay the like polite attention to the British youth.

We have hitherto confined ourselves to the teachers; let us now see the fruits of the system, as displayed in the taught.

During the hour of lecture (to give them their due) the Burschen behave well—take their seats—unfold their portfolios—stick the spike of their inkhorns in the desks, and make their notes; not neglecting, we trust, to enter such original pieces of information as that ‘Scotland is a Catholic country,’ of which they are assured by one professor; or that the term *post-captain*, as they are told by another, when used in the British navy, means the ‘captain of a ship that carries the mail.’—(v. ii. p. 97.) With this hour begins and ends all semblance of the student. Out of the class-room their occupations are as follows:—The day opens with the dispatch of such duels as have been agreed upon the preceding evening. The academical weapon is a sword, which may be taken to pieces, and concealed—the handle is put into the pocket—the plate is buttoned under the coat—the blade sheathed in a walking-stick.’—In these encounters, which are scandalously common, life is seldom actually forfeited, but wounds which ultimately impair the constitution are perpetually given and received. The whole affair is managed amongst themselves: the ‘Comment,’ a secret code of laws which the students bind themselves to observe, settles the preliminaries; the parties are tied to secrecy; and a medical student (himself one of the Burschen) attends as surgeon. The remaining spare hours of the forenoon and afternoon are spent in ‘*renowning*,’ (our American readers might understand the term, but for the benefit of those whose knowledge of English is more limited, we will explain):—To ‘*renown*,’ then, is to commit any extravagance, no matter what, which will attract notice; to quarrel amongst themselves—to tweak the Philistines, that is, insult the peaceable citizens—to create themselves into a duchy for drinking beer—to rub their coats against the wall till they are out at the elbows, and so forth. The studies of the evening are thus described:—

‘Step into the public room of that inn, on the opposite side of the market-place, for it is the most respectable in the town. On opening the door you must use your ears, not your eyes, for nothing is yet visible except a dense mass of smoke, occupying space, concealing every thing in it and beyond it, illuminated with a dusky light, you know not how,
and

and sending forth from its bowels all the varied sounds of mirth and revelry. As the eye gradually accustoms itself to the atmosphere, human visages are seen dimly dawning through the lurid cloud; then pewter jugs begin to glimmer faintly in their neighbourhood; and as the smoke from the phial gradually shaped itself into the friendly Asmodeus, the man and his jug slowly assume a defined and corporeal form. You can now totter along between the two long tables which have sprung up as if by enchantment; by the time you have reached the huge stove at the farther end, you have before you the paradise of German Burschen, destitute only of its Houris;—every man with his bonnet on his head, a pot of beer in his hand, a pipe or segar in his mouth, and a song upon his lips, never doubting but that he and his companions are training themselves to be the regenerators of Europe—that they are the true representatives of the manliness and independence of the German character, and the only models of a free, generous, and high-minded youth. They lay their hands upon their jugs, and vow the liberation of Germany; they stop a second pipe, or light a second segar, and swear that the Holy Alliance is an unclean thing.—p. 159.

Then from the corner of the room is trolled out a classical Ode to Bacchus, as thus:—

One can't always be studying; a carouse on occasion
Is a sine quâ non in a man's education:
One is bound to get muddy and mad now and then—
But our beer-jugs are empty, so fill them again.
Vivallerallerallera.

From another corner issue some hazy aspirations after liberty, somewhat in this fashion:—

Pledge round, brothers,—Jena for ever! huzza!
The resolve to be free is abroad in the land;
The Phillistine (too) burns to be joined with our band,
For the Burschen are free!
Pledge round, then—our country for ever! huzza!
While you stand like your fathers as pure and as true,
Forget not the debt to posterity due;
For the Burschen are free!

We remember that the politics of certain other pot-valiant gentlemen were precisely of this liberal cast—'Monster,' quoth Stephano, 'I will kill this man: his daughter and I will be king and queen (save our graces!) and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost thou like the plot, Trinculo?'—But the worst feature of a German university is the extraordinary spirit of clanship which prevails amongst the students. The *Landmannschaften*, or 'Countrymanships,' if we may use the word, are associations of young men from the same province or neighbourhood, existing for no academic purpose, but only formed to protect the members in the exercise of insolence and outrage, and

to assist them in propagating political speculations: Each *Landsmannschaft* is regularly organized—has its president, clerk, and counsellors, composing together a body which gives laws to the members of the club, and known by the name of a ‘Convent’—whilst the assembled presidents of all the *Landsmannschaften* in the university constitute the ‘Senior Convent,’ and superintend the general interests of the collective confederacies. The meetings of both these tribunals are regular, and secrecy is so effectually secured, that the most vigilant police has been hitherto unable to detect them. In one society it is enacted, that from the moment a member is brought up to be examined by the constituted authorities, touching his *Landsmannschaft*, he ceases to be a member, and can so make oath. In another it is provided that the inquiry ipso facto dissolves the body itself till the investigation is over, and so the culprit may swear that no such association exists. By these and the like Jesuitical practices and mental reservations, (for the end sanctifies the means,) all efforts at their suppression have been hitherto baffled. Should any youth of better feeling and more scrupulous conscience refuse to inlist, he is branded with the name of ‘a wild one;’ is hunted and harassed in every possible way till his constancy is at last overcome, and his peace purchased at the expense of his integrity. It may be added that these precious associations are sworn foes to each other, except when called upon to make common cause, and take every opportunity of inflicting on one another mortification and disgrace. Thus, if one fraternity announces a ball, another endeavours to spoil the sport by previously engaging all the fiddlers: or, if this should be impossible, the latter *Burschen* station themselves at the door, hoot, yell, sing, whistle, and break the windows. We wish the Germans better governments with all our hearts, but we have no faith in the aptitude of a crew of unshorn, jack-booted, beer-drinking lads, for regenerating a state; and we trust that the ‘Philistines’ will have spirit and sense enough to handcuff such blind prophets before they bury them in the ruins of all government whatever.

Such then are the advantages of a cheap and unendowed University; for it is idle to say that most of these abuses are the fruits of the times. They are the natural growth of a system where the superiors are without patronage to dispense amongst the deserving, and without means to set them above truckling to the worthless. Long may the noble institutions of our own land continue to shed over England their ‘useful light!’ Theorists may discover defects in their plan, and so they may in our trial by jury, but in practice they are both admirable—both congenial with our national

tional temper and taste—both mainly, perhaps equally, instrumental in forming our national character.

Our tourist now passes over the field of Lutzen, (would that Captain Dalgetty had been with him!) where Gustavus, the 'Lion of the North,' fought and died. The spot is marked by a few unhewn stones in the shape of a cross, on one of which is rudely carved 'Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, fell here for liberty of conscience.'—

'A shapeless mass that rises from the centre of the cross, and since that day has been called "the Stone of the Swede," bears merely the initials of the monarch's name. Though in a field, and close upon the road, neither plough nor wheel has been allowed to profane the spot. Some pious hand has planted round it a few poplars, and disposed within the circle some rude benches of turf, where the wanderer may linger and muse on the deeds and the fate of an heroic and chivalrous monarch.'—p. 225.

Royal Saxony, which our traveller now enters, yields to no part of Germany in the arts and elegancies of life. Leipsig, however, like Frankfort, is purely a place of trade; so that even the epitaphs in its cemeteries are drawn up in the form of bills of exchange.—(v. i. p. 229.) Here is the famous mart of German literature—every parturient author hastening to be delivered for the Easter fair at Leipsig, when his bantling is announced in the great catalogue, which was first printed in 1600, and has been annually continued ever since. The trade (as it is emphatically called) negotiates by a circuitous, and one would imagine an inconvenient process. Every respectable bookseller throughout Germany has an agent at Leipsig, through whom all business is transacted. Instead therefore of applying directly to the publisher for a new work, he sends to this commissioner at Leipsig, and through him the order reaches its destination.—Thus,

'If a bookseller from Berlin has ordered books from Vienna, Strasburgh, Munich, Stutgard, and a dozen other places, they are all deposited with his Leipsig agent, who then forwards them in one mass much more cheaply than if each portion had been sent separately and directly to Berlin.'—p. 234.

But in Germany neither author nor publisher has much chance of making a fortune. Each state of the confederation has its own law of copy-right, and the protection it affords, of course only extends over the territory itself; hence no sooner does a work of merit appear in one state, than it is pirated by the next, and as the same language is common to the whole confederation, nothing more is wanted than a mere reprint. This practice affords an explanation of several peculiarities which attach to German authorship—1. *The cheapness of literary labour*; for a publisher cannot

be expected to give much for a work, which, if it be bad, has no sale, and if good, is forthwith stolen. 2. *The frequency of publications by subscription*; for there is no other method by which even authors of the greatest genius can secure a reasonable profit. 3. *The coarseness of paper and types* for which German books are distinguished; for the publisher has no chance of competing with the pirate except by making his own edition too cheap to be undersold.

We now come to Dresden—the jocund, the gay, the light-hearted capital of Saxony. A noble bridge across the Elbe, of eleven arches, unites the old with the new town. The ramparts are converted into peaceful promenades; but (what is in worse taste) the substantial simplicity of the ancient Saxon houses is too frequently violated by trivial ornament and Grecian decoration. Yet it ill becomes us to cast this reproach on Saxony. It is piteous to remark, in our own cities, (as our author well observes,) ‘a cheesemonger’s wares reposing in state round the base of Doric pillars, and flitches of bacon proudly suspended from the volutes of the Ionic.’

For the tourist’s judicious critique on the far-famed gallery of Dresden, we cannot find room: the music, however, which he hears at the Catholic church, (the resort of the court, now as devoted to Rome as it was once opposed,) draws from him some remarks, which are both justly made and eloquently expressed. We are the more willing to submit the passage to our readers, as it may serve them for a fair specimen of the manner in which subjects of taste are handled in these interesting volumes:—

‘These are instruments (the violins) whose tones, to an untutored ear at least, do not harmonize with feelings of solemnity and devotion; and the crowd of them usually pressed into the service of the church, takes all distinctness and effect from the vocal music, which in reality becomes the accompaniment instead of the principal part of the composition. After hearing Mozart’s requiem, for example, performed at Berlin, with the full accompaniment of fiddles, so much did it gain in effect merely from their absence, that I could scarcely recognize the composition when given at Vienna simply by the choir and the organ, except where the trumpet, re-echoing along the lofty roof of St. Stephen, seemed to send its notes from the clouds, as it bore up the accompaniment at

Tuba mirum spargens sonum,
Per sepulchra regionum,
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Allegri’s famous *Miserere*, as sung in the Sistine chapel at Rome, during Easter, justifies the belief, that for purposes of devotion the unaided human voice is the most impressive of all instruments. If such a choir as that of his Holiness could always be commanded, the organ itself might

might be dispensed with. This, however, is no fair sample of the powers of vocal sacred music; and those who are most alive to the "concord of sweet sounds," forget that in a mixture of feeling by a scene so imposing as the Sistine chapel presents on such an occasion, it is difficult to attribute to the music only its own share in the overwhelming effect. The Christian world is in mourning; the throne of the pontiff, stripped of all its honours, and uncovered of its royal canopy, is degraded to the simple elbow-chair of an aged priest. The pontiff himself, and the congregated dignitaries of the church, divested of all earthly pomp, kneel before the cross in the unostentatious garb of their religious orders. As evening sinks, and the tapers are extinguished one after another at different stages of the service, the fading light falls ever dimmer and dimmer on the reverend figures. The prophets and saints of Michael Angelo look down from the ceiling on the pious worshippers beneath; whilst the living figures of his Last Judgment, in every variety of infernal suffering and celestial enjoyment, gradually vanish in the gathering shade, as if the scene of horror had closed for ever on the one, and the other had quitted the darkness of earth for a higher world. Is it wonderful that in such circumstances, such music as that famed *Miserere*, sung by such a choir, should shake the soul even of a Calvinist?—p. 260.

The government of Saxony is nominally vested in the king and the estates; the latter, however, consisting of an aristocracy afraid of forfeiting a court-dinner, and therefore wholly at the disposal of the monarch. The political usefulness of such a body is properly appreciated by the people, as the following proverbial *distich*, current amongst them, testifies:—

* The picture of our parliament is in these simple rhymes—
Assemble, give us money, and get home again betimes.

The king is rather more of a kill-joy than is seemly in a monarch, and shrouds himself from his laughter-loving citizens by a nebulous company of priests and confessors; he is, however, a good man; but the personal character of the sovereign cannot fully supply the want of a *lex scripta* to the subject; and accordingly tedious imprisonments, and dilatory judgments, and discretionary powers of the bench, work their usual troubles in the state, and instances occur of persons being dismissed as innocent, after a five years durance. By a weakness, not confined to Saxony, the confession of a culprit is necessary before capital punishment can be inflicted on him, and a species of torture, by incarceration, is therefore applied, which rarely fails of making even the scaffold welcome.

Dresden is perhaps the only respectable capital in Europe where no newspaper is published; a circumstance which seems rather to be accounted for by a want of political appetite in the place, and the vicinity of Leipzig, by whose journals what appetite

tite there is may be satisfied, than by any extraordinary severity of the censorship, especially as in the club-room of the 'Resource,' our tourist found not only all the French journals, but the Morning Chronicle and the Times alongside the Courier.

Erfurth, which he next visits, is now only important as a fortress. Its population, which at the end of the sixteenth century was 60,000, does not at present amount to a third of that number. Erfurth sunk as Leipzig rose. The last epoch of its splendour was in 1807, when Buonaparte summoned thither his congress of crowned heads, and brought with him from Paris a company of French actors. This was a cortège by which he was not usually attended; nor *then*, probably, without an object. Perhaps, to keep his vassals in good humour, he took a hint from the ambulatory theatre of Marshal Saxe, in which the principal actress would sometimes announce between the two pieces, '*Messieurs, demain relâche au théâtre à cause de la bataille que donnera Monsieur le Maréchal—après demain le Coq du Village,*' &c. &c. . . . Or perhaps he intended to impress his sceptered slaves with the stability of his power; for it is singular enough that both at Erfurth and at Weimar, he ordered Voltaire's '*Death of Cæsar*' to be given—as if in contempt of a very natural notion, that as Cæsar's fortune was his, so might also be his fall.

The Augustine monastery in which the young Luther first put on the cowl, is here shown, and the memory of his cell scrupulously preserved; over the door of which are four miserable Latin lines in praise of the reformer. But the heart-burnings of religious animosity are all extinguished, and Protestant children, under the guidance of a Protestant minister, receive gratuitous education, in common with others, at the Ursuline convent. In this friendly intercourse, as might be expected, the reformed church has imbibed some of the legendary taste of its rival. A room is pointed out in the ruins of the Wartburg, anciently the residence of the Electors of Saxony, in which Luther completed his translation of the Bible, in spite of incessant interruption from the devil in the shape of a blue-bottle fly; and the ink which escaped from the inkstand of the great reformer, when in a fit of passion he discharged it at this buzzing Beelzebub, is still pointed out by the devout, in all the confidence of strong faith.

'The Goths,' (start not, gentle reader! we are not about to pilfer a disquisition upon the middle ages from Gibbon, Berington, or Hallam,) 'The Goths occasionally pack themselves into coaches, and make a journey of forty miles, even in the depth of winter, to hear an opera at Weimar.' And this is all we shall say of the inhabitants of Saxe Gotha, on whom our author only bestowed a hasty glance.

In the Electorate of Hesse Cassel

* The peasantry, like their neighbours, are chiefly hereditary tenants; and you will find men among them who boast of being able to prove that they still cultivate the farms on which their ancestors lived before Charlemagne conquered the descendants of *Herrman*, or, for any thing they know, before *Herrman* himself, drawing his hordes from these very vallies, annihilated the legions of *Varus*.—‘They do not retain any regret for the kingdom of Westphalia, nor have they any reason so to do.’

Indeed King Jerome was not very likely to win their affections—lavish, profligate, idle, a mere sensualist, he would have been well selected for the monarch of Westphalia, had Westphalia consisted of nothing but its hogs:—*Epicuri de grege porcus*. His box at the theatre, in the palace of *Wilhelmshöhe*, so constructed that ‘he could see without being seen, is fitted up with the most useless voluptuousness, and never fails to suggest many degrading stories of the effeminate debauchee.’ No wonder that his dragoons, falling in with the manners of his court, should be taken prisoners, (as he wrote with amiable simplicity to his imperial brother,) because ‘*malheureusement, n’ayant pas l’habitude du cheval,*’ they tumbled off.

We must pass over Hanover, with a brief account of which the first volume concludes, to follow our author through his excellent observations on Prussia; noticing by the way, (in confirmation of the remarks we made on the universities,) that at *Gottingen*, where the professors are more liberally paid, discipline is maintained, and a body of students collected more respectable, both in rank and character, than those of *Jena*.

There are persons who reverse the maxim of our constitution, and argue, not as if a king can do no wrong, but as if he can do no right; and hence the obloquy with which the sovereign of Prussia, and his government, have been assailed by those who know little of either. True it is, that he has not at present granted a constitution to his subjects; and those who imagine that constitutions can be made and adapted as fast as coats and waistcoats, reproach him for having suffered so much time to elapse since the congress of Vienna, without his having redeemed the pledge he then gave in common with other crowned heads. But abuses, which are almost as old as the world, are not to be done away with in a day; and in spite of the prevailing taste for expedition, it may be questioned whether he is not consulting best for the permanent interests of his people, who endeavours to prepare them for the enjoyment of liberty first, and then, and not till then, concedes it. More than a parchment charter is wanted to make a free state; there must be division of property, and gradations

datations of rank; there must be that most important body in a country—a middle class; ready to furnish (as it does mainly furnish them amongst ourselves) the clergy, the magistracy, the grand juries, the officers of the army and navy, and the representatives of the people. Such a class cannot spring up at the touch of monarch or minister, like a fairy palace under the wand of a harlequin. It is the offspring of time and circumstance; and he is the truest friend of civil and religious freedom, who does not hang back indeed, but who awaits the due time for its development, whilst he cherishes the circumstances which advance it. Now thus it is, if we mistake not, that the king of Prussia is acting. Measures have been adopted by his two ministers, Hardenberg and Stein, of course with the royal sanction, which must end, ere it be long, in the permanent establishment of a free government in Prussia, and of which the tendency must have been obvious to those who passed them.

‘It will scarcely be believed (says our traveller) that up to 1807, a person not noble, could only by accident find a piece of land, whatever number of estates might be in the market, which he would be *allowed* to purchase. By far the greatest portion of the landed property consisted of estates noble; and if the proprietor brought his estate into the market, only a nobleman could purchase it. The merchant, the banker, the artist, the manufacturer, every citizen, in short, who had acquired wealth by industry and skill, lay under an absolute prohibition against investing it in land, unless he previously purchased a patent of nobility, or stumbled on one of those few spots which, in former days, had escaped the hands of a noble proprietor, small in number, and seldom in the market. Even Frederick the Great lent his aid to perpetuate this preposterous system, in the idea that he would best compel the investment of capital in trade and manufactures, by making it impossible to dispose of it when realized, in agricultural pursuits,—a plan which led to the depression of agriculture, the staple of the kingdom, as certainly as it was directed in vain to cherish artificially a manufacturing activity, on which the country is much less dependent. This could not possibly last; the noble proprietors were regularly becoming poorer, and the same course of events which compelled so many of them to sell, disabled them generally from buying. In 1807, Stein swept away the whole mass of absurd restrictions, and every man was made capable of holding every kind of property.’—vol. ii. p. 120.

Here was one great step taken towards the formation of a middle rank. Next came the abolition of a privilege claimed by the noblesse, of exemption from taxes. This most equitable decree was achieved by the same minister in 1808, and in connection with the former measure tended yet further to introduce a middle rank. A third measure of a similar bearing, but more arbitrary in its nature, was ventured upon by Hardenberg in

1810,—

1810,—no less than the instantaneous creation of a new order of independent landed proprietors. Hitherto the peasantry had been of two classes, those who held their farms under a hereditary lease, so that the landlord was bound to admit a tenant's nearest of kin as successor to his land on his demise,—and those who held their farms only for life or a term of years.

'In this case the landlord was not bound to continue the lease, on its termination, to the former tenant, or any of his descendants; but still he was far from being unlimited proprietor; he was bound to replace the former tenant with a person of the same rank: and he was prohibited to take the lands into his own possession, or cultivate them with his own capital.'—p. 116.

It was undoubtedly desirable for all parties immediately concerned, as well as for the public good, that restrictions so inconvenient should be removed; accordingly, by a single stroke of the pen, it was enacted that peasants of the former class, on surrendering *one-third* of their farms to the landlord, should become unlimited proprietors of the remainder; while tenants of the latter class should acquire the same right by giving up *one-half*,—assuredly a violent interference this with private property: however the nobles were partly reconciled to the sacrifice which was required of them, by the increased value of the lands which they retained, now no longer loaded with embarrassments that made them almost a worthless possession; and some of them who had been most violently opposed to the innovations of Hardenberg, at present confess, 'that in ten years this agricultural enactment has carried them forward a whole century.'

Restrictions once removed, land is now brought freely into the market, the profits of trade or professions are convertible into substantial acres, and those various ranks which division of property of necessity effects, will shortly be at hand to supply the component parts of a prosperous commonwealth—For

'It is not difficult to see the political consequences of such a body of citizens gradually rising in wealth and respectability, and dignified by that feeling of self-esteem which usually accompanies the independent possessor of property. Unless their progress be impeded by extraordinary circumstances, they must rise to political influence, because they will gradually become fitting depositories of it. It would scarcely be too much to say, that the Prussian government must have contemplated such a change; for its administration during the last fourteen years has been directed to produce a state of society in which pure despotism cannot long exist but by force: it has been throwing its subjects into those relations, which, by the very course of nature, give the people political influence, by making them fit to exercise it. Is there any thing in political history that should make us wish to see them in possession of it sooner? Is it not better that liberty should rise spontaneously from a soil

soil prepared for its reception, and in which its seeds have been gradually maturing in the natural progress of society, than violently to plant it on stony and thorny ground, where no congenial qualities give strength to its roots, and beauty to its blossoms, where it does not throw wide its perennial shadow, under which the people may find happiness and refuge, but springs up, like the gourd of Jonah, in the night of popular tumult, and unnatural and extravagant innovation, to perish in the morning beneath the heat of reckless faction, or the consuming fire of foreign interference.'—p. 125.

Meanwhile, in Prussia, that mighty engine for good or evil, the press, is by no means inefficient. During the reign of Frederick the Great, every man was suffered to write nearly what he pleased, and though a license so unreserved expired with that monarch, yet the habit of speaking out has partly survived; and if the present possessor of the throne has of late given more activity to the censorship, than he did at first, he seems to have rather acted in obedience to the wishes of his allies, than from his own conviction of its necessity or policy.

A Westphalian newspaper complained loudly against the administrators of the royal domains for allowing a certain bridge to remain in a state of decay which rendered it dangerous. The administrators, instead of mending it, applied to the king to punish so flagrant an instance of licentious interference with government affairs. His rescript, which bears date, Berlin, Feb. 20, 1804, was in an excellent spirit—that it was to be considered whether the complaints of the *Journal* were well founded, or not: that, if well founded, they ought to be thankfully attended to; if the contrary, they might be taken before a court: that publicity was the best security both for government and people, against mismanagement and abuse; and that meantime, whichever way the dispute might end, it would be well to repair the bridge. A few years ago a M. Benzenberg published a book 'on the administration of the Chancellor, Prince Hardenberg.' It freely examined and commended the line of policy he had been pursuing; shewed how it was leading to the great consummation, the introduction of popular elements into the government; and boldly asserted that, 'Hardenberg had revolutionized more, and more successfully in six days, than the French Convention had done in two years.' Yet the censor licensed the book without hesitation; and Benjamin Constant (to whom it had probably become known through the remonstrances of the aristocracy and some foreign cabinets) printed a translation or epitome of it at Paris, under the title of '*The Triumph of Liberal Opinions in Prussia.*' But to this day, financial arrangements, regulations of trade, or defects in the administration of justice, are frequent subjects of discussion, in pamphlets and periodical works.

Nor is this all,—besides those great measures, of which we have spoken, others of inferior consequence indeed, but still important, have been framed, all tending to the same end; by which taxes have been equalised; local custom-houses removed; monopolies broken down; trade in general released from the shackles of companies and corporations; the judicious election of city-magistrates secured, and an interest for the public service awakened in individuals who had hitherto acquiesced in abuses which they could not correct. It is to be regretted, that amidst these wholesome changes the marriage contract has not been rendered more binding than it actually is. In all the Protestant countries of Germany it is set aside with a facility most injurious to the morals of the people; and in none with greater facility than in Prussia.—‘In 1817, 3000 marriages were dissolved, among a population of not much more than ten millions.’

Thus is that hallowed union ‘for better for worse, for richer for poorer, in sickness and in health,’ (to use the simple and beautiful language of our Church,) debased into something like a compact of mere ‘casual fruition’; the strongest guarantee of all, for mutual forbearance and conjugal fidelity, withdrawn; and an offspring annually sent into the world, to be shortly deprived, in a great measure, of parental protection and advice, instead of being fostered, as it might be, amongst the domestic virtues of a family at union with itself.

Such, on the whole, has been the spirit of the administration of Prussia since the battle of Jena—a spirit which must eventually be felt to the extremities of the empire, and by degrees leaven even the army itself—for troops, which are in fact only a militia, serving in succession for three years, and then relapsing into simple citizens, must bring into the ranks the popular feeling, be it what it may. This feeling, however, our author thinks it not likely to lead to abuses, but that, if it demands a change in affairs, it will do so temperately and respectfully, and will find in the sovereign a corresponding disposition to make reasonable concessions.

Far less satisfactory is the picture which Austria presents. No sooner does our traveller pass its Silesian frontier, than he meets with poverty and superstition, as if ‘he were in the states of the church.’ At Alberndorf he is fairly in a passion, and talks about ‘a fool’ who has built a crowd of small chapels in imitation of Mount Calvary.’ However, the next sentence explains this unusual fit of spleen. ‘The roads are unpassable, but at every half mile a Virgin is stuck upon a tree.’ A man must be forgiven a jesty word or two, when he is beset with beggars, and axle-deep in a quicksand. A visit to Cracow does not mend matters.

This

This ancient capital of Poland was made a free town by the liberators of Europe, because they could not agree who should have it, and was then recommended to support itself. Accordingly, the few Poles who remain in it, are a prey to filth, the *plica Polonica*, and the Jews; and the palace of the Casimirs, the Sigismunds, and Sobieskis, is a poor-house. It is a long lane that has no turning—the vapours disperse—a noble country succeeds—orchards and vineyards and pleasant fields refresh the eye—the Danube spreads forth his magnificent sheet of water; and Vienna, crowned by the lofty spire of its Gothic cathedral, glitters in the evening sun. Here are streets as full of life as those of Cracow were desolate and deserted. The common home of a most heterogeneous empire is here: the hospitable and self-satisfied Austrian—the more sagacious Bohemian—the Hungarian, with his martial step and clattering spurs—the melancholy Pole—the wily and servile Italian—all flock hither. How readily would the exploits of the illustrious dead circulate through the kingdom, from a centre where individuals of all the nations and languages which compose it, are thus gathered together! yet it is in vain that the stranger looks for national memorials at Vienna. ‘The bitter satire of the words which Loudon’s widow inscribed on the monument erected to him by herself in the shades of his country seat, was richly deserved; *Non Patria; non Imperator; Conjur posuit.*’ And yet statues there are in streets and squares; for at one of the fountains in the Graben stands Joseph, most appropriately ‘explaining to the Messiah his Hebrew genealogy,’ and at the other, St. Leopold, as much to the purpose, holding in his hands a plan of the monastery of Neuburg!’

But we must hasten to other matters—a police actually or reputedly worming itself into the retirement of domestic life, and purchasing secret intelligence from those whose sex or station may protect them from being regarded with suspicion, is seconded by a censorship which watches the press with a jealousy unparalleled. Thus, for example, ‘to exclude dangerous ideas about liberty and the house of Hapsburg, William Tell is so miserably mangled, that the play loses all connection.’ Again, ‘Schiller, in his Robbers, made Charles Moor and his brother sons of the old man—in Vienna they are converted into nephews; for want of filial affection, forsooth, is something too horrible to be brought on the stage: the monk who comes to the haunt of the banditti as ambassador of the magistracy, and who makes, it must be confessed, a figure sufficiently ridiculous, is changed into a lawyer; for why should the cloth be laughed at?’ So again, a critique on an epic poem by the present patriarch of Venice, entitled the *Tunisiad*, of which the hero is Charles the Fifth, and his expedition

petition against Tunis the subject, could not be printed except in a mutilated form, because the reviewer had undertaken to defend the use of good and evil spirits as poetical agents, contrary to the censor's notions of what was due to truth and orthodoxy. Indeed this officer seems to be much more thin-skinned than the emperor himself.

“When I was at Vienna (says our author) a drama appeared, *Der Tagsbefehl*, founded on the current anecdote of Frederic the Great having detected, during the Seven Years' war, an officer writing to his wife by candle-light, though a general order had been issued prohibiting fires or lights after sun-set; of having compelled him to add, in a post-script, “To-morrow I am to be shot for a breach of duty,” and having actually put him to death. The piece instantly made a great noise, for there were battles in it; but much more from the admirable personification which the actor (who was likewise the author) gave of the Prussian monarch. Those who still recollected Frederic were hurried away by the illusion—the emperor saw it and was delighted: and on leaving his box, said to one of the noblemen who attended him, “now I am glad that I have seen it, for, do you hear, they will be for prohibiting it immediately.”*

No wonder that, under such encouragement to the pursuits of literature, Austria should not be able to reckon a single great author as her own,—or that, from circumstances so well calculated to suppress intellectual exertion, moral degradation should ensue. Accordingly, Vienna is, perhaps, the most licentious city in the world; it is not its highest or its lowest class only that displays a shameless contempt of chastity and decorum, but even a class which is between the two, and which in most other countries is the depository of public virtue.

“To hear the nonchalance with which a party of respectable merchants or shopkeepers speak of their amours, you would think them dissolute bachelors; yet they are husbands and fathers; and, provided all circumstances of public scandal be avoided, it never enters their heads that their conduct has any thing improper in it. The hospitals and private sick-rooms of Vienna,” continues the tourist, “teem with proofs how mercifully Providence acted, when it placed the quicksilver mines of Idria in a province destined to form part of an empire of which Vienna was to be the capital.”

Mistress Over-done, therefore, seems to have been quite in *keeping* (we use the word in the painter's sense) when Vienna was chosen by our great poet as the field of her vocation. Again, tell an Austrian that an officer in the British army or navy may vote against ministers and yet retain his commission, and he is incredulous; for the system which is unfriendly to his morals is no less so to his spirit; whilst his comparative exclusion from posts of real

* Alluding to its connection with the Seven Years' war, which the Austrians take little pleasure in remembering.

weight and dignity renders him ridiculously vain of every empty title, and offended if such as he can claim be not punctiliously bestowed. Thus, if you have occasion to write to a government clerk, you must style him an 'imperial and royal clerk in such an imperial and royal office.' The ladies, too, are distinguished by the official titles of their husbands with a feminine termination, so that there is Madam generaless, and Madam privy-counsellorless, and Madam chief book-keeperess, and an hundred others. Then there is a great taste for prefixing the von (of) to the surname, as giving 'an air noble' to the person so called. 'A dealer in pickles or pipe-heads, for instance, whose name may happen to be Mr. Charles, must be called, if you wish to be polite, Mr. of Charles, and his helpmate Mrs. of Charles.' These, however, after all, are innocent fooleries.

Music can work no tumults in a state. When Cyrus consulted the dethroned monarch of the Lydians upon the best method of suppressing an insurrection amongst his new subjects, Croesus is said to have made the following reply: 'Pardon the Lydians this one offence, O king, and treating them as I will tell you, they will never disturb you more. Forbid them the use of arms—command them to wear shirts under their cloaks, and stockings on their legs—tell them to teach their sons to harp and sing and frequent the taverns, and soon shall you see them changed from men to women, and be under no fear of their rising against you again.*' Thus whilst Vienna has four circulating libraries, it has sixty-five makers of piano-fortes; whilst the drama apparently languishes, the opera is unrivalled; and children who learn nothing else, learn to play.

The account of the celebrated Beethoven which these volumes contain is curious and interesting. His person is described as filthy, and his manners as bearish.

——— at ingenium ingens
Inculto latet hoc sub corpore.

He is very deaf, and therefore 'has always a small paper book with him, and what conversation takes place is carried on in writing. In this too, he instantly jots down any musical idea which strikes him. These notes would be utterly unintelligible even to another musician, for they have thus no comparative value; he alone has in his mind the thread by which he brings out of this labyrinth of dots and circles the richest and most astounding harmonies. The moment he is seated at his piano he is evidently unconscious that there is any thing in existence but himself and his instrument; and considering how very deaf he is, it seems impossible that he should hear all he plays. Accordingly, when playing very *piano*, he often does not bring out a single note. He hears it himself in the "mind's ear:" while the eye, and the almost imperceptible

* Herod. i. § 155.

motion of his fingers, show that he is following out the strain in his own soul through all its dying gradations, the instrument is actually as dumb as the musician is deaf. I have heard him play, but to bring him so far required some management, so great is his horror of being any thing like exhibited. Had he been plainly asked to do the company that favour, he would have flatly refused; he had to be cheated into it—every person left the room except Beethoven and the master of the house, one of his most intimate acquaintances. These two carried on a conversation in the paper-book about bank-stock. The gentleman, as if by chance, struck the keys of the open piano, beside which they were sitting, gradually began to run over one of Beethoven's own compositions, made a thousand errors, and speedily blundered one passage so thoroughly, that the composer condescended to stretch out his hand and put him right. It was enough: the hand was on the piano; his companion immediately left him, on some pretext, and joined the rest of the company, who, in the next room, from which they could see and hear every thing, were patiently waiting the issue of this tiresome conjuration. Beethoven, left alone, seated himself at the piano. At first he only struck now and then a few hurried and interrupted notes, as if afraid of being detected in a crime; but gradually he forgot every thing else, and ran on during half an hour, in a phantasy, in a style extremely varied, and marked, above all, by the most abrupt transitions. The amateurs were enraptured; to the uninitiated it was more interesting, to observe how the music of the man's soul passed over his countenance. He seems to feel the bold, the commanding and the impetuous, more than what is soothing or gentle. The muscles of the face swell, and its veins start out; the wild eye rolls doubly wild; the mouth quivers, and Beethoven looks like a wizard overpowered by the demons, whom he himself has called up.—p. 280.

In lamenting, however, the despotic nature of the government of Austria, (to revert for a moment to that subject,) we must bear in mind, not only that an Austrian never thinks of politics except by chance, and therefore does not fret about them as an Englishman would, but also that the reigning emperor (whatever the Italians may say of him) is at home greatly and deservedly beloved. Accessible to the meanest of his subjects—twice in the week giving audiences to all, without distinction of rank—patient in listening to a complaint or a grievance, come from what quarter it will—and anxious to relieve or redress it—Franzel (for so he is called by an affectionate diminutive which his people delight to use) makes personal friends of his subjects, and binds them to him by the chords of a man. There is something very primitive in the following picture of the imperial family. Close to Baden is the lovely and romantic dell of St. Helena, unapproachable by carriage or on horseback; but resorted to by the highest and lowest of the visitors to the baths, who mingle together on foot in a summer's day.

‘The emperor himself, (says our author, who strolls thither,) the most plainly dressed man in the valley, was soberly plodding along, with
N 2 the

the empress on his arm, and his eldest son, the crown prince, stalking by his side. The empress had burdened his majesty with her parasol, and his majesty was very irreverently converting it into a staff, and polluting it in various little puddles which some heavy rain in the forenoon had formed here and there in the grass. The empress seemed to lose patience, snatched it from him, and shook it at him, as if in a good-natured threat to castigate her imperial husband—and you might hear distinctly from the passing vulgar the kindly exclamation, “*Die guten Leute!*” To the left a group of homely citizens were enjoying their coffee, (for of course there are coffee-tents,) and close by the Archduchess Charles was resting herself on a rude bench; at her feet young Napoleon, with much more of the Austrian family than of his father in his countenance, was tumbling about in the grass with his little cousins. As she returned the obeisance of Prince Metternich, who was strolling past with the French ambassador, one of the girls cried, “There’s papa,” and the archduke himself, his coat pulled off and thrown over his shoulder, on account of the heat, came scrambling down the rocks on the opposite side of the river, with one of his boys in each hand.’ ‘There is a great deal of affectionate plainness (it is added) in the way in which the members of the imperial family move about among their subjects, and it has much more strength in knitting them together, than political theories will readily have in separating them.’—p. 337.

Our anonymous guide now bends his steps towards Trieste, *finem chartæque viæque*—and on his way pauses at the church of Mariazell, in Upper Styria. To this celebrated place of pilgrimage many thousand good Catholics from Vienna and elsewhere annually repair, some in the honest hope of receiving blessings at the shrine of a Madonna of St. Luke, but more in that frame of mind which distinguished mine host of the Tabarde and his company in the Canterbury Tales. We meet, however, with a pleasing hymn to the Virgin, sung by the young women at sunset as they slowly moved on their knees round a sacred pillar, and echoed by the men as they bowed themselves to the earth before the image it supported.

‘Fading, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Ave Maria! day is declining—
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth with the night;
From the fall of the shade till the matin shall chime,
Shield us from danger and save us from crime—
Ave Maria! audi nos.

‘Ave Maria! hear when we call,
Mother of Him who is brother of all;
Feeble and failing we trust in thy might,
In doubting and darkness thy love is our light:
Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper burns,
And wake in thy arms when the morning returns—
Ave Maria! audi nos.

Indeed

Indeed a German is laudably disposed to make the picturesque subservient to devotion; and whilst our author, on another occasion, from the summit of the Schneekoppe, was beholding the orb of day as it first illuminated the pinnacle on which he stood, and then levelled its orient beams on the Bohemian mountains, to the south, a clergyman of his party took off his hat, and saying, 'My children, let us praise the God of nature,' began to sing one of Luther's hymns. Right feeling always commands respect, and accordingly even some Burschen who were present at this scene, could not find in their hearts to scoff.

And here we must close these volumes, with a feeling of almost unqualified satisfaction at their contents. Whilst France, Switzerland and Italy have supplied the press with Tours, Journals and Sketches without end, Germany has remained comparatively forgotten. Of the Voyages and Travels which of late years have been published by Mr. Murray and Messrs. Longman, scarcely one in thirty has related to this interesting portion of Europe. Our anonymous author, therefore, has chosen his subject well. Then he has had the means of doing it justice—for his introductions were manifestly good; not that he gives us a number of exotic Joe Millar stories, with Count this, or Baron that, or Prince the other, for the actors, like some modern writers of tours; but unostentatious proofs abound in every page, that his intercourse was not casual with those classes and individuals of society whom Lord Bacon recommends a traveller especially to cultivate. Nor does he seem to have been disabled from prosecuting his opportunities to advantage by a want of leisure or language. His observations on works of art are those of a man of taste and discernment—not technical, but not common-place. In politics he is neither so enamoured of despotism as to think abuses sacred because they are old; nor, on the other hand, does he reckon change and improvement synonymous terms, or see any reason for considering a king much worse than another man. He groups his subjects judiciously, introducing even into the scenery of his Tour life and manners, as knowing how flat even the best landscapes appear without figures in the foreground. Above all, he writes like one who, if he has told much, has the power of telling more; and accordingly his book, (and we press this point on the notice of those who contrive to beat up one or two incidents into as many frothy quartos,) though small, abounds in facts; being thus 'like water in a well, (to use one of South's characteristic similes,) where you have fulness in a little compass, which surely is much nobler than the same carried out into many petit, creeping rivulets, with *length* and *shallowness* together.'

ART. XI.—*The Tragedies of Sophocles, translated into English Verse.* By the Rev. Thomas Dale, B. A. of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1824.

THAT masterly translations should be scarce in the annals of literature can excite but little wonder, when we consider that success in this department of writing is only to be obtained by an union of qualifications which would tempt an author to aspire to the honours of original composition. The taste and imagination required in order to feel those relations and discrepancies between two tongues which no general rule will reach, and to perceive how the author would have expressed himself in the language destined to reflect his conceptions, are not every-day merits; and the consciousness of enjoying them will naturally tempt a translator to emerge from his trammels, and enter the lists on his own behalf. When, indeed, the subject in question possesses the stimulus of novelty, it may afford a sufficient temptation to a man of genius to exert his best powers; but in the case of an ancient classic, failure is more conspicuous, and success less flattering. The accomplished scholar naturally prefers the original, and involuntarily connects the idea of an English translation with the bald attempts of his early contemporaries; the dull man associates it with pungent recollections of

————— ‘some distressful stroke
That his youth suffered’ —————

and the world in general has met with every thought in a different shape, copied, as it has been, into all languages. Hence, when a poet of rising reputation engages in a work like this before us, he deserves credit for his labour of love; preferring, as he sufficiently manifests, to a little more of transient fame, the pleasure of imbuing himself with the style and conceptions of a favourite author, and of leaving a *κτῆμα ἐς αἰῶνα* to the joint honour of that author and himself.

And certainly no classic writer is better calculated to excite this enthusiasm in his favour than Sophocles. Born on the eve of one of those political conjunctures which create intellectual Briareuses with a hundred different faculties ripe for action, he combined the talents of poet, warrior, wit, and sage; and none of his contemporaries have been led so far by the light of nature towards the perception of those purer feelings and motives of action which it is the office of Revelation to inculcate. Fortitude, justice, self-devotion, have found their adequate expression in the works of other ancient authors; but none have imparted such dignity to patience, repentance, long suffering, and ‘mercy’s kingly tone.’ His sentiments uniformly tend at once to improve human nature, and humble human pride: and his favourite motto seems—

Εἰ δέ τις ὑπερόπτα χερσὶν
ἢ λόγῳ πορεύεται
Δίκας ἀφόβητος, ἔδε
δαιμόνων ἔδη σέβων,
κακά νιν ἔλοιτο μοῖρα
δυσπότην χάριν χλιδᾶς, &c.

It must be admitted that the Ajax and the Trachiniæ are not much calculated either to gratify the taste of the reader, or to awaken the ambition of the translator. One of the best parts of the former play is an obvious plagiarism from the scene between Hector and Andromache, in the *Iliad*; and the single-hearted, invincible warrior of that poem is represented, in spite of those redeeming points on which Schlegel so eloquently dwells, in a brutal and humiliating light; sullen to the affectionate Tecmessa, and a despiser of the gods. Hector, instead of being slain in battle, is described as dragged to death at the chariot-wheels of Achilles; and in the Trachiniæ, Hercules, the champion of the human race, is degraded into a savage and sensual oppressor, a drunkard, and a murderer.

The five remaining tragedies of Sophocles, however, are well deserving the exercise of a translator's best powers, particularly the noble trilogy founded on the fortunes of the Labdacidæ, and rivalling the parallel series of the Agamemnon, Choephoræ, and Eumenides, while it affords such strong contrasts in itself. In the *Œdipus Tyrannus* every thing '*ad eventum festinat*,' and not a moment's pause is allowed from the engrossing interest of the discovery which impends, till its feverish excitement subsides, and an opportunity is afforded for winding up the drama by a scene of pathos exceeded by none with which we are acquainted. We behold, as it were, the clouds gradually overcasting a splendid meridian, until the thunder-storm finally bursts in all its fury, and is succeeded by a gentle shower. The *Œdipus Coloneus*, on the contrary, is like one of those fine sun-sets which succeed a day of tempest—solemn and soothing, but full of fiery and mysterious shapes, in which the imagination bewilders itself. The following passage from Mr. Dale's preface will show how fully he has entered into the spirit of his subject:—

'As the life of *Œdipus* had been extraordinary and eventful, so was his death to be awful and mysterious. He had not lived, neither could he die, like an ordinary mortal. He bore a "charmed life;" a life exempted, as it were, from the common assaults of mortality, and only to be terminated by some signal and unprecedented interposition of Divinity. Such is, indeed, the "*dignus vindice nodus*," which sanctions supernatural interference. Accordingly, the earth convulsed and trembling, the appalling and incessant thunder, the glare of lightning, and the howling of the storm, the solemn intervals of silence, in which the voice

of some invisible messenger is heard to murmur from beneath a summons to the devoted monarch, the consternation even of the resolute and intrepid Theseus, all these tend to produce a scene, which, for loftiness of conception, and magnificence of execution, is not excelled by any relic of the Grecian drama, even in the compositions of the wild and terrific Æschylus.—vol. i. pp. 105, 106.

Independent of its intrinsic merits, the *Œdipus Coloneus* is strongly interesting from its known history. Composed at a time of life far exceeding the allotted age of man, it indicates undecayed powers, while at the same time it bears internal evidence of the author's own views and feelings at that period

ὄτε μοιρ' ἀνυμέναιος,
ἄλυρος*, ἄχορος; ἀναπεφνηνέ,
θάνατος ἐς τελευτάν,

when the past and the present are nothing, the future everything, and euthanasia the sum and substance of human hopes. Nothing, perhaps, would form a finer historical picture than the first recitation of this drama by Sophocles, as an answer to the charge of imbecility brought formally against him by his sons. Without any improbable stretch of imagination, we may conceive the entrance of the veteran, full of years and honours, leaning perhaps on the favourite grandchild who had excited their jealousy, and whom we may suppose alluded to in the character of Antigone; the breathless interest with which the most distinguished Athenians flocked to the court to gaze once more on the rival of Æschylus and comrade of Pericles, forced from his retirement; the proud feeling with which, at a season of reverse and humiliation, they listened to the most inspiring eulogies on their country, interwoven skillfully with lofty declamation and imagery, from the same mouth which had sung the glories of Salamis in the presence of Themistocles; the dismay and shame of the sons, when all eyes were turned on them at the conclusion of the curse on Polynices; and the short final appeal of the indignant bard, 'Is this the composition of a dotard?'

The *Antigone*, though placed in its proper order of time, appears to disadvantage after the perusal of the *Œdipus Coloneus*, like a hurried movement immediately succeeding to the close of a solemn overture. To appreciate the severe beauties of this tragedy, and account for its almost unprecedented success before such acute judges as an Attic audience, we ought to remember the high religious importance annexed by the ancients to the rite of sepulture, and constituting a motive of sufficient magnitude to justify the rashness of Antigone—a rashness undoubtedly in uni-

* 'Can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women?'—*Samuel*, c. xix. v. 35.

son with the leading conception to which Sophocles has adhered, and probably also with old traditions now lost. An over-ruling destiny, like an evil genius, is represented as brooding over the ill-fated house of Labdacus, and exerting a sort of serpent-like fascination on its members, modified according to their different tempers. Polynices, a man of pride and violence, rushes desperately on an unnatural combat and a forewarned doom; while Antigone, whom early sufferings and recent horrors have rendered indifferent to love and life itself, and on whose high spirit the disgrace of her birth has preyed from childhood, embraces boldly the means of an honourable death. Thus, at least, we interpret the following passages, which seem to us to invalidate Schlegel's view of the character:—

'For a deed like this,
Oh what were death but glory? I shall rest
Beloved with him I love, my last sad duty
Boldly discharged. Our latest, longest home
Is with the dead; and therefore would I please
The lifeless, not the living.'—vol. i. p. 220.

'And if I perish ere th' allotted term,
I deem that death a blessing. Who that lives,
Like me, encompassed by unnumbered ills,
But would account it blessedness to die?'—p. 241.

'Once more a cheering radiance seemed to shine
O'er the last relic of thy name;—
This, too, the Powers of Darkness claim,
Cut off by Hell's keen scythe, combined
With haughty words unwise, and frenzy of the mind.'—p. 249.

'Ah! thou hast probed mine anguish to the quick,
The source of all my pangs,
My father's widely-blazoned fate;
And the long train of ills,
Which crushed, in one wide wreck,
The famed Labdacidae!
Woe for the withering curse
Of those maternal nuptials, which impelled
My sire, unconscious, to a parent's couch!
From whom I sprung, by birth a very wretch:
To whom accurs'd, unwedded, now
I sink to share their drear abode.'—p. 263.

To no other view of the subject can we reconcile the circumstance that Antigone and her lover are not once brought together on the stage: for had Sophocles intended to imply any concealed love on the part of the princess, he might have made her acknowledge the devotion of the generous Hæmon by a word or a look, or some demonstration of her feelings more agreeable to our modern

modern notions than the solemn conventional *κομμος* which she utters, resembling that of Jephtha's daughter on the mountains. Perhaps, after all, the hard and dry manner in which at first sight the character of Antigone appears drawn, may indispensably belong to the *βρα αψηνη*, or great style of conception; and we question whether there may not be something more truly tragic in the calm cold dignity of a young and beautiful person, whom suffering has rendered insensible to common motives and the joy of existence itself, than in the buoyant and irascible temper of Electra, who is equally bold, affectionate and single-hearted, but who has not yet parted with hope.

Were not parricide the basis of its plot, none of Sophocles's dramas would, we think, be preferable in lively interest to the *Electra*. That the great dramatist intended to draw the line of distinction to which we have just alluded, may be inferred from the relation between the minor characters of Chrysothemis and Ismene. These differ exactly in the same manner as Antigone and Electra: both are supine and destitute of active courage, but Ismene, passively indifferent to life, hesitates not a moment to court death in company with her sister, on finding that her advice cannot save her. The scene over Orestes's supposed ashes, more memorable from the well-known anecdote of Polus the tragedian, baffles all translation; and stage-effect has perhaps never gone beyond the discovery made by Ægisthus in the concluding scene.

The peculiar charm of the *Philoctetes* seems to lie in its appeal to the more natural and unsophisticated feelings of mankind. The descriptions of wild scenery which occur, the expedients of a solitary life, the confiding noble nature of Philoctetes, unsoured by the hardships and sufferings he has endured through the treachery of his companions, and intensely awake to the charities of social life; the manner in which his patience and frankness work upon the congenial mind of Neoptolemus; and finally his happy and triumphant departure, compose a picture which may be contemplated without any drawback of mixed feeling, and comes home to the hearts of all men in all ages.

It is needless to observe that the various beauties of the tragedies enumerated require a poetical mind to do them justice in translation. Potter, whose version Mr. Dale has made use of as a basis, and to whom, as justly bound, he pays a handsome compliment, though generally, as Mr. Dale observes,

‘True to the sense, but truer to the fame’

of his original, writes like a man unaccustomed to those habits of composition which would have given him a correct view of the powers and deficiencies of our own language, as a medium of translation. His style, though usually pithy and scholar-like, is
often

often harsh or unnecessarily involved; and the ‘*purpurei panni*’ with which he deems it expedient to amplify his context, are frequently so injudiciously tacked on that they may be entirely struck out without injury to it. We will give a few instances below.*

This love of misplaced finery is more excusable in Potter’s choral odes, where the trammels of rhyme render it more a matter of necessity. The fourth choral ode in the *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and the last in the *Antigone*, will show how far Mr. Dale has surpassed his predecessor in ease, grace, and conciseness. But the most lamentable instances of the latter’s failure are to be found in lines 1208, 9 and 1403—8 of *Œdipus Tyrannus*; and in the opening of the third choral ode in the same drama, which is rendered by Mr. Dale with all the spirit of Gray.

In justice, however, to the memory of Potter, we ought to say that, in several instances, he excels Mr. Dale in those very respects of which we have been speaking. The comparison of their respective translations of lines 391. 457—60, in *Œdipus Tyrannus*, and line 786 of the *Ajax*, among others, will show that Mr. Dale has occasionally, in his desire to improve upon Potter, fallen short of him both in accuracy and force. The lines 434, 5, in *Œdipus Coloneus*, which Potter has very properly translated—

‘when to die
Had been most welcome to me, and with stones
To have been crushed,’

* *Κρῖντ', ἑμαυτὸν γαμβροῖ.*—*Œd. Ty.* 70.

‘*Creon, whose veins are rich in royal blood.*’

ἀλλ' ὅσων ἔγωγε

ψαύομαι, πατρὸς τανδ' αἵε μετιχέσται.—*Œd. Ty.* 1477.

‘*O'er whom hath streamed*

The sweet effusion of a father's love.’

ὡ πόλει

πολυκτεμονὲς ἀνδρες.

‘*O ye, the splendid habitants of Thebes,
With various treasures rich!*’—*Antig.* l. 855.

εἰδὸδ' ἀκροῦ, ἢ γὰρ εἰσίδον γὰρ πρ.—*Œd. Ty.* 105.

‘*This from the voice of fame hath reached my ears,
But Laius never did my eyes behold.*’

ἴκτορ ἐξ Ἀιτωλίας

ξανθοῖσι πωλοῖς, &c. 705, cum seq.—*Electra.*

‘*From Ætolia came a youth,
His couriers coloured like the burnish'd gold,
Nor was Magnesia wanting to the course;
Proud of his snow-white steeds an Ænian came.*

The list of heroes a Boeotian closed.’

are given thus by Mr. Dale :

‘ and all I asked
Was but to die, and hide my shame for ever,
Crushed by *overwhelming* rocks.’

This is, indeed, like Hamlet, ‘ to throw millions of acres on us,’ or at least on the sense of the passage. Again, at the first appearance of Theseus in *Œdipus Coloneus*, whom Potter has made to address the wanderer with plain dignity, Mr. Dale puts a pompous exordium into his mouth, for the sake of the expression of ‘ visual orbs,’ which, like ‘ wild dismay’ and ‘ Ha! is it thus?’ seem favourite phrases, and are more than once introduced to the exclusion of better. The bitter sarcasm also with which *Œdipus* concludes his curse on Polynices, and the touching lines 1617, 18, in his farewell to his daughters, are also given by Potter with better judgment than by his successor. Nor has the former transferred the phrase *λευκῆς χιονος πτερυγι στεγανος*, from the army of Adrastus to the eagle, its symbol, as Mr. Dale has done; who ought to have recollected the *λευκασπις λεως* of *Æschylus*, and the *στρατος λευκασπις* of *Euripides*, and not have created such an anomaly in natural history as an eagle with ‘ snow-white wings.’ Nor, as in the conclusion of *Ajax*, should he have marred the funeral ceremonies by cutting down a battalion (ἰλη) to one man.

It were to be wished, however, that, in some other instances, Mr. Dale had ventured to differ from Potter, whom he follows in his inaccuracies. Both seem to have forgotten that *χαλιος* does not mean a rein, but a bit, as in *Æschylus*—

*διαδετοι δε γενυων ιππεων
κινυρονται φονον χαλινοι*

and that *Θεαι σεμναι* was a proper name applied by the Athenians to the Furies, on the same principle (we must not say of devil-worship) on which the Scots style fairies ‘ the good people.’ In the translation of lines 1490, 1, in *Œdipus Tyrannus*, both versions have introduced a refinement which *Sophocles* never contemplated, and in *Antigone*, 1232, and *Ajax*, 833, the vividness of the respective images is destroyed by both. The beautiful sentiment expressed by *Antigone*—

ου τοι συνεχθειν, αλλα συμφιλειν εφην,

is rendered correctly in *Francklin’s* forgotten translation alone.

The fine *Pindaric* choral ode, which stands first in the *Antigone*, has proved a woeful stumbling-block to both translators. Potter, though neither so musical nor so chaste as Mr. Dale, has a juster conception of the vivid image of the eagle hovering over the dragon’s nest; but neither of them interpret rightly the phrase *δυσ χειρωμα δρακοντι*, which obviously means ‘ a hard conquest to the dragon-race.’

It might savour of hyper-criticism to remark such expressions as 'Ah wretched me!' and 'Oh what a sight is this!' which seem somewhat cold when applied to two of the most striking conjunctures of the *Electra*. We can also excuse Mr. Dale for indulging a little in Homer's privilege of drowsiness during the heavy tragedy of the *Trachiniae*, in which the word *βοησε* (expressing the agony and surprize of Hercules) is rendered 'sternly asked,' and *ωμωξεν*, (spoken of Hyllus when he discovers his mother's suicide,) 'lamented;' and *λαονας φρενας*, 'a better frame of mind,' (uttered by him in his first storm of indignation;) but we cannot so readily forgive him for leaving out the touching *οτ' ην, τότε φωνω* at the conclusion of Ajax.

In the hope that a second edition will speedily remedy the slight deficiencies which form an exception to the general character of the work, we proceed to a much pleasanter task, and one for the performance of which the materials are much more ready to our hands; and shall now remark a few of the many beauties of Mr. Dale's translation. We have no scruple in pronouncing it, on the whole, to unite poetical merit with fidelity in a degree scarcely second to any version of a classic with which we are acquainted. Mr. Dale's good taste seldom fails to indicate accurately when a passage may be rendered with strict adherence to its original form, and when it is most expedient to break it up into a different shape; when conciseness is desirable, and when it is necessary to round off a striking part by a little ornament. The peculiar feature of his translation is a natural and colloquial air, which, while it never descends to familiarity, gives the effect of original composition. We will take one passage out of many.

Æd. Almighty Jove! to what hast thou reserved me?

Jo. My *Ædipus*, what means this wild dismay?

Æd. Oh, ask not, ask not, tell me of this *Laius*.

What was his aspect, what his age, O speak!

Jo. His port was lofty, the first snows of age

Had tinged his locks, his form resembled thine.

Æd. Wretch that I am, on mine own head, it seems,

Have I called down this dread destroying curse.

Jo. How say'st thou, King! I tremble to behold thee.

Æd. I fear the prophet saw, alas! too clearly.

One question more, and all will be disclosed.

Jo. I tremble—but will truly tell thee all.—vol. i. p. 56.

We have already adverted to Longinus's favourite passage of *οι γαμοι, γαμοι*, &c. in the version of which it will be seen that Mr. Dale has shewn great judgment and propriety, without lowering its tragic dignity. The farewell of *Ædipus* to his daughters in the *Æd. Tyrannus*, the lamentations of *Antigone* and *Ismene*

Ismene over their father in *Æd. Coloneus*, and of *Electra* over the supposed ashes of *Orestes*, and lastly, the address of *Ajax* to his son *Eurysaces*, are all passages of deep feeling, and lose nothing in Mr. Dale's hands. As to the *Ædipus Coloneus*, it appears peculiarly to have struck his fancy as a man of genius, and to have called forth his best powers; and the spirit of the original words is well preserved in the following replies of *Ædipus* to *Creon* and to *Polynices*.

‘Unblushing villain! dost thou think to pour
Contempt on mine old age or on thy own
With these upbraidings, while thou tell'st a tale
Of murder, incest, misery, and despair,
Which I, oh how unwillingly! endured?
Such was the will of Heaven, against my house
Incensed, perchance, for unrepented crimes.
Thou canst not prove, that by a wilful deed
I merited such evil, or involved
Myself, my race, in guilt so dark as this.
Say, if thou canst, since by the voice divine
I was foredoomed a father's murderer,—
Say, how can justice brand me with such deed,
Whose doom was presaged ere my life began?
If—born to woe—as I, alas! was born,
In chance encounter met, I slew my sire,
Unknowing what I did, or whom I slew,
Canst thou revile me for unconscious crimes?
And, oh thou wretch! doth it not shame even thee
Thus to constrain me but to speak of her,
My wife, my mother, and *THY* sister too?
Now I *WILL* speak; no longer will I veil
The tale in silence, since thy shameless tongue
Hath forced it from me. Yes—she gave me birth;
I here avow it—Oh accursed doom!
Unthinking of her fate as I of mine;—
She gave me birth; then to her son she bore
Fresh sons, and to herself eternal shame.
This too I know, though thou with willing mind
On me and her hast heaped this keen reproach,
Unwillingly I wedded her, and tell
This tale with like reluctance. Not for this
Shall infamy for ever brand my name;
Nor for my father's blood, though at this deed
Are aimed the keenest arrows of thy wrath.
And answer truly what I now demand;
Should one rush forward to attempt thy life,
Thou paragon of justice, wouldst thou ask
If he who sought to slay thee were thy father?
Or take an instant vengeance? Sooth I deem,

If thou lov'st life, thou wouldst repel the assault
 With equal force, and think of justice after !
 To these unconscious crimes the will of Heaven
 Constrained my path ; and couldst thou from the grave
 Evoke the spirit of my murdered sire,
 This plea he would not question.'—vol. i. p. 164.

' Such were the curses of my first despair ;
 Such now with keener hatred I invoke
 To wreak my vengeance, that ye late may learn
 The reverence due to parents ; nor, though blind,
 With causeless insult wound a powerless father.
 My gentle daughters never acted thus.
 For this, on thy proud throne and royal seat
 Shall sit th' avenging curse, if Justice, famed
 Of old, by Jove's august tribunal throned,
 Maintain the ancient laws unbroken still.
 Hence to thy doom, accursed ! I disclaim
 A father's part in thee, thou scorn of men ;
 And with thee bear the curse I call to blast thee :
 That thou mayst ne'er thy rightful throne regain,
 And never to the Argive vales return ;
 But fall unpitied by a kindred hand,
 Requiring first thine exile by his death.
 Thus do I curse thee : and I here invoke
 Dark Erebus, the hated Sire of Hell,
 To give thee dwelling in his deepest gloom ;—
 These venerable Powers, and mighty Mars,
 Whose anger cursed thee with this deadly feud.
 Depart with this mine answer.'—vol. i. p. 185, 6.

We will quote one passage more from the *Œdipus Coloneus*, as well for its own sake, as for the choral ode which follows. The dying words of the blind monarch are rendered in a very kingly style ; and the idea of that inward light which dawns suddenly upon his eyeless frame, to guide him to the appointed place of sepulture, is perhaps the finest conception in Sophocles ; while the scene is appropriately wound up by a solemn choral ode, or rather funeral hymn, in the diction and metre of which the translator has shewn a fine ear and an admirable tact. We seem to recognize in its gliding movement the *ασφαδαστον και ταχυπηδημα* of a ghost to the shades below, which Flaxman has so well pourtrayed in one of the designs for the *Odyssey*.

' Great son of *Ægeus*,

I will inform thee what awaits thy state,
 What lasting glories, never to decay.
 Now will I lead thee, by no friendly hand
 Sustained or guided, where my life must close ;
 But never, never breathe to mortal ear

The

The place of that mysterious sepulchre;—
 Then shall it guard thy land with firmer might
 Than myriad shields and mercenary spears.
 There too alone, secluded, shalt thou learn
 Unuttered mysteries, which I dare not breathe
 To these thy subjects, no, nor my loved daughters,
 Though dearest to my soul. Do thou maintain
 Inviolable silence till thine hour is nigh;
 Then breathe them only to the noblest chief;
 Bid him disclose them to the next alone;
 Thus ever shall ye hold your royal seat
 Impregnable to Thebes. Unnumbered states,
 Though swayed by wise and righteous laws, decline
 To wrong and foul oppression. Yet the Gods
 Behold unerringly, though late, when man
 Turns from their hallowed awe to lawless pride;
 Beware, O Theseus, lest such fall be thine.
 Yet why teach virtue to the heart that loves it?
 Now the strong impulse of th' inspiring God
 Leads to the spot; then let us onward now,
 Nor shrink in awe-struck reverence. O my daughters!
 Follow me thither; I am now your guide,
 As ye so long have been your wretched father's.
 Advance—yet touch me not; unaided all,
 That long and last asylum shall I find,
 Where this worn frame is fated to repose.
 This—this way pass; for Hermes in that path
 Directs me, and the queen of those dark realms,
 O light, dear light, long from mine eyes obscured,
 Thy last, last beam now warms this nerveless frame.
 Onward I pass to hide life's waning ray
 In death's chill darkness. Most illustrious King,
 Blessings on thee, thy state, thy faithful friends;
 Oft in the hour of conquest and of fame
 Revere my memory, prosper by my doom.

Chorus.

STROPHE.

If to thee, eternal Queen,
 Empress of the worlds unseen;
 Mighty Pluto, if to thee,
 Hell's terrific Deity,
 Lips of mortal mould may dare
 Breathe the solemn suppliant prayer,
 Grant the stranger swift release,
 Bid the mourner part in peace,
 Guide him where in silence deep
 All that once were mortal sleep.
 Since relentless Fate hath shed
 Sorrows o'er thy guiltless head,

In

In thy pangs let mercy stay thee,
In the grave let rest repay thee.

ANTISTROPHE.

Powers of Night! Infernal Maids!

Monster-guardian of the shades!

Who, as antique legends tell,

Keep'st the brazen porch of Hell,

And with ceaseless yell dost rave

Fearful from thy gloomy cave;

Thou, whose mighty bulk of yore

Earth to sable Tartarus bore;

Veil thy terrors, quell thine anger,

Gently meet the passing stranger,

Sinking now with welcome speed

To the dwellings of the dead.

Thou, the ward of Hell who keepest!

Thou the guard who never sleepest!—vol. i. p. 193—5.

In the generality of the choral odes, Mr. Dale has been equally happy in preserving to each its distinctive character. Each seems a well-compacted whole, struck off as it were by one effort, and sustaining throughout its leading tone, whether of triumph, of dejection, of supplication, of worship, or of moral sentiment. In the second chorus of *Œdipus Tyrannus*, the two short lines which close the first strophe and antistrophe seem to indicate the slow and sure pursuit of an avenging power, while the full close of the first strophe in the third chorus accords with its sacred subject. The fourth choral ode in the same drama, and the first in *Œdipus Coloneus*, are rendered in a cheerful bounding metre equally characteristic, differing as much from the rich dithyrambic style of the ode—

Πολυννυμι, Καδμείας, &c.

as from the short pensive closes of the 5th in *Œd. Tyrannus*,

ω γενεαι βροτων, &c.

The same regard to metre as a medium of expression is observable in the general method of conducting his dialogues. Theseus's hurried advance is expressed in trochaics, as in the original; and in long dialogues consisting of single verses, monotony is avoided by breaking up and changing the pauses.

Finally, if we have been somewhat diffuse in enumerating the faults of the translation before us, it is because their correction is all that is wanting to render it an acquisition to the library of the classical student. Greater difficulties must of course present themselves in giving a faithful and spirited version of dramatic dialogue, than when the subject is narrative or description, as the human voice is harder to imitate in music than a battle, a dance,

or a triumph; and these difficulties have in the present instance been surmounted in a manner which evinces perseverance and talent. If Schlegel's comparison of Sophocles to 'a sacred grove of the dark goddess of fate, in which the laurel, the olive, and the vine display their luxuriant vegetation, and the song of the nightingale is for ever heard,' be not too fanciful, we may add that Mr. Dale has been successful in dressing its walks, and laying open its recesses to the gaze of the unlearned, as far as is practicable in a modern language.

ART. XII.—*Catalogue of the celebrated Collection of Pictures of the late John Julius Angerstein, Esq.* By John Young. London. 1824. 4to.

THE acquisition by the public of the collection of pictures of the late Mr. Angerstein forms undoubtedly a most important era in the history of the arts in this country; and too much praise, we think, cannot be given to the Ministers who executed, or to the House of Commons who approved of, the purchase.

The advantages likely to result from this measure are—First, the improvement in our own school of painting, which the constant inspection of so many admirable pictures by our artists is almost sure to produce. The grandeur of design in the great Sebastian del Piombo—the beautiful delineations of nature in the Claudes—the brilliant colouring of the Titians—the astonishing chiaro scuro effect of the Rembrandts—the noble simplicity which distinguishes the works of the Carracci—the correctness and purity of design of Vandyck—the truth and humour of Hogarth—the taste, the grace, the facility, the happy invention, and the richness and harmony of colouring* of the inimitable Reynolds, must have their effect upon those who study attentively the very fine specimens of their respective styles which exist in the Angerstein gallery.

The next advantage which must accrue to the British nation from the possession of a national collection of pictures, consists in the increased affluence of foreigners of all nations to our metropolis, some of whom will become patrons of British art, and all of whom must contribute to the prosperity and riches of the country, by spending a portion of their revenues in it. That this will be the case, we may venture to predict from our experience of the numbers of travellers who visit the various continental towns which are so fortunate as to possess public collections of pictures. The gallery at Dresden must have repaid to the country many times

* Burke.

over what its formation cost Augustus the Third; and the *treasures* of the Pitti palace, and of 'the Gallery,' have fully proved to the town of Florence, their title to that appellation, in its strictest and most literal sense.

There is yet another advantage springing out of this measure, which, we own, appears to us to be one of the most important—we allude to the improvement which will take place *in the general taste of the public*, by seeing constantly before them these models of real excellence in painting. Our artists might, possibly, have gone and studied in Italy, and thus brought back a purer and a better taste; but the great body of the people, the middling classes, as well as very many of the higher orders, could not, from their various avocations, have done this; and therefore, their only chance of becoming acquainted with what is really fine in art, was in the establishment of a National Gallery. By means of this institution, that is to say, by frequently viewing the admirable models contained within its walls, the minds of all, who are not entirely dead to the feelings of pictorial beauty, will naturally be turned to the study, at the same time that their taste will be regulated by a just and proper standard of excellence. That this will increase the number of patrons of art, while it also renders them more competent than they have ever yet been in this country to act the part with credit to themselves, and with advantage to good taste, there can be no doubt.

We are almost inclined to think, that the amelioration of the taste of the patrons of a country is, perhaps, the most important point of all in the consideration of this subject; for where is the utility of striving to improve a school of painting, unless the patrons, who are to foster and to support that school, are capable of appreciating its improvement? Painters, from their naturally dependent situation, must always follow the taste of their employers. How essential, therefore, is it to the prosperity of the arts, that the latter should have their minds properly enlightened, and their judgment properly formed!

We believe it will be found, from the evidence of all history, that ignorant patrons have always been the contemporaries of bad artists. Thus, in the reign of Queen Anne, our ancestors admired Kneller and Jervas; they were fully and entirely satisfied with the tame, unmeaning daubs produced by those painters; they thought with Pope, that the former was

'By heaven, and not a master, taught'—

and that the latter

————— 'struck out a free design,

Where life awoke and dawn'd in every line.'

What was the consequence?—the whole school of painting only

sought to imitate these much-praised, but faulty models; and hence it follows that the *Augustan age* of 'good Queen Anne' is a mere blank in the annals of painting.

The age that followed this was cursed with a still worse and more ignorant set of patrons. The reigns of George the First and George the Second spread a degree of bad taste through the land, worthy of the darkest times of barbarism. Then arose Highmore, and Knapton, and Clostermans, and Hudson, whose egregious labours upon the persons of our ancestors still deform the houses of most of the English gentry. They, however, 'pleased their age, and did not aim to mend.' The contemporaries of 'good old Sir Robert' were contented with these painful representations of themselves; which, however, will never be like human nature, till it

——— 'shall please the Lord
To make his people out of board.'

It was then the height of ambition of the nobles of the land to be transmitted to posterity in brickdust coloured robes with wooden folds, and with their coronets, in shape and size resembling twelfth cakes, on tables beside them. Such men deserved no better painters than those they met with—

'Well judging patrons whom such works could please,
Patrons well worthy of such works as these!'

And while works of this kind were encouraged, and praised, and bought, it followed naturally, that better ones would never be produced.

As an additional proof of the bad taste of England during the first half of the last century, it may be mentioned, that even those persons who travelled in Italy, and may therefore be supposed to have been the most enlightened of their age on the subject of art, brought back with them none of the real treasures which are always to be acquired in that country. 'They had eyes, but they could not see,' nor distinguish what was worth buying: so while the Regent Duke of Orleans was forming the glorious gallery which still bears his name, and while Augustus the Third, king of Poland and elector of Saxony, was rendering his capital of Dresden illustrious by a collection of pictures which is still the finest in Europe, our countrymen were raking together (and in Italy, too!) the kind of trash we see at Burghley, Corsham, and so many other country houses.

With the reign of George the Third commenced an era of better taste; patrons became more liberal and more enlightened, and to reward their improvement, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson appeared. To pursue this argument farther might be tedious: be-

sides

sides we have now brought down our examples to the verge of the age we live in, which we think it would be dangerous to meddle with; for artists are a 'genus irritabile,' and if they were not so, comparisons of the living with the dead are seldom either agreeable or advantageous to the former.

We think we have said enough to prove the extreme importance of improving the taste of patrons, that is, of the public in general, which is only to be done by enabling them, *without trouble or difficulty to themselves*, to study constantly the chefs-d'œuvres of the old masters. We lay a great stress upon their being enabled to see them without difficulty; because, as we are a nation of much business, and with whom, therefore, time is most precious, it is our opinion that we should not go much out of our way to see a picture, even if it were painted by Saint Luke.

To have a gallery of paintings generally and frequently seen, there must be no sending for tickets—no asking permission—no shutting it up half the days in the week: its doors must be always open, without fee or reward, to every decently dressed person; it must not be placed in an unfrequented street, nor in a distant quarter of the town. To be of use, it must be situated in the very gangway of London, where it is alike accessible, and conveniently accessible, to all ranks and degrees of men—to the merchant, as he goes to his counting-house—to the peers and commons, in their way to their respective houses of parliament—to the men of literature and science, in their way to their respective *societies*—to the king and the court, for it should always at least be supposed that the sovereign is fond of art—to the stranger and the foreigner who lodges in some of the numerous hotels with which St. James's street, and the neighbouring streets (the *quartier* which may fairly be called the centre of London) abound—to the frequenters of clubs of all denominations—to the hunters of exhibitions (a numerous class in the metropolis)—to the indolent as well as the busy—to the idle as well as the industrious. In short, we consider the present abode of the national gallery to be the very perfection of situation.

We do not mean that we should wish the national pictures to remain for ever hid in the dark and cavern-like rooms of the late Mr. Angerstein's house—far from it; we think that a well-lit and commodious building should be immediately erected to contain them; but we would deprecate as strongly as we are able, the erection of such a building in any remote part of the town.

The only valid objection which can possibly be made to the *local* we suggest, would be the difficulty of obtaining a sufficient extent of ground for such an establishment in so populous a part

of the town; but this objection at once falls to the ground when we reflect that the Crown is the proprietor of the whole of this district, and that, in addition to this, the improvements and openings which are daily taking place in all this neighbourhood, greatly facilitate the execution of such a scheme.

In an instant we could name several situations, all equally eligible, and which the government and the sovereign together are fully competent to appropriate to any use they may think proper. A wing might be added to St. James's palace; or Marlborough-house might be fitted up for their reception; or Cumberland-house (now the Ordnance); or Carlton-house, if, as has been rumoured, it is the intention of his Majesty to relinquish it as a place of abode; or the old building of the Mews might be converted; or Warwick-house; or a gallery might be built at the entrance of Downing-street, where it is understood the old houses are about to be pulled down; or even the unfinished wing of Somerset-house might be completed with this view. Any of these situations would content us, because any of these situations would enable the good people of England to visit the pictures which belong to them easily and frequently; but the finest, the best contrived, and the best lighted gallery in the world, would, we apprehend, be almost useless if placed at a distance.

We do therefore hope that those who have the direction of these matters will pause before they consign our pictures to the solitude of the British Museum, (for such, though the design has never yet been avowed, is supposed to be the intention of government,) which, in fact, is very like sending them to Kensington, Parsons Green, or any of the villages contiguous to London. The pictures, if buried there, will be rather more visited than Sir Francis Bourgeois' collection at Dulwich, but not much.

In the five months during which the Angerstein collection of pictures has been the property of the public, it has been visited by *twenty-four thousand individuals*; we do not believe more than a tenth part of the number would have gone to the British Museum in the same period. Forbid it then, good heavens! that such a situation should be destined to our newly acquired treasures: to banish them there would indeed be, if we may use the expressive language of Scripture, 'to place our light under a bushel,' to render our possessions useless, and our advantages of no avail!

It has been said that the French are pre-eminent in the faculty of making the most of every thing which they possess; while we honest *Bulls* are simply noted for making the least possible show with all our advantages. Whether past events justify these observations we will not pretend to decide; but we cannot avoid thinking,

thinking, that if we send our national gallery to the British Museum, we shall afford the best practical illustration possible of '*how to make the least of a thing*;' while our Gallic neighbours are proving their claim to the talent of '*how to make the most of a thing*;' by continuing to exhibit their pictures in the magnificent gallery of the Louvre, the most central and convenient point of all Paris.

We cannot conclude without again entreating the government to abandon the idea (if indeed they have it) of offering up our pictures a sacrifice to the all-devouring Museum, a monster who, not content with being gorged from garret to cellar with marbles and manuscripts, minerals and mummies, libraries and antiquities, natural history and the spolia opima of all the savage nations in the world, is still ravenous for more. That pictures may not be added to this miscellaneous catalogue is our earnest wish; and we have the more confidence in expressing our sentiments, because we are convinced they are those of all who, from their good taste and love for the arts, are most capable of forming an opinion on the subject.

ART. XIII.—*Narrative of a Pedestrian Journey through Russia and Siberian Tartary, from the Frontiers of China to the Frozen Sea and Kamschatka.* By Captain John Dundas Cochrane, R.N. Second Edition. London. 1824.

WE had no design of reverting to the subject of Russia in the present Number; but as Captain Cochrane's narrative has just fallen in our way, and as his adventures commence where those of Dr. Lyall may be said to close, we think that our former Article will be rendered somewhat more complete, if to the civilized part, we subjoin a cursory view (for such it must needs be) of the wild and barbarous regions, of this most extensive empire.

The two works exhibit an extraordinary contrast in the feelings and sentiments of their respective authors. Captain Cochrane appears, in all situations and under all circumstances, to have preserved his temper unruffled by fits of sullen philanthropy or disappointed ambition. Careless of the present, and indifferent to the future, it seems to have depended on 'the drawing of two straws' which way he should direct his steps: accordingly one fine morning in spring he mounts the Brighton stage, with his knapsack on his back, determined on some expedition or other, either in Europe, Asia, or Africa, without any determinate object in view beyond that of gratifying a restless and rambling spirit, and of endeavouring to do something, no matter what, which no other person had done or attempted to do before him, and relying, as he says, 'on his own individual exertions, and his knowledge of man.' His

first idea was to cross Africa on foot, tracing the course of the Niger to its termination; and for the means of effecting this land-expedition, he tells us he applied to the Admiralty, where he is rather surprized to have met with no encouragement; we should have thought it more surprizing if he had. The attempt of Lydiard then presented itself to his mind; and without hesitation he determined at once to tread in that traveller's steps, as far as he went, and as much farther as he could; 'to travel round the globe,' he says, 'as nearly as can be done by land, crossing from Northern Asia to America at Behring's Straits, and to perform the journey on foot.' For what purpose this circumambulatory voyage was to be undertaken it is difficult to guess; for the Captain confesses his utter ignorance of natural history, his want of instruments necessary for geographical purposes, for ascertaining the state of the air, 'and for such other matters as are generally expected to be noted by travellers.' The result of this promising expedition is now before us.

Limited as the Captain's means confessedly were, we regret to find that he has not made the most judicious use of those within his power. His journal is almost without a date. From this and some other circumstances, we should fear that what he has to tell is not always told correctly. When we find him talking loosely of 'travelling more than 30,000 miles, and announcing his journey as a *pedestrian* one,' we cannot but suspect some self-illusion, for the greater and most dangerous part of it was performed with horses; and we should not have deemed the worse of his accuracy, if he had suppressed the boast of travelling from Moscow to Irkutsk, 6,000 miles, for less than a guinea, when we learn that, by order of the Emperor, of which he appears to have availed himself to the full extent, he had horses, boats, carriages, and every thing supplied to him on his demanding them, and a Cossack at his side to enforce obedience with his whip wherever any reluctance was shewn. But we have a more serious account than this to settle with Captain Cochrane. We observe, with deep regret, that so far from being sensible that the manner in which he was passed from one stage to another, was derogatory to the rank which he holds in the British navy, he appears, we will not say to pride himself on the circumstance, but certainly utterly unconscious of any degree of humiliation, in letting the world know that the expenses of his expedition were a rent-charge on the Russian government. In the early part of his journey, though he might sometimes excite the compassion of the inhabitants, he was rarely treated with respect, and frequently with that contemptuous neglect which the meanness of his appearance was but too much calculated to provoke. Thus, at Alzey, the landlord of the inn turned him out of doors, and he took up his night's shelter in a barn. He entered Fuld in
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the worshipful society of 'a wandering tailor, a regenerator of kettles, and an Italian cage-maker,' supped with them, and slept in the same barn. At Naumburg he tells us he could gain no reception into any house but that of a poor shoe-maker, 'which (says he) I did at the price of a glass of *schnaps*, and slept soundly on a truss of straw.' His reception at Dueben, the first town in Prussia, he thus describes :

'My reception was uncivil, if not inhuman. My passport demanded, myself interrogated by a set of whiskered ruffians, obliged to move from one guard to another, the object of sarcasm and official tyranny, I wanted no inducement, fatigued as I was, to proceed on my journey; but even this was not permitted me. A large public room full of military rubbish, and two long benches serving as chairs to an equally long table, were the place and furniture allotted me. I asked the landlord for supper; he laughed at me;—and to my demand of a bed, grinningly pointed to the floor, and refused me even a portion of the straw which had been brought in for the soldiers. Of all the demons that have ever existed or been imagined in human shape, I thought the landlord of the inn the blackest. The figure of Gil Perez occurred to me, but it sunk in the comparison with the wretch then before me, for ill-nature and personal hideousness. His face half covered with a black beard and large bristly whiskers, his stature below the common; his head sunk between his shoulders, to make room for the protuberance of his back; his eyes buried in the ragged locks of his lank grisly hair;—add to this a club-foot, and a voice which, on every attempt of speech, was like the shrieking of a screech-owl, and you have some faint idea of this mockery of a man. For some time he strutted about wrapped up with furs, which ill concealed the ragged testimonials of his wretched poverty, and taking immense quantities of snuff. The oaf at length deliberately opened a large box, and, placing in it a pillow and some straw, wrapped a blanket round him, and committed his person to this rude but novel species of bed, shutting the lid half way down with a piece of wood apparently kept for that purpose. I confess, my indignation was so strongly excited, that had materials been at hand, I had the strongest inclination to nail the monster down in his den. My feelings resolved into a determination to run all risks for an escape; and accordingly, getting out at the window in the middle of the night, I took the road to Wittenberg.'—vol. i. p. 26.

In short, throughout Prussia, the natives of which are of course described as the greatest brutes in Europe, he took up his lodgings on the ground, on benches, in barns, in guard-houses supplied by the police, which he says was become almost necessary 'from the unaccountable but manifest ill-will of the *women* towards him.' Poor Lydiard constantly found consolation in the kindness of the women for the ill treatment which he sometimes experienced from the men; and we cannot well imagine from what circumstance our gallant Captain incurred the displeasure of the *sex*, unless from
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the suspicious and miserable plight of his apparel. 'My cap,' says he, 'I had lost in the icy swamp, and in default, my head was bound up with a piece of red flannel; my trowsers were literally torn to tatters; my shoes tied to my feet, to prevent their falling off; my shirt, except a flannel one, and waistcoat, both superseded by my outer jacket.' This seems more like the costume of 'Mad Tom,' than that of a distinguished officer in the British navy. It is given, however, with such perfect good humour, that we can scarcely quarrel with him on a point of which, in the true character of a sailor, the impropriety probably never struck him.

On approaching Petersburg fortune began to smile on our pedestrian. He fell in at Narva with a black gentleman, a perfect negro, who offered him a lift in one of two empty carriages, as far as the capital, if he would wait till the following morning, having, as he said, some important business on hand for that evening, 'which turned out to be an intrigue with a rosy-cheeked chambermaid.' The two travellers set out at the time proposed, each in his separate carriage, drawn by four horses, the negro strictly charging the Captain, who modestly followed in his train, to use no ceremony in abusing the coachman if he should slacken his pace, and paying for every thing on the road. The following instance of one of those whimsical frolics which fortune sometimes plays, and which came to light in the course of their journey, may amuse the reader:

'While at breakfast next morning, and just as the horses were announced, my companion* asked me whether I was furnished with a passport. I replied in the affirmative. He requested to see it; and, observing my name, inquired if I was related "to Admiral *Kakran*, who was in de West Indies, at de capture of de Danish Islands, in 1807?" Being informed I was the admiral's nephew, he asked, "Are you the son of *Massa Kakran Jahnstone*?"—"Yes, I am."—"You are den," said he, "dat lilly *Massa Jonny* I know at de same time."—It now turned out that this black gentleman with the two carriages and four horses each, had been my father's and my uncle's servant thirteen years before. Having talked over old matters, he remarked that he could never have recognized me, from the alteration that time had made in my features; observing that I seemed to have verified the West Indian proverb, "Like the black man's pig, *very lilly, but dam old*."—vol. i. p. 54.

Nothing could be more flattering than the Captain's reception in Petersburg; where, through the exertions of Sir Daniel Bailey, the British consul-general, he obtained orders of all kinds to the governors of the several provinces to assist him on his journey: he had audiences of several of the ministers, having, we presume,

* The Captain discovers at a subsequent period that his 'wealthy, dashing, overbearing, and intriguing companion,' as he calls him, was (what he ought to have suspected at first) a servant returning with his master's empty carriages.

first laid aside his red flannel nightcap:—and yet we know not; for moved by the report of that or some other signal of distress, his Imperial Majesty, it appears, had the consideration to ask Colonel Cathcart whether he wanted money, and how much, to enable him to start? 'I think,' the Captain says, 'I do no wrong to any one in believing' (and we believe with him) 'that no other crowned head in Europe would have given itself any concern about me or my affairs, or have taken any notice of a stranger presenting himself without any recommendation of any weight, with the single exception of a private letter of introduction to Sir Robert Kerr Porter.'

On quitting Petersburg, our traveller, for the first time, experienced some misgivings about the long and perilous journey in which he was embarking, and candidly informs us that he would certainly have returned had not his honour been committed. It was a clear night, and the moon was near her full: 'I looked,' says he, 'at the beautiful luminary, and actually asked myself, whether I were, as had been asserted, under the baneful influence of that planet? Smiling that I received no reply,'—if the Captain means from the *moon*, he ought to recollect the proverb; if from himself, we admire his expressive taciturnity,—'I then,' he adds, 'considered my projects and intentions, and the conduct I ought to follow,'—all which is detailed in a long soliloquy, which we have the satisfaction to assure him savours nothing of the lunatic.

A little beyond Tosna, while smoking his segar, the Captain was suddenly seized by two ruffians, who dragged him into an adjoining forest, where they first stripped him naked, and then tied him to a tree. They next proceeded to rifle his knapsack, and took from him his money, watch, compass, thermometer, &c., after which they unbound him, making him first swear, as he supposed, at the point of the stiletto, that he would not inform against them. They had the generosity, however, to leave him 'a blue jacket, a flannel waistcoat, and a spare one,' which he tied round his waist in such a manner as to serve instead of a pair of breeches; and thus equipped, 'à l'Ecossoise, he trotted on,' he says, 'with a merry heart.' At Novogorod, the governor, who probably disapproved of the novel fashion of his phillibeg, supplied him with a shirt and a pair of trowsers; and a Russian merchant provided him with a complete refit, for which he refused all offers of reimbursement.

The master of a post-house, a little farther on, touched most probably with commiseration at the piteous plight in which he appeared, secretly slipped two roubles into his cap, having offered them as charity before, which the Captain thought proper to refuse;—this was, as he says, real benevolence. At another place, he found in the morning that the good family had, during the night,

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taken out and washed his small stock of linen, and replaced every article in his knapsack. At the last European village, the children of the poor people presented him with wild strawberries and cream, which he says he received 'standing with one foot in Asia and the other in Europe.' These testimonials are highly favourable to the Russian character.

Nothing, in truth, could be more civil than the poor peasantry of this remote country; wherever he presented himself they were always ready to share with him their meals, their fire, and their dwellings, with the most cordial good will. At Vladimir, however, on entering a house as usual *sans cérémonie*, and taking up a cup to help himself to some *quass*, 'his hostess,' he says, 'instantly dashed the cup into the street, and with the assistance of others of her sex, drove him after it at the end of broomsticks, which were besides not spared upon his back.' He soon learnt that in this neighbourhood were a set of people, separatists from the established Greek church, known by the name of Raskolnicks, (we hope the Captain has given us the right word,) who bind themselves to refuse food, fire, and water, and every assistance, to all who are not of their own persuasion, and that by ill luck he had entered into the habitation of one of these schismatics. The farther he proceeded, however, the better he fared :

'On reaching the Asiatic side of the Ural chain, I could not help remarking that the inhabitants of all the villages were much more civil, more hospitable, and more cleanly dressed; and in no one instance would they accept of money for the food I had occasion to procure. I never entered a cottage but *shtshee* (a cabbage soup), with meat, milk, and bread, were immediately placed before me unasked; nor could any entreaty of mine induce them to receive a higher reward than a pipe of tobacco, or a glass of vodka (whisky). In short, to prevent uselessly troubling the inhabitants, I was obliged to consign my nearly exhausted purse to the care of my knapsack, renouncing the hacknied and unsocial custom of paying for food.'—vol. i. p. 123.

'Another remark which attends the traveller on quitting Europe, is the fact of his leaving the land of oak, not a vestige of that tree being visible, I believe, in Asia. The sable is, however, met with, an animal which is never found to the westward of the Ural chain of mountains. It is also confidently asserted that mice taken from one side to the other will not survive: thus, nightingales in Devonshire, sables in America, or martins in Asia, are, I believe, looked for as snow in Equatorial Africa.'—*ib.*

Our seaman here seems to have got a little out of his latitude. It is pretty well ascertained, we believe, that the two Americas do not produce a single heath, nor the southern hemisphere a rose: as to the oak, it is found growing as freely and as fine in some parts of Asia, in Eastern Tartary, China, Cochinchina, India,
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and Persia, as it is in Europe; and, if we mistake not, Thunberg mentions not fewer than four different species in Japan. That there are no nightingales in Devonshire, is a vulgar error.

The account which Captain Cochrane gives of the iron and copper foundries of Ekatherinebourg, as well as of the washing gold sand, if correct, only makes it surprizing that they are not at once given up by the government. He states, that 6,000 fine young peasants belonging to the crown contribute, by their labour, to the public revenue, not more than 5,000*l.* sterling annually, chiefly on account of the corruption and roguery which prevail among all the superintending officers, from the highest to the lowest. We suspect that he here speaks 'without book,' and that a night's lodging could hardly enable him to enter into the details with which he is pleased to supply his readers. We have no doubt, however, that very different results are obtained from a private establishment on the same spot.

'The magnificent iron establishment belonging to the Yakovleff family is much better deserving of attention. Six thousand peasants are attached to it, and at present employed in making bar iron for the fair of Nishney-Novgorod, iron plates for covering houses, cast-iron utensils of various kinds, steam-engines, and immense quantities of cutlery, not forgetting the iron images for worship, all finished in a neat and solid manner. The buildings appertaining to this establishment are equally extensive and substantial; and the situation of the overseer, who is a peasant, is worth two thousand pounds per annum! The villages of the peasantry are well built, and much liberality is evident in every part of the concern, which is as profitable, as creditable to the proprietor, whose character stands very high; affording no small counter proof how much the Imperial works are neglected, while those of the individual are protected, encouraged, and industriously persevered in.'—vol. i. pp. 129, 130.

At Irkutsk the society is stated to be good, and mostly among the Germans; the military and the merchants seldom meet, the latter being considered as little better than Jew pedlars: their wives and daughters, however, associate among themselves; they dress magnificently, but are very deficient in education. The jail regulations are said to be such as would command the approbation of the philanthropic Howard; the prisoners have plenty of wholesome provisions, and are made to labour on the public works. Our traveller, however, finds fault with many of the regulations of government, and is every where fertile in his plans of reform in all the departments of state, and in schemes for improving the manners of the people. This is the national malady; it springs, however, from a noble source, and though we sometimes feel hurt at this restless interference, we scarcely know
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how to regret it, especially when exerted, as it always is by the Captain, in the spirit of frankness and good humour. While on the subject, we may add, that he corroborates, as far as his observation extends, every thing advanced by us, respecting the amelioration of this great empire, in our former Article.

Captain Cochrane warmly reprobates the treatment which the natives of the several tribes of Siberia experience from the Cossacks, whose despotism, he says, is infamous, 'abusing, robbing, and flogging them unmercifully.' Such, however, is the real or supposed utility of these light-horsemen, that by his account they cannot be dispensed with; 'no officer, be his rank what it may, when travelling, can do without them—no horses, provisions, or assistance of any kind can be procured, no orders can be given, no punishment can be inflicted, no courier dispatched;' in short, he adds, 'a Cossack is every thing, and therefore in Siberia he is feared:'—he is, in other words, the Tartar or privileged messenger of Ispahan and Constantinople. At one place, a Yakut prince, having inspected the ukase which directed our traveller to be provided with what he might stand in need of, refused to attend to it, on the ground that the order mentioned the said traveller to be a captain in the navy, which he could not deem the bearer to be, with a nankeen coat and a long beard, the dress of a Russian *pedlar*—the opprobrium of the nation. The Yakut prince was surely right: the Cossack, however, was proceeding to enforce compliance by the weight of his *baton*, when the Captain interfered, and with difficulty prevented it.

In the valley of Sartan, in the country of the Yakuti, the thermometer is stated to have stood at 28° and 30° below the freezing point of Reaumur, (about 36° below zero of Fahrenheit). This is one of the points which induced us to say that our traveller sometimes tells more than he knows. By his own account he had no thermometer or instrument of any kind; and yet here, and in other places, in the midst of a savage and unfrequented country, we have the degrees of cold marked, and sometimes as low, too, as 42 . 'And to *prove*,' says he, (what required no proof if he had actually observed it,) 'that I do not magnify the extremes of cold, I beg to refer to Sauer's Account of Billing's Expedition, and the admiral Saritcheff's account of the same;' by whom, he informs us, 43° of Reaumur or 74° (-65°) of Fahrenheit were repeatedly marked; he also says, that at Yakutsk, 47° of Reaumur have been registered, equal to 84° (-74°) of Fahrenheit. It may be so; but the Yakutsk thermometer has shewn at least 20° of Fahrenheit lower than we ever heard of before. We shall say nothing of his mistakes in reducing the degrees from one scale to the

the other, because we must do him the justice to say, that he warned us from the beginning not to expect any thing scientific from him; which, indeed, further appears to be justified by his observing, 'how ill we have *hitherto* understood the *reflective* or *refractive* power of the sun in arctic latitudes:'—a remark occasioned by his having seen that luminary on the twenty-second of December, when he was, as he supposed, a little north of the arctic circle.

The Captain now indulges in some extraordinary stories of the prodigious quantity of food which the wild natives of Yakut are capable of swallowing at a meal, which perpetually remind us of the 'festival exceedings' of the Eskimaux. The public will spare us the details, of which, indeed, they have already had quite enough in the journals of Parry and Lyon. Our traveller is no glutton: like Captain Bobadill of abstemious memory, he appears content 'with a pipe, and a radish to stop the orifice of the stomach;' neither is he much of an epicure, unless on gala days, and when he falls in with such irresistible provocatives as raw fish—then, indeed, he luxuriates!

'Spite of our prejudices, (he says,) there is nothing to be compared to the melting of raw fish in the mouth; oysters, clotted cream, or the finest jelly in the world is nothing to it: nor is it only a small quantity that may be eaten of this precious commodity. I myself have finished a whole fish which, in its frozen state, might have weighed two or three pounds, and with black biscuit and a glass of rye-brandy, have defied either nature or art to prepare a better meal.'—vol. i. p. 266.

The inhabitants bordering on the Kolyma justify the Captain's taste, for they live almost exclusively on fish.

'The quantity of fish caught is prodigious, as will be inferred from the following account. From Nishney Kolymsk to Malone is a distance of eighty miles; the number of inhabitants in the two places may be six hundred, and these consume nearly two million pounds of fish. Now, allowing one hundred and twenty families to represent the six hundred individuals, it follows that each family receives a portion of about fifteen thousand pounds of fish annually, or forty pounds a day. Nor is such a quantity by any means too large, considering the number of dogs, which are generally allowed each ten herrings a day, at least during the period of work. In the distance above alluded to, there may be about eight hundred dogs, who consume above four thousand pounds of fish daily, during half the year: the other half they prowls about on the banks of the rivers and lakes, and by their sagacity provide their own subsistence. Indeed, were it not for them, there would inevitably be a plague in the town of Nishney Kolymsk, for there is no filth whatever which is not consumed by them. With respect to their howling at stated periods, no cock ever crew, nor goose ever cackled more regularly than these domestic animals: it would also appear that one of them

is constantly on the alert, and, giving the alarm, he is instantly followed by the rest during a space of four or five minutes,"—pp. 289, 290.

We are not surprized that these people should be subject to many diseases, more particularly the scurvy; but we are somewhat staggered with the Captain's assertion that it is cured 'by the consumption of raw fish during the winter:'—but if cured in the winter, how happens it, that 'in the summer the disease never fails to abate with the arrival of fresh fish'! If it be cured in the winter, and abates in the summer, when does it exist in force? His account of the following diseases is amusing enough, and we suppose will be new to most of our readers.

'The complaints called *diable au corps*, and imerachism, must also be specified; the former is a most extraordinary one, and consists in an idea that the body of the patient is possessed with one or more devils, attended with incessant hiccoughs. The parties afflicted with it are generally most delicate and interesting in their appearance; and it is seldom indeed that any individual is cured. In females it prevails to such an extent, as utterly to prevent pregnancy. I have seen them hiccough to so great an extent as to induce me to strike them on the upper part of the spine, in the hope of relieving them from the pain by a surprise of the moment. They persist in believing that a devil is in the body of the person afflicted, and that, until he be removed, the person will never regain health. The complaint, whatever it may be, the natives consider as an inheritance from their fathers.

'Imerachism, to which not only the people of the Kolyma, but those also of more southern countries are subject, is equally unaccountable. Instead of exciting serious fits, like the last-mentioned disorder, it carries with it an air of merriment, as it by no means affects the health of the person, though it subjects him to the most violent paroxysms of rage, fear, and mortification. Whatever is said or done in the presence of an imerach will be repeated by him at the moment, however improper or violent the act may be. I have seen the dog-master of Baron Wrangel's expedition commit acts sufficient to frighten the person in company with him. While in an adjoining room conversing on points of duty, a slight knock at the bulk-head was sufficient to set him a pummelling the person with him, merely from a principle of self-defence. Of this same dog-master, by the way, a highly amusing anecdote is related, and which was confirmed to me, not only by himself personally but also by Mr. Gedenstrom of Irkutsk, who commanded the expedition. The theatre was the Frozen Ocean, and the imerach's dogs and narte were the head-most. One forenoon they encountered a large white bear; the dogs immediately started towards the animal, and the driver, being the dog-master of whom I am speaking, steadfastly kept his place, prudently remaining by those who only could assist him. In the eagerness of the dogs, sharpened probably by hunger, they became entangled with one another, and were almost rendered useless. The driver, seeing the state to which he was reduced, resolved to attack the bear with his ostol (a stout iron stick with small bells, which serves to stop the narte), and accordingly

accordingly presented himself to the enraged bear, who immediately raised himself upon the hind legs, and began to cry and roar most bitterly; the imerach followed the example. The bear then began to dance, and the driver did the same, till at length the other nartes coming up, the bear received a blow upon the nose and was secured.'—pp. 292—295.

The Tchutski hold an annual fair, at a Russian fortress on the borders of the country inhabited by these savages, in which they exchange their furs and skins, sea-horse teeth, and rein-deer dresses with the Russians for tobacco and other luxuries, and household necessities. It is not permitted to open the fair until one or more of the chiefs have waited on the Russian commissary, to receive baptism at the hands of some missionaries from Irkutsk, and to pay a nominal tribute. Our traveller gives the following account of this initiation to 'christianity.'

'The morning was ushered in by the arrival of these persons in state, dressed in their gayest apparel, and seated in a beautiful narte, drawn by two rein-deer, the whole forming a cavalcade of twenty-five or thirty pairs. Having reached a large storehouse, to which the altar and images were carried, the priest proceeded to baptize the two men, their wives, and three children; but instead of being merely sprinkled with water, they, men and women, were obliged one and all to strip, and to be three times plunged in a large iron cauldron of ice-water, with the thermometer on the spot at 35° of Reaumur, with no part of the dress on except their trowsers; and were afterwards directed to bathe their feet in the same cold water. I could not help pitying the women and children, the former of whom, having long hair, became, as it were, enveloped in icicles. A small cross suspended round the neck, with many difficult and almost useless injunctions how to pronounce their newly acquired names, completed the ceremony.'—pp. 304, 305.

As these new converts are entitled to receive certain presents, chiefly tobacco, in return, it frequently happens, Captain Cochrane says, 'that the same chiefs present themselves twice or even three times to be baptized; this trick, we think, could scarcely be played more than once. The ceremony being performed, the benediction follows, when, our traveller says, 'the poor ignorants become quite happy, quite proud, and ultimately quite drunk.'

Captain Cochrane visited their camp, consisting of three large and three small tents: the latter, appropriated to the family of the chiefs, were neat, clean, and warm, without a fire, at a temperature without of 35° of frost; the others, belonging to the people, were disgustingly dirty and offensive.

'On entering one of these small dwellings, I found the chief and his wife perfectly naked, as was also a little girl their daughter, of about nine years old,—nor did they seem to regard our presence, (Mr. Ma-

tiushkin was with me,) but ordered the daughter to proceed and prepare some rein-deer's meat for us; which she did, in that state of nudity, by a fire close to the tent. Having lolled upon the bed about a quarter of an hour, we were treated with the rein-deer meat half boiled, of which we of course partook out of compliment. I was, however, obliged to cut short my visit from want of air, and the most offensive smell I had ever endured for so long a time.'—pp. 309, 310.

From these people, who are certainly the least civilized of all the various tribes of Northern Asia, Captain Cochrane procured such information respecting the North-East Cape of that continent, as he deemed fit to be laid before the Royal Society of London, especially as he conceived that it refuted a strange whim which Admiral Burney entertained, towards the latter period of his life, that Behring's Strait was no Strait at all, but a deep bay; and consequently, that the two continents of America and Asia were united. To prove the absurdity of such a notion, (fortified by the geographical information received from the enlightened Tchutski, who never saw a compass nor know what it means, and who explain the direction or position of places by the rising or the setting sun,) Captain Cochrane addresses a long-winded 'Memoir on the subject, to the Secretary and President of the Royal Society,' of which it appears they took no notice; owing, as he thinks, to his having committed the unpardonable blunder of putting the *secretary* before the *president*. On his return he demanded back his memoir, which was immediately given to him; and one of the '*fellows*,' whom he consulted on the subject of this apparently strange treatment, advised him, he says, to 'shame the rogues and print it,' which he has accordingly done, in about sixty pages of letter-press. The paper may be suitable enough for the place where it now appears; but the perusal of it, we suspect, will fully explain why the Royal Society did not admit it into their Transactions.

It would be tedious to follow our author in the subsequent part of his journey over dreary wastes and dismal solitudes, across frozen rivers and snowy mountains, at the imminent risk of breaking his neck, or being frozen to death, or perishing with hunger, at every step. We are only surprized that the young Kamschatka girl of fourteen or fifteen years of age, whom he afterwards married, and who is said to be of a delicate habit, should be capable of performing the same journey, under all the hardships which, at the very best part of the year, must necessarily be experienced. What these are may be partly seen in the letter which the Captain addressed to the governor-general of Siberia, accounting to him for departing from the original design of his travels.

* From the river Kolyma I had lost the honour of addressing your excellency;

excellency; since when I have come over a large tract of desolate country, nearly two thousand miles, with great labour and some peril. The difficulties I have had to contend with surpass every thing of the kind I have ever before seen, and required every exertion of mine to conquer; which I did not do under seventy-five days of hard labour. My route lay along the Kolyma, Zyzanka, Indigirka, Omekon, and Okota; all of which are, at this season of the year, large, rapid, dangerous, and almost impassable rivers. Besides these, there are numerous other streams, as well as lofty mountains of frozen snow, large overflowed marshes, crowded and decayed forests, and half-frozen lakes, which present themselves in every part of this journey: suffering at the same time cold, rain, hunger, and fatigue, with forty-five nights' exposure to the snow; at times without fire in a frost of thirty degrees; and latterly, five days being passed without food; never having seen an individual during four hundred miles, and but one habitation in the extent of one thousand; being frequently bewildered and lost in the snow mountains;—all these circumstances tend to weary and dispirit a traveller upon a like journey, and render him incapable of addressing your excellency in a proper style.'—vol. i. pp. 399, 400.

The officer, (Baron Wrangel, often mentioned in our pages,) who was about to proceed from the Kolyma to settle the position of Shelatskoi Noss, declined the offer of Captain Cochrane to accompany him. This, it appears, was one of the objects of his journey, though we cannot imagine how he could possibly have accomplished it to any useful purpose without instruments. Another object was that of crossing over to America; this was abandoned, because two Russian ships were in Behring's Strait. We know not why *that* should have prevented him from putting his original design in execution, unless, which is not improbable, he received a hint that such a step would not be agreeable to the Russian government. All he tells the governor, however, is, that the naval expedition had the same object in view that he had. 'I cannot be allowed to act with them for the reasons before assigned [none whatever are assigned]: I will not act against them; and therefore I cannot act at all.'

Thus, luckily for himself, disappointed in his intention of crossing over to America, where he would inevitably have perished, he proceeds to Kamtschatka, traverses that peninsula, falls in love, marries, and returns with his wife to Europe, nearly in the same way he had proceeded, and everywhere experiencing the most friendly treatment, except at Perma, where he and his lady were obliged to take up their lodging in a stable, and to bear the impertinence of the governor. His observations on crossing lake Baikal are rather curious.

'The mountains every where round the Baikal are of the most elevated and romantic appearance. They are bold, rocky, much indented,

and very dangerous for vessels in summer, as no anchorage is any where to be found. The winds are most violent, and subject to instant changes, resembling hurricanes. The sea is said to run mountains high, and as the vessels are badly manned and worse officered, it is no wonder that numerous accidents occur. July and August are considered as the worst seasons, May and June are the best; but whether in bad or good seasons, it not unfrequently happens that the transports are twenty-five and thirty days in crossing a distance of fifty miles. It is here that the power of steam would best exhibit its incalculable advantages.'—vol. ii. p. 128.

Our traveller, however, crosses it in a very different manner, and with sufficient rapidity.

'Having reached the Baikal, out of which the Angara flows, and into which the Selenga runs, we coasted it for thirty miles before we arrived at the place of crossing. The ice was so clear, transparent, and slippery, that I could not keep my feet, yet the horses are so accustomed to it, that hardly an instance occurs of their falling. We crossed the lake, and reached the opposite village, which has a considerable monastery, in time to breakfast; we had been two hours and a half in going the distance, forty miles. Such is, however, the rapidity with which three horses abreast cross this lake, that the late governor of Irkutsk usually did it in two hours—three hours are generally taken. A horse once fallen on the clear ice, I doubt the possibility of getting him upon his legs again. It is dangerous to attempt stopping them, nor indeed is it, in my opinion, possible; if, however, the vehicle be stopped on this sort of ice, I almost question the practicability of starting it again, without assistance from other people to force the vehicle on from behind. On the other hand, I have seen sledges move so much faster than the horses, as to overtake and turn them short round, and ultimately to form a complete circle.'—vol. ii. pp. 129, 130.

The Captain makes an excursion to Kiatcha and Maimaichin, the two frontier towns of Russia and China, at which the whole commerce of these two empires, which divide between them about one half of the old world, is carried on by forty or fifty Russians and two or three hundred Chinese. We accompanied the traveller to this singular mart with some degree of curiosity, which was but indifferently repaid; the only new information which we collect from his short visit is, that the Chinese live without women: that they told him so, on his inquiring for the ladies, we have no doubt, because, like all other orientals, they shut up their females, and here more closely than elsewhere, as a little brook only separates them from the Russians.

Sed manum de tabulâ. Had time permitted, we would readily have entered somewhat more at large on the homeward journey: for though, as we have seen, our author travelled at a prodigious rate, yet, as he evidently possesses a shrewd and active mind, he could scarcely fail to collect a considerable mass of intelligence
respecting

respecting the manners and condition of the various tribes that people these interminable regions.

We have only to add, that, although the work, from the writer's want of scientific knowledge, contains little that is satisfactory on the face of the country and its natural productions, we shall be much mistaken if the general reader does not find in it a good deal of information that is at once novel and amusing.

ART. XIV.—1. *Report of the Commissioners for building New Churches.* 1824.

2. *The Protestant Dissenters Catechism.* New Edition. By W. Newman. 1824.

WE have united these two publications under the same Article, in order to allow ourselves full latitude for the discussion of a very important subject. The First, the Report of the Parliamentary Commissioners for the Building of New Churches, is highly gratifying, as it shows the great demand for church room, and the eagerness with which it is accepted; and also in some degree discouraging, since it discovers still great and imperious claims upon the munificence of the public, and that, though so much has been done, much is still wanting. The Second is, apparently, a sort of official publication, being a modified reprint of the old standard work among Dissenters. We trust, however, that it is not really characteristic of the spirit universally or even extensively prevalent among that body. It retains all the old and thrice-refuted calumnies against the church, the depreciation of its ministers, misrepresentations of its principles, mistatement of its doctrines; with a proportionate profusion of panegyric upon the founders and supporters of dissent. We are rather inclined to consider the real temper of the great body of Dissenters not so fairly delineated in their own coarse and uncharitable portrait, as in the following passage from a recent pamphlet, usually attributed to the late lamented Mr. Rennell, a clergyman who united in a remarkable manner the profound scholar, and laborious parish priest; who, although a strenuous and most conscientious supporter of the Church of England, conciliated, with success almost unrivalled, the respect and esteem, even the attachment of all parties, whether they agreed with or dissented from his doctrines.

'The Dissenters are more active, perhaps, than they were, but they are certainly far less virulent. They do not fill their ranks upon the principle of hostility, but of indifference. A resemblance to the church is rather affected than avoided. Their places of worship are no more called meetings, but chapels—their ministers assume the title of "reverend;" in

some cases both the liturgy and the surplice are assumed. If you ask a common person why he prefers the Dissenting chapel to the church, he will tell you, that he knows of no difference between them—that the former is more convenient in point of time, or commodious in point of room, and that therefore he attends it. Dissenting chapels in the present day are like cheap shops; there is more show in the windows, more seeming accommodation in the prices, and more bowing for custom than among the old established traders.*

The latter part is expressed with homeliness, but the whole statement is undeniably true. The principles as well as the spirit of dissent in the larger part of the body are totally different from what they were of old. Of the three denominations of Dissenters, a few, and but few, of the old Presbyterian congregations exist, and maintain the Arian or Socinian doctrines into which they degenerated; still fewer, indeed scarcely any, except the Scotch churches in this country, preserve their original Calvinism and rigid discipline. It is not always easy to discriminate the modern Independents, who have preserved the congregational form of worship, and the same meeting-houses ever since the time of Cromwell, from those of the Methodists, who have formed recent establishments on similar principles. The Baptists, though subdivided among themselves both as to doctrine and system of communion, are a more defined, and we believe a prosperous body. The Quakers, though we have heard of one or two recent proselytes, where we should not have expected them, are, we believe, stationary. The great accession to the body of Dissenters has been among the followers of Whitfield and Wesley. But in all the Countess of Huntingdon's chapels, where the Calvinistic disciples of the former meet, a close approximation is made to the services of the Church of England; while an attempt to establish the Liturgy as the standing service of the Wesleyans, at a Conference in the north, was rejected by no great majority. In the latter, the original high church principles of their great founder ensure at least respect for the church from which they seceded, as they state from necessity; and in general, we apprehend, a friendly feeling exists. But both in parliament and abroad the grant for building new churches has been opposed by assertions of the superior popularity of dissent; the enormous and extensive propagation of which has been assumed as a justification of open attack, as well as covert insinuation, against the negligence, the inefficiency, the general character of the clergy. It has been roundly declared that the new churches remain empty, and are therefore useless; that the appeal to parliament for assistance is

* Letter to Henry Brougham, Esq. on his Speech at Durham, p. 10.

only a new proof, not of the zeal of the clerical body for the spiritual welfare of the people, but for an extension of their own patronage and emolument. Whether, however, this increase of dissent is still progressive, or whether it has reached its utmost limit, our object is to show that it has been the natural consequence of circumstances, over which the clergy, as a body, could have no controul; which, as they could not counteract, is not to be imputed to them as a criminating charge; which lastly affords no argument against a national establishment for the maintenance of religion in a Christian country, as its apparent inefficiency in this respect arises from causes incidental to the peculiar manner in which our present church was formed, not in any thing necessary to or inseparably connected with its nature. We do not mean to deny that in so large a body individual cases of notorious negligence, or even worse, may be detected; nor have we any wish to avert the merited indignation from the offenders; but we deprecate, and with justice, the wicked and cruel condemnation of the whole body, for the sins of a few among its members. We shall hereafter revert to the difficulties which are, unwisely we think, thrown in the way of the proper authorities, when they would exert their jurisdiction to suspend or deprive clerical delinquents; all we plead for at present is, the same justice and charity which we extend to others. We dislike, we will speak with greater energy, we detest that spirit, which would make the general body of Dissenting teachers odious on account of the profligate, who may have assumed that character for the furtherance of their vices: our views are general, and will not descend to particular cases; we discuss the principles of different systems, not the acts of individuals; we shall abstain as much as possible from mingling considerations purely political with the question at issue; above all, we shall study to observe that spirit of charity, which, as it will not condescend to the restraint of fear, lest it should offend by declaring the whole truth, will study to express that truth, in a manner which ought to give no offence whatever.

We consider then the clergy as trammelled and impeded in their labours by many difficulties, from which they cannot by any activity or zeal emancipate themselves; and the Dissenters as possessing certain advantages, which the situation, the character, and the necessary habits of the clergy, as well as the peculiarities of the Church Establishment, render unattainable by its ministers. Many of these points are, doubtless, sufficiently obvious, and perhaps, for that very reason, do not meet with that serious attention which they deserve; others, perhaps, are less prominent, though of material importance. We would therefore endeavour to direct the consideration of the public to these particulars, somewhat in

detail, and leave the whole question without fear to the justice and impartiality of its award; for it is only for want of information or attention that the public in this country is misled: it may have its paroxysms of passion, or its obstinate lethargy of prejudice; but good sense is sure at last to predominate, to calm the transient irritation, and remove the pertinacious obstruction.

Without question then the first and greatest cause of the diminished influence of the clergy, and of accession to the Dissenters, has been the enormous increase of local population. Towns of a moderate size have extended themselves into vast cities, new towns have sprung up on wild heaths and barren moors, with the rapidity, and under the same agency, as that building which is said in *Paradise Lost* to have, 'risen like an exhalation.' All this extraordinary change has taken place for the most part in districts which, at the time of the establishment of our church, or rather when it adopted the parochial divisions, and took possession of the existing religious edifices at the Reformation, were very thinly occupied by a scattered agricultural population. In the towns the old capacious church afforded tolerable accommodation to the parishioners, who were not yet pampered into fastidiousness by the luxuries of well lined pews and cushions, but were content to offer up their devotions from a bare bench, or an uninclosed seat in the aisle. In our older cities, and the more ancient part of the metropolis, towers and spires, and perhaps the old massy cathedral, indicated from a distance, that due provision was made for the worship of God, in proportion to the number of buildings for the use and convenience of man. Nothing is more striking than the total absence of the stately tower, and the spire, 'whose silent finger points to heaven,' when we look down on these new towns with their wide unbroken uniformity of flat roofs and heavy parapets; or in the western part of London, which displays more strongly the deficiency of which we complain, by the contrast which the City, crowded with churches of every height and every description of architecture, perpetually affords. It is evident that the clergy had not the power to supply the increasing demands for increased accommodation, thus multiplying in all quarters. If any where, the blame clearly attaches to the legislature: but if we take into the consideration the unforeseen and unexampled rapidity with which this extraordinary change has taken place, and that its progress was simultaneous with the vast expenditure required by the war, we can by no means either complain or wonder that every increase of the burthen which pressed upon the nation was at that time carefully avoided. The promptitude, we might almost add the unanimity, with which the earliest opportunity of peace and of financial prosperity was seized, to devote a considerable

considerable sum to this purpose, the establishment of the Society for the enlarging churches, supported with great munificence, and the parliamentary grant of the last session, guarantee as well the estimation in which the Church of England is held, as the serious conviction of the paramount necessity of such measures. But in the mean time the Dissenters had perceived, and with the greatest alacrity, seized their advantage. Many, we have not the slightest doubt, were animated in this cause by the purest and most disinterested motives, the providing spiritual instruction for the poor and ignorant, the bringing home the principles of the Gospel, as it were, to the doors of those who were either at too great a distance from their parish churches, or who could obtain no accommodation there. Many were actuated by the less exalted principles of zeal for their sect or party. Many,—we speak from conviction, and therefore will not disguise the truth, from the spirit of commercial speculation, as finding the building of chapels more lucrative than that of houses; while in a still larger proportion the better and baser motives were so mingled and identified, that certainly no outward observer, and scarcely the conscience within, could discriminate the comparative force with which the love of God and the love of wealth operated; or in what degrees their combined influence governed the conduct.

But it is unquestionable that in many places the clergy have not only to compete with the fair opposition of religious zeal and activity, but with the interested spirit of pecuniary speculation. In many towns the dissenting meeting involves considerations at least as worldly as spiritual. The secure payment of a large interest for the capital vested, makes the letting of the pews, and of course the increase and maintenance of the congregation, not merely an object of importance, as far as the advancement of what is sincerely believed to be the pure worship of God, or even the prosperity of the peculiar sect, but as a source of income to the individuals who have advanced the money. Though not actually in the market with Mexican and Columbian scrip, Tabernacle bonds are with many as good security and bear as high a premium as any other medium of exchange. But this consolidation of interest with religious zeal (especially where the leaders of the secession are persons of wealth and influence, master manufacturers or in wholesale trade, possessors of houses, to the rent of which the payment for a pew in the conventicle is appended) animates and supports the system of proselytism, which is the life of all dissent, and which in the nature of things cannot be so actively excited in favour of what is old and established. But as habits of this nature are obstinate and inveterate, as the spirit of party is incessantly vigilant to assail all who would again abandon a particular

particular religious sect, with every denunciation which can affect and enchain weak minds; as every kind of influence is employed, from individual expostulation and rebuke, to the silent and supercilious compassion of the whole congregation for 'the Demas who has forsaken them;' neither must the friends of the church of England be dispirited, nor the decisions of the legislature affected by the discovery that the new churches in many places do not immediately draw back those, who seceded perhaps originally solely from want of accommodation in the churches of the establishment. In fact, to dissent from the church in many places is done without difficulty, and the weakest mind will find few obstacles in its way. In a large parish in a town the gradual secession may elude the observation, and escape the expostulation of the most active clergyman, till the seceder is fairly committed with his new friends. But to dissent from a body of dissenters requires no little strength of character; to resist the criminations of the whole body, jealous at least for the interest of their sect, if not conscientiously convinced that salvation is not to be obtained out of its pale; to adopt again that creed, and attend on that minister whose inefficiency and inferiority to the preacher of the conventicle, he has openly asserted; to convict himself of having been misled, and avow his former error; these marks of a rational and independent mind are not too common, and are not, we apprehend, the spontaneous growth of that soil and atmosphere which are found in the chapels of Dissenters. In the metropolis the success, if we may so speak, of the new churches, the large congregations with which they are crowded, are flattering symptoms of a return to the institutions of our forefathers; and probably the difficulty of maintaining the strict *surveillance* of the Dissenters over their flocks, in the vast metropolis, may make against their influence. Notwithstanding however this tenacious hold upon new converts, and this rigid jealousy of separation among separatists, the principle of dissent is so relaxed, by that very accession of the Methodists which has appeared to swell their body to such an alarming extent, that it can be no longer enforced upon the family with such severe and uncompromising rigidity; the children sometimes quietly revert to the establishment, while the parents continue to attend the conventicle to which they have been accustomed. It is no longer an inveterate hereditary malady, but a transitory disorder, from the contagion of which the nearest relatives escape. The feud is not now handed down from sire to son with all the cherished rancour of many generations, born, nursed, and bred in acrimonious hostility, imbibing prejudice during the whole course of their education, and associating strictly with those of their own party alone; but the falling off and desertion of the second generation is

not

not so much incumbered with difficulties, as that of the new converts who of their own free will have enrolled themselves in the list of contributors and members of the conventicle. On the one part, parental fondness, perhaps a lingering respect for the establishment in which they themselves were educated, and something of dissatisfaction with the system to which they are, as it were, too far pledged to retract, temper the regret; on the other, the fear of irritating stanch supporters, and probably the hope of eventual reconversion, make the secession a subject of remonstrance less indignant, and lamentation less uncharitable. Thus, although the present actual seceders can scarcely be expected to return into the fold of the church, considerable hope may be entertained, that a very favourable alteration in the general sentiment may gradually take place, when a new generation shall spring up.

But where there is not an absolute want of new churches, where the population, to use the language of Mr. Malthus, does not press so closely on the means for providing for their support in a religious sense; where alterations in the church, by no means of an extensive nature, might add materially to the general comfort and accommodation; it is inconceivable how great difficulties are thrown in the way of the clergy by old prescriptive rights and faculties granted by the injudicious facility of the ecclesiastical courts wherever the fees were to be obtained. A large portion of the area is secured perhaps by inclosure, and jealously preserved for the temporary accommodation of some family not always resident in the parish; but the right is maintained with a strictness which neither argument, conciliation, nor the duty of sacrificing personal convenience to the general good, can induce the owner to abandon.

Another very important point, to which the Dissenters have, with their usual pliability and sagacity, adapted their proceedings, has been the total revolution in the manners of the people, as regards their hours of rising and going to bed. Society in this respect was formerly more nearly uniform; now, though the extremes of fashionable and laborious life are very distant from each other, the general custom encroaches much more on the night, and though the benefits of early rising are still perpetually inculcated by precept, they are not by any means so frequently illustrated by example. Even among our agricultural population, whose labours imperiously require them to be 'afield with the dawn,' the Sunday morning is literally that of rest, most frequently protracted to such an hour, as scarcely to permit even the male part of the family to attend the morning service at the customary hours of the church. For the female, on whom all the household
cares

cares of cleaning and dressing the children devolve, it is certainly difficult to arrange the whole family, and send them forth to the morning service; and we all know how easily, in a point of religious duty, a real difficulty becomes an imaginary impossibility. In large towns this is at least as much the case; but as all thus allow their sleep to encroach upon the day, they make it even, by sitting up much later than their forefathers were accustomed, at night. It is necessary therefore to fill up the longer evening, which formerly was not more than sufficient for family devotion: hence the idle for occupation, the pious for devotion, seek out whatever place of divine worship is open to them. In the establishment many difficulties concurred to prevent this adaptation of the services to the time and convenience of the people. In many places, where, as is too frequently the case, the whole duties devolve on a single overlaboured individual, it would be impossible, were any addition made to the services, for any one, unless endowed with more than usual physical strength and activity, to perform the entire task. It would be like the labours of Swift's curate.

* All this performed by Robert Hewitt—

What mortal else could e'er go through it ?

With some of the clergy, that dread of innovation which is, according to circumstances, a vice or a virtue, operated most strongly. The custom having been begun by the Methodists, was therefore considered, whatever might be the circumstances, as heterodox and fanatic. In others, a conscientious dread of conducing to immorality, by leading the young abroad in the dusk of evening or the darkness of night; the conviction that many would make the going to divine worship an excuse for escaping the controul of the master or father of a family, and thus either never arrive at their destination, or be exposed to temptation or insult on the way; these more serious and rational objections caused many of the clergy to resist most strenuously any concession on this point. The poor, however, soon discovered that, putting all spiritual improvement out of the question, it was more comfortable to pass the evening in a warm and well-lighted meeting-house, with occupation if not edification of the mind, than to cower over a scanty and expiring fire, by the feeble light which alone they could afford, and by which they could with difficulty, however piously disposed, make out the letters of their closely printed Bible. We cannot take upon ourselves to decide upon the wisest course to be pursued by the clergy in this respect, as the prudence of the plan must entirely depend upon local circumstances. But where the accommodation to the public wishes is feasible; where the town and the church itself are well lighted, we should conceive that the advantage

advantage will probably predominate; and accordingly, we know that, in many large towns, and in London itself, the practice has been adopted with very general success. Be this, however, as it may, long before the clergy had thought it prudent or desirable to deviate thus from the customary forms, the conventicle had been rendered as attractive as possible; its large gleaming windows, its sonorous psalmody had attracted the passer by; many who had entered to scoff, perhaps, remained to pray; an attachment was gradually formed, either local or personal, to the meeting or the minister; and, in proportion, the affection for the church of their forefathers was weakened and undermined, till the mind was, as it were, surprized into and enslaved by dissent without having paused to examine the arguments on either side; or to put it seriously to the conscience, whether they consulted more than their own convenience in abandoning the ministers and the tenets under which they had been born and educated. Experience made the Methodists discover their vantage ground; most indeed, especially the followers of Mr. Wesley, who announced themselves rather as supplementary to, than as opponents of the church, selected ostensibly and avowedly the time when the churches were not open; the old dissenters fell gradually into the plan: so that the evening service is the period at which, if we may judge from appearances, they meet with the greatest success, and strive with the greatest zeal to make their services and their pulpits most acceptable to the taste of their hearers, and most adapted to the securing and extending their own influence.

But we must not disguise another cause of the progress of dissent in many large towns, the poverty of the benefices. With this we shall connect, as operating most strongly in the same manner, what we dare to call the *vulgar prejudice* against the opulence of the clergy. Their enormous wealth, and the implied consequence of rapacity and venality, has been the theme of every demagogue, and of every sour and discontented pamphleteer during all the recent struggle with financial embarrassment and excessive taxation. It is in vain to detect the grossness of exaggeration,* which is as greedily swallowed as it is undauntedly asserted. But though there are some prizes, some situations of great splendour and riches, we scruple not to assert on the other side, that, as a profession, taken generally, none is worse paid. In order to estimate this point with justice, we must take into the account the great expenditure of the clerical education, as well as the manner in which the clergy must live to keep up their respectability, we may add, their useful-

* We recommend strongly two pamphlets on this subject by the Rev. Augustus Campbell, Rector of Wallasey.

ness. It is not fair to decide on the wealth of the individual by the items of his income. A man in one station of life is far richer with £500 per annum than another with £1000. The manner in which the clergy mingle with the higher and secondary orders of society is of most inestimable advantage to the country, as tending more than any other influence to maintain that respect for decency and morality, without which conversation would too frequently degenerate into license, and the manners receive an irreparable taint of depravity. On a general view then, reckoning the cost of education, the situation they must maintain, the charities to which they must contribute, the families which, as so many from the soundest principles of morality marry early, they have to support; the books which, if of a studious turn and inclined to acquire a profound knowledge of theology, they must purchase, the profession at best is far from lucrative; and, when years of ill-paid and laborious service are deducted, approaches, in more instances than is generally supposed, to the primitive poverty to which our political economists would reduce the church. We speak it to the honour of the Dissenters, that their ministers, considering the sphere in which they move, the situation in life which they have to support, the original expense at which they or their families have been at to qualify them for their duties, (if, indeed, they have thought any qualification necessary,) are maintained in decent and respectable comfort. There are instances of large fortunes having been made, with the assistance probably of pious donations and bequests. Dissenting preaching, to a young man who has no alternative between that and trade, with no very brilliant prospects, or even manual labour, is an excellent speculation. He has but to impose upon the minds of his congregation by talent, or the appearance of it; to strike if possible into a new path, or to humour the caprices and prejudices of men vain of their judgment, and he is sure of a rich harvest from the weakness of mankind. This is one of the great evils of the sectarianism of the day; the preacher is perpetually tempted to abandon the bold vantage ground of truth, to conciliate his audience, and flatter their prejudices, on which his maintenance depends; he is not in any respect an independent teacher of religion, he is a stipendiary expositor of the opinions of his hearers. Such a system must lead to pride and self-sufficiency in the congregation; in the preacher to an abject subserviency to the opinion of the leaders of the sect, and too frequently to an adulatory assurance of their superior righteousness as individuals. This we assert without fear of violating the rules of the strictest charity, as a necessary consequence of that infirm nature, of those passions and that pride, which are the inheritance of man.

To revert to our subject, however; it happens most unfortunately, that in our older towns, with some exceptions, the benefices are remarkably small. In general, they were the vicarages held under the abbeyes or other ecclesiastical bodies. But the vicarial tithe is in its nature precarious, difficult to collect, and usually lamentably deficient in its amount, to say nothing of its occasional unpopularity. Hence those situations which require the most eminent talents, the soundest discretion, and, in short, all that can conduce to extensive usefulness, are by no means courted by those whose splendid abilities and high character command preferment. It is in human nature that any man should prefer a country residence, with a comfortable income, and no larger population than he can conscientiously take charge of, to a town cure, which is at once poorly paid and over-worked. We are far from the most remote desire of depreciating the labours of many excellent men who have filled these situations, or assuming that the duty discharged is influenced by the income received; but we would secure, if possible, the filling of these more important situations with the most efficient of the clergy, by something like a bonus; above all, we would have them not forced to take the whole oppressive duties upon themselves, but enabled to maintain one or more assistants in the work, as may be necessary. But it is an aggravation of the evil, and by no means generally creditable to the members of the church of England, to observe how that prejudice, which we before noticed, of the general opulence of the clergy, operates to the disadvantage of those whom none can suspect of shrinking from the duty, or being too rapacious of the emolument. The miserable Easter-offering and scanty fee, which even the most constant attendants on the church are content to bestow, is often nearly the whole remuneration of the clergyman; while those who are thus parsimonious set their consciences at rest by greedily believing the extravagant assertions of the overweening wealth of the clergy as a body. For this reason, we cannot but look with considerable anxiety to the future provision for the clergy who are to undertake the new churches, where the parishes are not subdivided. At present, while there is a strong public feeling for religion, the remuneration may perhaps be adequate; but in case of a reverse, of an age of lukewarmness succeeding to an age of fervour, we would have the ministers of such churches in some degree independent of the caprice of their congregation; at least without the temptation of courting popularity, and acting on the Dissenting principle of accommodating their doctrines to the humour and prejudices of their hearers.

We are not aware that our preceding argument is vulnerable on more than one point, the objections to which we wish to anticipate.

ticipate. It may be asserted that the expensive university education is by no means necessary to form parochial ministers, and the theological knowledge and usefulness of the dissenting ministers may be invidiously appealed to as a corroboration of the objection. But, in the first place, it is certain that all the more eminent of the old Dissenters were educated in the university—the Howes, the Owens, and the Baxters; and the succeeding generations—the Doddridges, Watts's, and Lardners were educated by men trained in the same system, before its spirit or its form had become obsolete among them. That almost all the early leaders of the Methodists partook of the same advantages is notorious, and Wesley himself is perpetually ascribing his own success to the sound logic which he imbibed at Oxford. At present we have among the dissenters men of eloquence, of great natural talents cultivated with uncommon industry; but nothing less than that complacent self-satisfaction, which identifies the knowledge of Calvinistic interpretations of Scripture with the highest scholarship and most profound divinity, would place these men in comparison with the Laurences, the Sumners, the Hebers, the Blomfields, and the Marshes, to quote merely a few names which adorn the establishment. But the question is not whether a few individuals may not triumph over the disadvantages of the want of the best education, but whether we can admit of any lower standard for the whole mass of the clergy, who are to maintain the character of this country for sober, rational, judicious theology.

If, however, the bold and decisive manner in which we have dismissed the vulgar exaggeration of the wealth of the clergy may have excited surprise, perhaps this will be still more the case when we lay down, as the next cause of the progress of dissent, the superior liberality of opinion professed both in word and practice by the clergy of the establishment. To all who are accustomed to hear of nothing but high-church bigotry and intolerance, this may sound like a paradox; but to those who will inquire calmly and reason temperately, we are convinced that it will appear a demonstrative truth. The assertion of exclusive spiritual privileges is the principle of Sectarianism; its life-blood is detraction from the labours of the established clergy. The pale of the narrow sect, if it does not contain all who are in the way of salvation, comprizes all who are endowed with certain peculiar advantages, unattainable by those without. But exaggerated pretensions, whether in politics, physic or religion, will invariably lead away the multitude. Only let the assertion of superiority be bold, decided and dauntless, and many weak minds will acquiesce at once in the claim, and be as it were surety for its soundness. Thus then the Dissenter has the double advantage of keeping his
adversaries

adversaries under controul by the impending charge of illiberality, while he is, in fact, self-emancipated from the same restraint. He exacts with the utmost vehemence that charity which he knows too well on what his own success depends, to venture on exemplifying in himself. If a zealous churchman preaches or publishes a warm harangue against that which he may conscientiously believe a grievous error, every epithet of intolerance and of prejudice is launched against him; nor does he usually find cordial support from his own brethren, whom he displeases by his vehemence, even if they strictly accord with his arguments. But let the Dissenter or Methodist advance the more serious charges of neglecting the souls of men, or ignorance of the religion which he preaches; the partial candour of the day either admires the language as the offspring of devout boldness, or at least excuses it as that of pardonable enthusiasm. It is in every respect an unequal strife; on the one side, the appeal is to the passions and to conceit, on the other, to sober reason. However ignorant, however erroneous the dissenting teacher, it is a task of no slight difficulty to the mild and affectionate, though zealous pastor, to eradicate his influence or invalidate his authority. The minds of the poor and illiterate are only to be moved by strong and vehement language; they do not comprehend nice and subtle distinctions; the line of demarcation must be broad and strongly traced, the points of difference must be clear and definite. The exclusive system promises largely, and denounces peremptorily. The dogmatic assertion of superior knowledge of God's counsels, of peculiar sanctity, or, in many cases, of actual and sensible intercourse with the Deity, goes directly home to the understanding, alarms and awes. The clergyman, especially if the invader of his province be in other respects a good and devout man, can but insist on respect and attachment to ancient institutions; on the sin of schism, a topic of all others the most difficult to define and make comprehensible to the uneducated; legitimate ordination, and the power of administering the Sacraments, conferred on the clergy—feeble and uninteresting topics when compared with the dauntless assertion of his ignorance or dislike of the Gospel, denounced on the other side; or perhaps the extravagant claims of the wildest enthusiasm, the relentless terrors of the most gloomy fanaticism. Thus that very charity which proves the clergyman to possess more real practical knowledge of the Scripture, his conscientious horror of infringing in the least on the great commandment which forbids to 'bear false witness,' are his strongest impediments in the contest: while he is 'spoken against' in language disparaging, contemptuous, or superciliously compassionate, his only recrimination can be what scarcely reaches the understanding or touches

the pride-hardened heart, temperate argument and affectionate expostulation.

We willingly concede to the Dissenters the having clearly proved the political right of exercising free judgment in matters of religion; but the moral expediency of assuming and acting upon that right is quite another question; and can only be rationally advised on the principle that all are so far advanced in religious knowledge, so unbiassed by prejudice, so uninfluenced by caprice, and so entirely independent and abstracted from all extraneous and less spiritual motives, as to pass a calm, sober and dispassionate judgment on this most important subject. We confess, however unfashionable the doctrine, that we think humility and self-distrust would be more wise and prudent in the mass of mankind than a presumptuous confidence in their own decisions. 'Let every one judge for himself,' say the Dissenters; 'let every one,' say we, 'be first enabled to form a rational, well-informed and deliberate opinion, before he judges.' Indeed, it is not a little singular that the strongest assertors of the entire corruption of our nature, and the total depravity of the will, are also among the loudest advocates for freedom of judgment. But will this depraved *will* exercise no influence on this most momentous question on which its emancipation from controul or its mortification entirely depends? Judge for yourselves, we reiterate with the Dissenters; but first bring that pride down which may trust to the imagination to furnish evidence of personal election, and thus inflate the soul into a presumptuous Calvinism; first gain that strength of character which will not 'be blown about with every wind of false doctrine;' eradicate those passions which may mistake a personal dislike of the clergyman, on account of some trivial or perhaps unintentional offence, for a conscientious conviction of the erroneousness of his doctrines, or elevate convenience, personal advantage, perhaps the prospect of pecuniary emolument in another sect, into sincere and rational motives for secession from the establishment. We are by no means inclined to under-rate the capacities of the lower orders of society. He who reads but one book, and that the Bible, is often better informed as to its contents than many a better scholar, or man of more philosophic mind. The following passage from Bishop Horsley is quoted with triumph in a Dissenting publication of considerable authority, to every word of which we accede:

'I will not scruple to assert that the most illiterate Christian, if he can but read his English Bible, and will take the pains to read it in this manner, (viz. comparing parallel passages) will not only attain all that practical knowledge, which is necessary to salvation, but, by God's blessing, he will become learned in every thing relating to his religion in such degree, that

that he will not be liable to be misled either by the refined arguments or by the false assertions of those who endeavour to ingraft their own opinion upon the oracles of God. He may safely be ignorant of all philosophy except what is to be learned from the sacred books; which indeed contain the highest philosophy adapted to the lowest apprehensions. He may safely remain ignorant of all history, except so much of the history of the first ages of the Jewish and of the Christian church as is to be gathered from the canonical books of the Old and New Testament. Let him study them in the manner I recommend, and let him never cease to pray for the illumination of that spirit, by which these books were dictated: and the whole compass of abstruse philosophy and recondite history shall furnish no argument with which the perverse will of man shall be able to shake this learned Christian's faith. The Bible, thus studied, will indeed prove to be what we Protestants esteem it, a certain and sufficient rule of faith and practice, a helmet of salvation, which alone may quench the fiery darts of the wicked.'—*Horsley, 9 Sermons.*

All this is as just and true as it is eloquent. All we require is that this exertion of the best faculties which the individual may possess, this sober and temperate inquiry be preliminary to the selection of the teacher; if after that the man errs, we are among the last who would condemn his error with severity. But unless all this previous diligence in acquiring religious knowledge has been shown; where the time, or the will, or the capacity of self-improvement is wanting, it is far better for the poor man to sit and listen to his appointed teacher, than erect himself into a judge of religious controversy. With the privilege of thinking for himself in these matters, the consequence of answering for himself is inseparably connected, answering, we mean, for the full and impartial consideration of the subjects in dispute, as far as his ability extends; the exclusion of every other motive but sincere desire of truth, and earnestness in seeking his salvation. It is not merely whether he is more moved or excited in the tabernacle than the church, he is responsible for the nature of the emotion, whether it be that of the vain, uncharitable, peevish fanatic, or that of the humble, sober and improving Christian. But with regard to the lowest orders of society, the labouring poor, even if the conventicle shall have prospered through causes less creditable to the clergy, the inefficiency of the minister, or the careless manner in which he may officiate, an active and zealous successor will be able to retrieve much that has been lost. Where this part of the congregation has not been alienated by other causes, the deficiency of accommodation in the church, or its distressing distance from his dwelling, the clergyman has so many opportunities of intercourse, such facility of communication, that in the cottage his presence will always be welcome, and his character will command attention. Among them the old feelings and asso-

citations will revive; the church and the worship of their fathers, which perhaps retained a lingering hold upon their affections, may be re-established in their attachment; and through the increasing activity of the clergy, and the general adoption of the national system of education, we do not despair of seeing a most favourable re-action take place, and the church of England re-assume all its ancient hereditary dominion over the hearts of the true-born sons of the country. Our crowded manufacturing population, we fear, is still infected by a disease, to which we would not be suspected of comparing the most acrimonious dissent. In exorcising the foul spirit of infidelity, we say cheerfully and from our hearts, 'those who are not against us are with us.' Here, of course, all those impediments to the influence of the clergy above stated exist in the greatest degree; here, and in all those places where a vast multitude has sprung up without appointed means of religious instruction, the Methodists have laboured with great success, and are worthy of all praise. That in many places the religion has not been able to eradicate the foul taint of political Jacobinism; that the bitterness of dissent has worked and fermented with the leaven of discontent and sedition, is not to be wondered at; and unquestionably it is one of the great evils attendant on the wide extent of Methodism, that the rich and the poor do not meet so often in the same church and around the same altar, where the real feeling of Christian equality may conduce so much to the benefit of both. At present we fear that it is too common in many of the low preachers, and a grievous sin it is, to exasperate all the irritation which is caused by the distinction of rank and fortune. The passages of Scripture which denounce woe and danger against the rich are urged perpetually to gratify the spleen, rather than to comfort the hearts of the poor; to justify their hatred of the opulent, not to create a spirit of content at their own peculiar spiritual advantages. The poor are taught to read of the fate of Dives, not merely without commiseration, but with sensations of fierce and bitter triumph; not to use the example of Lazarus as an incitement to humble gratitude towards the great and impartial Dispenser of good and evil, but as a ground for proud self-congratulation at their own future superiority; their predestined enjoyment almost of revenge against those whose state they now envy. This spirit sometimes finds its way into works of higher pretensions:—

'Who (says the defender of Protestant non-conformity, speaking of church patronage) are the possessors, the proprietors of this world? What is their scriptural character? How, under any conceivable change in human affairs, which should leave human nature itself unchanged, can we expect them to be, but such as the inspired writers emphatically denominate the
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men of this world; men who discern "not the things of the spirit of God," to whom they are foolishness, "because they are spiritually discerned."—*Conder on Protestant Non-conformity.*

This charitable and authoritative condemnation, be it observed, comprises in its sweeping malediction all the prelates and the chief ministers of the crown, in whom the greatest part of church patronage is usually vested; there is more in the same tone, but we merely wish to show the tolerant spirit in which tolerance is preached! But the chief hold of the Dissenters is what is usually called the middle class of society; the upper orders are still in general sound. The historians of Dissent, Messrs. Bogue and Bennett, while they allow the fact, account for it with the same charity as that on which we have just animadverted:—

"When a person has attained to affluence, a multitude of new passions rise in his breast. He pants for distinction, for intercourse with the great, and for honours for himself and his children. But among Dissenters these are difficult to be obtained; the members of their body seldom rise above the middle class of society; and their ministers are plain men, who make no figure among the gay and the great."—vol. iv. p. 322.

All this may be true; but may not also the liberal education, which the more opulent Dissenters may afford, the intercourse with members of the establishment, who are religious without bigotry, have also some effect in removing the sour and obstinate prejudices in which he has been nurtured? may not the discovery that Christian faith and practice may be found without the narrow pale of his sect be some inducement to throw off the trammels of narrow-minded sectarianism in which he has been bound? But we would inquire still further, whether there are not in the peculiar class of which the Dissenters avowedly consist, certain advantages not entirely of a spiritual nature, which may nevertheless operate very powerfully. The petty ambition of being a leading elder; the management of the funds, an influential voice in the appointment of the pastor; the pride of exercising a strict surveillance over the flock; the brief authority and the self importance; above all, the advantage of being backed by a considerable party in all the worldly objects of life, a party in strict connection and mutual dependance, and bound to the support and patronage of each other in trade and traffic; these motives, we suspect, are much more conducive to the prosperity of the numberless places of dissenting worship, than the imperfections of our Liturgy or the inefficiency of our preachers. It is in this class, too, where perhaps the honest pride of independence sometimes overpowers the dominion of good sense. If there exists in this country a spirit of attachment to ancient institutions, there is no less a sort

tracted public attention to those scenes of cruelty and fanaticism, but has at the same time given inexpressible offence by the impartial justice with which he has portrayed the times; by displaying the gallantry as well as the cruelty of the court party, the folly and hypocrisy and hard-heartedness of the persecuted party, as well as their deep devotion, and holy fortitude. But the general tendency of the age is to make heroes and martyrs of all the puritans; to consider their piety unquestionable and unalloyed by baser motives; to consider all their errors palliated if not sanctified by the holiness of their cause; nor will this tendency be diverted by the extraordinary eloquence and beauty with which Mr. Southey has recently attempted to enlist the better affections on the other side, in his description of the cruel murder and martyrlike resignation of Laud. But, as every genuine member of the church of England has abandoned the doctrine of coercion in matters of religion, we all are inclined to judge that age in the spirit of the present. We forget that persecution was considered by all parties as a duty; that all were alike fierce, merciless and intolerant; that if on one side the Star-Chamber endeavoured to enforce uniformity of opinion by harsh and sanguinary means, on the other, the slightest suspicion of Arminianism, the least difference on those inscrutable subjects which angels vainly desire to look into, attachment to the episcopacy by which they were ordained, and the liturgy which they loved, ensured to the faithful son of the church of England the severest proscription, ejection from his living, fine at the will of a despotic oligarchy, imprisonment with Hall, or contempt, hatred and penury, with those predecessors of the '2000 ejected ministers,' whowere at least as conscientious, and certainly much worse used. It is now not a little curious to observe the contest for the palm of having first dared to rebuke the sullen and oppressive spirit of intolerance, and to assert the yet unheard of doctrine of religious liberty. Whether this merit be due to John Owen the Calvinist, or John Goodwin the Arminian, or our own apostolic bishop, Jeremy Taylor, is now become a question as materially affecting the glory of each, as in their own time it exposed them to obloquy. Considering human nature as it is, we lament, but can easily comprehend, the temper with which the affairs of the church were administered at the Restoration. A compromise, which should have included such men as Howe, Baxter and Bates, within the establishment, was certainly to be desired. Mr. Southey indeed tells a damning tale, which throws back all the blame of refusing the conciliation proposed, on the Dissenters themselves; but as that distinguished writer has, in this instance, by some unaccountable error in judgment, omitted his authorities, we must rest the fact on his simple assertion. Still, however,

however, though we might wish that the clergy had possessed sufficient magnanimity to have buried all offences and injuries in oblivion, it was scarcely to be expected. Emerging from the obscurity and poverty into which they had been injuriously thrust; re-occupying the benefices and the means of subsistence for their families of which they had been robbed by democratic despotism; slandered in their morals on the loosest and most suspicious evidence; stigmatised, hunted from place to place, punished for worshipping God after the manner of their fathers, and proscribed the use of their liturgy under heavy penalties, we cannot wonder that the clergy urged every possible measure for strengthening and securing themselves, especially as they had been ruined by concession in the first instance. Nor must it be forgotten, that many of that exaggerated list of 2000 ejected ministers at the Restoration were merely obliged to give up a right which they had usurped; to make room, in their turn, for the original possessors of the benefices, whom they themselves had cast forth without pity, and almost without maintenance. We have always looked with regret upon the failure of the comprehension subsequently proposed by Tillotson and Burnet; a scheme far more practicable, as by that time the rancorous hostility of both parties, the remembrance of former injuries, had in some degree subsided. Nor do we think the alterations proposed in the liturgy altogether objectionable: without pledging ourselves to particulars, we cannot but consider the corrections, entrusted as they were to such men as Stillingfleet, Patrick and Kidder, with the great names above-mentioned, generally safe, and judiciously calculated to diminish or remove the few imperfections, and silence all rational objections to that noblest of uninspired compositions.

But allowing the severity of former laws against the Dissenters, and giving them credit for the fortitude with which they bore what we will not scruple to call oppression, nothing can be more absurd than the conclusion, that the present race of Dissenters are to receive the benefit of our sympathy, to be treated as oppressed sufferers on account of the harshness with which their fathers so many generations ago were afflicted. Toleration, we thank God, in this country, is universal; it is virtually conceded, though some obsolete laws may remain, and practically enjoyed; nor can any thing be more ridiculous than the miserable grievances, which the secretary of what we believe is called the Society for the Preservation of Religious Liberty, with his utmost activity and zeal for misrepresentation, provides for the edification of Lord Holland at the annual dinner of that worshipful board.—But in the second place, unquestionably the lineal descendants of the three denominations, with the Quakers, (by much the smaller
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body we apprehend of the Dissenters,) are alone entitled to this inheritance of public interest from the distresses of their founders. The Methodists, whether Calvinistic or Wesleyan, have sprung up in the bosom of the most profound peace and perfect toleration; the law has taken them under its protection, and indeed peculiar privileges of exemption have been conceded to dissenting teachers. They have no persecutions to boast, beyond the tricks of mischievous boys, or the pelting of some uncleanly missiles. Indeed in the Lives of their founders, although occasionally a clergyman here and there might display a want of temper, in their intercourse with the higher orders of the hierarchy they themselves cannot but admit the uniform propriety and gentleness with which they were treated. We allude especially to Benson, Bishop of Gloucester, Gibson Bishop of London, and the Primate Potter, whom Wesley himself calls 'a great and good man.' But it seems rather hard that the clergy of the present day are to be taunted with the bigotries of their ancestors; to receive an entail of obloquy from the severities of Laud, and what is termed the uncompromising spirit of the bishops at the Restoration, while we are to hear of nothing but the hardships, the losses, the penalties of Presbyterians, Independants and Baptists; not a word of their scurrilous provocations, their divine right of presbytery; their Venner and his fifth-monarchy men, and the levelling principles adopted from the followers of John of Leyden: we are to forget entirely that even the peaceful and demure Quakers had their fanatics who went regularly into the 'steeple house,' to insult the minister; their crazy James Nayler, whom we see that the bard of that unimaginative race Bernard Barton has taken under his poetical patronage. In short, religious enthusiasm sanctifies every cause, justifies every measure, palliates every offence; is admitted as a plea in every case, excepting that enthusiasm which may animate the clergyman to the zealous defence of his own apostolic church, his own established institutions, his own character as a sincere minister of the gospel.

In a former Number we attempted to define the different manner of preaching which prevails in the church and among Dissenters, to explain the causes and the consequences of that difference. But we took no notice of the great advantage which the Dissenters possess in the strict adaptation of their buildings for the purpose of preaching. Hideous and unsightly, as these long brick barns usually are, the interior is usually well calculated for its purpose; while no greater exertion is required from the preacher, than to fill a given space crowded with his auditors, all are arranged in such a manner that not one inch of accommodation is lost:—thus that great accomplishment of a preacher with
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the common people, a loud and sonorous voice, loses none of its effect, and as their buildings are rarely very large, the effort is comparatively trifling. Far different the case of a clergyman, who has to fill not merely the nave, but the long-drawn aisles and deep recesses of an old church, where a wide-scattered, though not always numerous, auditory demands a constant and violent exertion, fatal to the intonation of the voice, and often severely injurious to the health. Many of our old churches, beautiful as they are, were built rather for the long processional services of the Catholics than for preaching; not that we object to the Gothic style for our new churches, where it is regular and uniform, and where the facility of hearing is studied: it is where the accommodation neither is nor can be in proportion to the size of the building; where all is rambling and irregular, aisles and galleries and chapels crowded together without plan, according to the taste and fancy of various succeeding ages.

There is one cause more, which we wish to touch with the utmost delicacy, but which we cannot conscientiously omit. It is the system adopted by some of the clerical body themselves, whose zeal we admire, whose conscientious discharge of duty is worthy of every praise. We shall explain our meaning by recurring to the words of one, with whose opinions, as the reader has already seen,* we certainly do not entirely agree, but for whose labours we have a profound respect.

* Many pious and even eminent ministers have so humoured and indulged their people, as to render them captious, self-conceited, and ready to take offence at every faithful and needful reproof and exhortation. Good Mr. Newton, than whom few stand higher on many grounds, had erred in this respect at Olney to that degree that he could not preach a plain and practical sermon without exciting inquiries through the town. "What has been the matter? Who has been telling something that led to this subject?" By this and other concurring circumstances, though exemplary, meek, and loving in the highest degree, he became an Eli at Olney, and really could not keep his station, having lost almost all his authority and influence. And when it was known he was about to go, it seemed the determination to thwart and oppose him in all his plans for their benefit. Olney, when Mr. Newton left it, swarmed with Antinomians, and when I, about a year after, became curate of the parish, most of the professors of the Gospel were Dissenters; and I had to attempt raising a new congregation in opposition to the Antinomianism, and anti-churchism, which prevailed. In a population of 2500 people, often not one hundred got together on a Sunday morning till nearly the end of the service, and half of these from other places. A great majority of Mr. Newton's people had died before this time; but the Antinomians and Dissenters had quite undermined his influence; while labouring assiduously

* Art. II. of this No. pp. 48 *et seq.*

to carry off his people, they met with no opposition.'—*Letters and posthumous Papers of the late Rev. T. Scott.*

This is unquestionable authority, and were it not invidious, we could name of our own knowledge other places where the consequences of the adoption of this exclusive and sectarian system have been precisely the same. Indeed it is the boast of the Dissenters, whose historians, Messrs. Bogue and Bennet, dwell on the fact with great complacency, and at considerable length. Now, in the instance in question, it cannot be assumed that the successor preached a different doctrine, and therefore revolted his congregation: for in the first place the secession took place during the incumbency of Mr. Newton, with whose opinions those of Mr. Scott, we believe, strictly coincided. We may indeed consider, in our more sober and temperate judgment, that the administration of strong and excessive stimulants in religion is almost as dangerous as in physic; they produce great immediate effects, unusual power and activity; but in both cases the appetite so increases, that it is afterwards in vain to prescribe moderation; the feverish and exalted tone is given to the constitution, which we must feed with still increasing excitements, or it will seek them for itself elsewhere. But this is not all:—what we principally object to in the system adopted by these excellent men, is the want of independence, the too great subordination of their own conduct to the judgment of others. They are not teachers, but condescend to be taught. The very strict line of demarcation which they draw between the religious and the worldly part of the flock, needlessly irritates the latter, while it dangerously flatters the former. Accustomed to great deference for their opinions from one pastor, the 'professing' part of the congregation will rigidly exact it from his successor, having been taught to listen not as learners but as judges; having not their consciences, but their prejudices perpetually appealed to, they arrive at that state in which Mr. Newton's congregation at Olney was found by Mr. Scott; and pass, by a rapid and easy transition, from having been praised and honoured as an 'elect and peculiar people,' into that, for the prevalence of which Mr. Scott, an admirable judge, is our voucher, proud Antinomianism.

We have thus endeavoured, with perfect impartiality, to state some of the reasons, which should exempt the clergy from that general impeachment upon their conduct, which is often deduced by their enemies from the progress of dissent. That our church establishment is perfect, that it has not its evils and inconveniences, we should be the last to assert; but we do confidently affirm, that on the whole it is most admirably adapted to the circumstances of the country. It has produced, and will still we trust,

as long as the Universities maintain their high character, produce men of all descriptions of talent, from the eloquent antagonists of infidelity in the field of letters, to the humble and contented village pastor—from the dignitaries always on the alert, like Horsley, to employ the comparative leisure which their advantages afford, to illustrate the Scripture, and defeat the encroachments of heresy; down to that character which we hope still exists, though in circumstances more suited to the times, the pious curate who ‘is passing rich on forty pounds a year.’

That the interests of the Church are dear to the nation at large; that by the Dissenters themselves it is considered absolutely necessary for the maintenance of true religion in this country, we have no doubt whatever. A few sour fanatics and a few cross-grained politicians may look forward with bitter hope to its downfall, or with greedy anticipation to its plunder. We would safely rest its defence on its utility. As far as the preservation of orthodox opinions, the gradual declension of the old Presbyterian congregations from Calvinism to Arianism, from Arianism to Socinianism, and their consequent almost entire dissipation, are melancholy evidences, to show how precariously uniformity of doctrine can be maintained upon principles of dissent. Even the great name of Clarke led away few in the Church of England into the heresy, which was the ruin of that sect, through instruments far less profound and learned. In the church itself differences of opinion will exist upon certain high and mysterious points, which her articles at least have not rigidly defined; which have equally embarrassed all philosophy, and all false religions; and which the Sacred Scripture has to all appearance intentionally left unexplained. But the vital principle of dissent is disunion; difference of opinion is at a premium, cheerfully paid by those who are eager to be the leaders of a new sect; or to discover some new and compendious way of insulating them still more closely from the general body of Christians; and appearing or fancying themselves to possess some secret and esoteric point of belief, withholden from the many. That the church may not constantly maintain the same general activity, which at present seems to prevail; that at the period previous to the explosion of Methodism, it was too quiescent, we are not inclined to deny. Not but that even this has been exaggerated by her enemies. There was much, even trusting to the records of the Methodists themselves, of that retired and unobtrusive piety in our villages, which was content with the old Duty of Man, the precepts of which it humbly endeavours to fulfil. Most of those tracts which are published by the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge were written at that period; and though somewhat too formal and scholastic for the exigencies of the present time, prove nevertheless

nevertheless that zeal was not extinct even in the bosom of the church. But the fact is, that great emergencies and great dangers are necessary to stimulate great exertions; it is to the progress of infidelity, to the horror excited by the formal abolition of Christianity in France, preceded by the spoliation of the church, and followed by the horrible atrocities which might be expected; it was the furious anti-christian zeal displayed even in this country, which co-operated with the progress of Methodism in awakening all minds to a sense of the inestimable value of their religion. Hence we apprehend the general impulse was given; an impulse, which however it may hurry men's minds away into blind fanaticism, and cause a waste of money upon vast objects of misdirected charity, is working through a thousand channels for the general good, not of England alone, but of Europe; not of Europe, but the whole world. It has imperiously demanded and succeeded in establishing our church on a solid foundation in the East and West Indies; nor at present do we foresee any probability of its relaxing so far, as to permit another period of that indolence and lukewarmness which is the natural result of security, to bring reproach upon the establishment, or inspire its adversaries with hopes of success. Within its sphere, its consciousness of utility, that noblest stimulus, will increase; nor can we encourage any hope that its antagonists, with more of whom it must necessarily come in contact, will abate their jealousy or repress their encroachments. But her cause is that of good sense and rational piety; her benefits are felt through the whole mass of society from the highest to the lowest; her interests are interwoven with those most dear to the majority of the kingdom; we therefore trust her, without the least apprehension of danger from the blundering demagogue, the bitter and envious Dissenter, or the artful infidel, who would make common cause with the latter, in order to overthrow that which he knows to be the bulwark of sincere Christianity; we trust her to the right feeling, the sober reason, the well deserved attachment of her country, which, under divine providence, will maintain her in her state of dignity as well as usefulness; the church which has produced more learning than any in Europe, which is defaced by fewer blemishes, and adorned by as much true religion, as any system of Christianity, since the days of the Apostles.

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THE QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of William Hayley, Esq. the Friend and Biographer of Cowper, written by himself; with Extracts from his private Correspondence, and unpublished Poetry; and Memoirs of his Son Thomas Alphonso Hayley, the young Sculptor.* Edited by John Johnson, LL.D. Rector of Yaxham with Welborne, in Norfolk. 4to. 2 vols.

IT is stated in the preface to these volumes, that Mr. Hayley received a very considerable annuity during the last twelve years of his life, as the price of his own Memoirs, which he was to leave in a fit state for publication. Many an unfortunate author has found, in the prospect of posthumous fame, a flattering unction for the disappointment of ill-founded pretensions; and some, of the highest order, have contented themselves with the sure and certain hope of it, under the indifference or injustice of their contemporaries. But Hayley is perhaps the only person who ever dealt with his posthumous reputation as a post-obit, and converted it into a present income. Both parties might reasonably expect, that the auto-biography of one who, during many years, was the most fashionable of living poets, would, in no inconsiderable degree, excite the attention of what is called the reading public. And even if Hayley had been less conspicuous in literature himself, the intimacy which he was known to have enjoyed with men so eminent in different ways, as Romney, Gibbon, and Cowper, might have authorized such an expectation. He had also obtained some popular celebrity as a biographer, owing to the manner in which his name had been connected with that of Cowper: for, although his life of that most interesting and amiable man bore abundant marks of the constitutional feebleness which appears in all his writings, the materials were of such sterling value, that they made the book one of the most popular and delightful of our times. That Life, like his Life of Romney, was as remarkable for what it suppressed, as for what it communicated. These, however, are cases in which the sin of omission ought not to be severely condemned. It is to Hayley's honour, rather than to his dispraise, that he exercised a scrupulous tenderness towards the memory of his friends, which he did not think it necessary to observe concerning himself, when he became his own biographer. The preface to these memoirs informs us, that the Editor has 'abstracted some pas-

sages, which, if an opportunity of advising had been afforded him, he is persuaded the author himself would have omitted.' Something concerning these passages will be said in the proper place. Suffice it here to observe, that, in thus exercising his discretion, the editor has acted like a true friend, and with a just regard both to the living and the dead.

The Memoirs are written in the third person, a less natural, and therefore a less pleasing form, than if the first personal pronoun had been allowed its proper place. They have the less excusable fault that they are written as if the author affected throughout not to appear his own biographer: matters of fact are stated hesitatingly, and as if by inference from other things; and by this useless artifice of style, one charm of auto-biography is destroyed. The truth remains; but the stamp which should authenticate it, is wanting. We have, indeed, seldom seen a book which more completely disappoints the expectations it might reasonably raise; so cold and feeble is the manner, and so little does it contain of those literary reminiscences with which the author's mind must have been stored. We may gather from it, however, an account, amusing in some points, and not uninteresting in others, of one so conspicuous in his day, that he must always hold a place in the history of English literature. We may show what were the real services which he rendered to letters, and to what his disproportionate reputation was owing, without attempting to revive that which in the course of time and of nature is defunct. To slay the slain were a work of useless severity, even if the memory of a gentleman and a scholar were not entitled to respect from all who have any pretensions themselves to either of those characters.

The Memoirs begin, as it was fit they should, with some account of his family. Thomas, his father, the only son of Thomas Hayley, Dean of Chichester, was educated at Exeter College, and lived as a private gentleman in Chichester. His first wife was the heiress of an opulent merchant. She died early, without issue, leaving him in circumstances 'sufficiently affluent to disregard the article of fortune in his second marriage.' No woman 'had ever a juster title to the affectionate labours of a biographer,' than the lady whom he afterwards addressed and married. She was the daughter of Colonel Yates, who had represented the city of Chichester in parliament, but by the ruinous expence of a contested election, and by improvident habits, was deplorably reduced in fortune, when this daughter grew up. She went, therefore, to reside with a maternal aunt, wife of the then Bishop of Ely, Dr. Gooch, 'a prelate,' says Hayley, 'who might have said, with Cardinal de Retz, that he had *l'ame peut-être la moins ecclésiastique qui fût dans l'univers.*' In those days, church preferment was often most unwisely and unwarrantably

warrantably bestowed; but if the Bishop had neither the disposition nor the learning, which ought to have been considered as the indispensable qualifications for his high office, he possessed extraordinary talents, and delighted in forming the character of his niece. Her situation, however, was by no means happy. The advantages which she might have enjoyed from his kindness, and from the society which frequented his house, (for he was a man of the finest manners, and the most engaging vivacity of mind,) were in great measure frustrated by the penuriousness of her aunt, and she was often reduced to keep her chamber under a pretext of indisposition, from the absolute want of the most common articles of dress. To relieve herself from this pitiable dependence, and at the same time afford some assistance to her parents, she had almost determined upon assuming a fictitious name, and trying her fortune upon the stage;—a perilous adventure, for which, however, her person, countenance, voice, and elocution, appeared to qualify her in a singular degree. While she was painfully hesitating whether to enter upon a mode of life, which, in those days, was attended both with degradation and danger to the female character, Mr. Hayley solicited her hand in marriage, and was strongly seconded by all her friends. His person, talents, character, and situation in life were all in his favour; the lady, however, feared some danger from his extreme generosity, and his propensity to indulge in expensive pursuits; and she made it the condition of her acceptance, that, on his marriage, he should diminish instead of increasing his equipage; a stipulation the more remarkable, as she herself was ‘far from being an enemy to splendour.’ After the day had been fixed, she was seized with the small-pox; she recovered from this frightful disease without injury, and in the year 1740, they married, and took up their abode in their native city of Chichester, where William their second son was born on the 29th of October (old style), 1745.

Hobbes was frightened into the world by the Spanish Armada, and his constitutional timidity has been ascribed to the original panic which became, as it were, part of his nature. Hayley might have been frightened out of it, if his mother had not possessed that presence of mind which is among the best gifts of nature. The French were at that time expected to make a descent upon the coast of Sussex; and just after the birth of this babe, came news which were entirely believed, that they had actually landed at Pevensay, and were marching to Chichester. Mr. Hayley would immediately have removed his wife and child to Portsmouth, as a place of security; but the mother refused to hazard her infant's life by such a removal. The invaders, she said, might very probably never reach Chichester, and if they did, she had confidence enough

in their humanity to think it impossible that they should injure a woman in her situation. But though the danger to which her own life, more than that of the infant, would have been exposed, was thus averted by her courageous composure, the alarm of invasion in its consequences produced great and fatal injury to this family. Mr. Hayley had raised a company called the Chichester Blues, and exerted himself with so much zeal and success in the military preparations which it was necessary to make, that he received a letter of thanks from the Duke of Newcastle, and the offer of a baronetcy. The title he was prudent enough to decline. But in supporting the military character, he was led into imprudent expences, and into those habits of convivial intemperance, which were then the bane and the disgrace of society. Confiding in the strength of his constitution, he would, after a night of intemperance, instead of seeking to recover himself by sleep, plunge into a cold bath, and by that means prepare himself for the business of the day. The admonitions and entreaties of his excellent wife were of no avail; but her apprehensions were soon verified; for this desperate imprudence brought on a pulmonary disease. At a time when her eldest child was lying in a dangerous fever, Mrs. Hayley was obliged to leave it, that she might attend a dying husband to Bristol Hot Wells. There he expired, after lingering a few weeks, and by his own desire was buried at Earham in Sussex, a beautiful and sequestered village; where he had purchased a small estate, and built a diminutive villa, to which he sometimes sent his children for the advantage of better air. Mr. Hayley was one of those men for whom it is a misfortune to have been born rich. Had it been necessary for him to follow some profession, he had abilities which might have raised him to distinction; and in the pursuit of fortune, he would have disciplined and enriched his mind; whereas, in the enjoyment of hereditary wealth, his talents were dissipated. They were such as rendered him capable of enjoying it worthily. His son, who was in his own day better read than most of his contemporaries, says, that his common-place books contain proofs of extensive study. 'He was enough of a musician to compose a country dance, and enough of a poet to translate a sportive ode of Horace into spirited English verse.' And he had a passion for sculpture, painting, and architecture. The latter pursuit led him into some whimsical expences: he left at his death an additional apartment to his house unfinished; but of so singular a construction that it puzzled all persons to conceive what it was intended for; and his son could only conjecture that it was to be a diminutive representation of the great mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople!

He died in 1748, leaving two children. The eldest, a most promising

promising boy, survived him only two years, falling a victim to the then imperfect practice of inoculation. Both children would have been inoculated at the same time, if one of their guardians had not suggested to the mother that it was risking too much to hazard the lives of both at once. The survivor had escaped even a more pitiable death in his earliest infancy. Mr. Hayley would not allow his wife to nurse the infant, lest it should injure the beauty of her form, a motive which, the author justly remarks, 'ought never to be mentioned without reprehension.' The woman who was hired to perform a mother's office was *so deficient in the vital treasure*, (it would be a pity to defraud the reader of this flower of speech,) that the poor child was nearly starved to death before the cause of his wasting away was discovered.

Left now with an only child and a diminished fortune, Mrs. Hayley removed to London, and placed the boy at a small school of considerable reputation at Kingston, under a master by name Woodeson, a person who had the honour of reckoning George Stevens and Gibbon among his scholars. When his mother had taken her leave of him and left him there for the first time among strangers, the child, instead of joining any playfellows, sat down under a tree alone in the desolation of his heart, and wept. He always remembered the kindness with which his master's daughter came to cheer and caress him. Worse evils, however, than those which were in store for him, could hardly have arisen from actual desertion. A dreadful fever broke out in the school; the mistress, relying upon her own experience and an ignorant apothecary, tampered with it too long; and when Mrs. Hayley, on being told that her son was slightly indisposed, sent a man-servant on whom she could rely to bring her an exact account of the state in which he was, his report was, that she must not only visit him herself, but take a physician with her, or there would be little chance of saving his life. To Kingston accordingly she hastened, with Dr. Heberden and with William's nurse. They found him in such a condition, as much from mismanagement as disease, that, when Dr. Heberden departed, he spoke to the nurse in private, and said he had promised to return on the morrow, but that this was only to relieve Mrs. Hayley's anxiety, for his opinion was that the child would not be alive so long; indeed, he added, you can hardly wish him to live. And he requested that, if the little sufferer should expire, as he thought must be the case, during the night, a messenger might be sent early in the morning to apprize him of it, as he could not leave London that day without extreme inconvenience. To remove the child was impossible; and, for days and weeks, the mother and nurse watched over 'their little wreck of a human being.' A more pitiable case can hardly have been re-

corded, nor a more surprising restoration; for the disease had reduced him to the last degree of weakness, and not having been attended with sufficient care in that deplorable state, three of his *vertebræ* were so injured, (absolutely dislocated, he says,) that his sight was impaired, and his mental faculties appeared to be destroyed. The physician, who was as humane as he was skilful, thought it his duty to prepare Mrs. Hayley for the worst, and told her they ought hardly to wish to save the child; for if they were to succeed in keeping him alive, which was almost impossible, there was great reason to apprehend that he would be a cripple and an idiot. Under this severe trial the mother was supported by a reliance upon the mercy of God, and declared her full persuasion that He would grant both the life and the suspended senses of her child to her fervent prayers, if she faithfully discharged the duties of a parent. On a former occasion she had felt what it was to suffer for not discharging them; and now they were performed 'through a length and severity of trial that ensured to her the love and admiration of all who were witnesses of her maternal virtue; and at last she had the delight of hearing that virtue most gratefully, though inadequately, acknowledged and recorded by the recovered son, whom she watched with indescribable tenderness and fortitude through the years in which he was destined to suffer a calamitous suspension both of corporeal and mental faculties.' After some weeks he had regained strength enough to bear a removal to London: but as the summer approached, Dr. Heberden advised that she should take a lodging at Richmond, and put the child under the care of Dr. Lewis, of Kingston, whom Hayley describes as an excellent man of science and humanity, who had afterwards the honour of reading lectures upon chemistry before the late king at Kew, and who published a volume with the extraordinary title of *Commercium Philosophico-Technicum*, or the *Philosophical Commerce of the Arts*. Dr. Lewis applied himself with the utmost solicitude and zeal to a case which seemed almost hopeless; and it is to be regretted that the 'unusual expedients,' which it is said 'his rare chemical skill enabled him to try,' should not have been remembered, or not recorded. Their success was such as to afford hope, not for the life alone, but for the distorted body and suspended intellect of his patient. Every day the child was taken in a carriage into Richmond Park, apparently incapable of noticing any thing; but one day, as if his sense of perception had been instantaneously restored, he exclaimed Ah! at seeing a hare start up before them. Mrs. Hayley used to speak of that moment as the happiest of her life, and never mentioned it without tears of gratitude to Heaven.

It was long before he recovered the use of his limbs, after his faculties

faculties were restored; 'first he learnt to walk upon crutches; then without them upon legs of unequal dimensions:' but during these years of helplessness he appears to have acquired that love of fine literature which raised him to distinction, and constituted the main enjoyment of his life. His passion for poetry, he says, arose from hearing poems read by his mother. The Bishop of Ely had taken great delight in improving her mind, and she possessed in a high degree the accomplishment of reading verse with discrimination and feeling. Soon after he had recovered strength enough in his limbs to walk, he was attacked with the small-pox; but even the natural disease proved less injurious to him than the inoculated one had done to his brother, and he had it in the mildest form. At that time it was the practice to keep the patient in bed, a discipline to which the boy was very unwilling to submit, not being sensible of any weakness or disorder which rendered it necessary. At length he bargained with his mother that he would continue in bed as long as she desired, provided she would read aloud to him the *Arcadia* of Sir Philip Sydney, while he was so confined. And he enjoyed the pleasure of hearing the whole *Arcadia* read 'by the voice in which he delighted.' It was at that time one of his favourite books; there could not be a more hopeful indication than this predilection manifested; but spring blossoms are not more frail and uncertain than the promises of early genius. The nurse too, who had partaken in the solicitude and watchfulness of his long illness, contributed in no slight degree to encourage him in such pursuits. This person, who continued more than fifty years 'as a beloved and revered character in his family,' (and it is no slight proof of goodness in any family to find an old and faithful servant thus as it were adopted into it,) was as fond of books as her mistress, and when Hayley one day happened to ask her if she had ever read Homer in English, replied with a smile, 'Aye, long before you were born!' One of his amusements was to spout tragedy before this nurse. He was enacting *Othello* once in this manner, and catching up an open penknife from her lap, with which she was taking a gown to pieces, as he pronounced the passage—

'I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
And smote him thus'—

he suited the action to the word, and forgetting that the instrument was sharp, smote himself on the breast so dangerously, that the surgeon, who was instantly called in, declared the blow must have proved fatal if the knife had not providentially struck one of the ribs.

During these years he was under the tuition of a Mr. Ayles, formerly a fellow of King's College, but who then, in very advanced

life and reduced circumstances, supported himself by giving lessons in Greek and Latin by the hour, and by making an index to the Journals of Parliament. The tutor did his part well, and the pupil was neither wanting in capacity nor diligence. By the time he had reached his twelfth year, he was sufficiently strong in body to be placed, by his tutor's advice, at Eton. Mrs. Hayley was persuaded that an education at one of the great public schools was necessary to form the proper character of an English gentleman; and in this persuasion she sacrificed her greatest pleasure, that of superintending and witnessing his progress at home. Hayley perhaps was not sufficiently sensible of the advantages which he derived at Eton; for he, like Cowper, was one of those persons who thought that the evils of our public schools more than counterbalanced the good they might be expected to produce. His lameness, which was still considerable, at once exposed him to the insults of unfeeling boys, and disabled him from resenting them in the only manner they could understand; and the recollection of the tyranny and injustice which he endured during his first years was so vivid that he always recoiled from the thought with indignation and disgust. He was one of those spirits which it is easy to lead, but difficult to drive; and a punishment hastily inflicted, and in his own opinion undeserved, had at one time almost provoked him to abjure studies, in themselves congenial to his inclinations. But when he had Roberts for his tutor, the kindness and encouragement which he received produced the good effect which generous treatment never fails to produce upon a generous mind. A collection of *Play Exercises* which he transcribed at this time, in six volumes, and which Roger Payne, then young in his art, bound for him in what was then the best manner of that celebrated artist, must be at this day of no trifling value. He himself appears to have written well in Latin while a schoolboy, and to have composed English verses with a facility which in those days was less common than it is at present.

It was not Hayley's wish to obtain a fellowship at King's College; and, when he drew near the top of the school, he easily persuaded his mother to let him relinquish his chance, and enter in the same university at Trinity Hall, a college which he preferred, because the students enjoyed some exemptions under the plea of being trained for civilians, and he wished to enjoy as much leisure as possible for his favourite pursuits, which were pretty equally divided between literature and art. The latter study he pursued by the advice of his new acquaintance, George Steevens, under a drawing-master by name Brotherton, whom he always remembered with friendly respect; his intimacy with Meyer, the most eminent miniature painter of his day, was advantageous to him in this respect,

respect, and he appears to have made considerable proficiency in this delightful and most useful of accomplishments. Here too he commenced his Italian reading under Isola, who was then attempting, in forlorn circumstances, to gain a livelihood by teaching his own language in Cambridge, and who attributed the success which he afterwards obtained to the favour he experienced from Hayley and his friend Thornton, who were two of his earliest pupils. Having learnt from him to write and speak the language with fluency, they then read with him some of the Spanish historians and poets; and thus Hayley laid the foundation of that knowledge to which he was indebted for most of his reputation, and by which he became a writer of much greater influence on literature than has yet been acknowledged. It was well, perhaps, for such a person, that he could afford thus to neglect the peculiar and proper studies of the university; and it was well also that his constitution enabled him to bear the intemperate application with which he devoted himself to these pursuits. He left college in 1767, without taking a degree, having entered himself at the Middle Temple.

The three years which he past at Cambridge were a part of his life whereon he always looked back with pleasure; and well he might. He had formed friendships there so well chosen that nothing but death dissolved them. He had pursued with ardour and success a course of studies well suited to his talents and altogether congenial to his taste. Though his patrimony was not large, it was sufficient to preclude all anxiety concerning his prospects in life. And, to crown all, he was in love, where his affections were well placed and happily returned. The parents of the lady had in her infancy expressed a wish that she might live to become the wife of Hayley's elder brother; and when this was told Hayley by one of his guardians, Dr. Ball, the Dean of Chichester, he answered with natural vivacity, then she must certainly belong to me by hereditary right, and I shall assuredly make love to her. They were on the way to pass a few days with the family when this sportive declaration was made; what had been said in jest soon became a serious feeling, by help of a thunder-storm, which surprised them when walking in the groves. The groves, he tells us, were 'peculiarly suited to contemplation and to love;' and the lady was constitutionally affected by thunder. She fainted in his arms; and the effect of so opportune an accident showed that thunder can accelerate love as well as vegetation. This occurred just before he went to reside at Cambridge; the attachment was encouraged by his guardian, and silently approved by his mother, who hoped that 'it might quietly take root in his heart, and prove to him

of

of double use, as an incentive to diligence in his studies, and a preservative against the coarser affections of youthful liberty. It was not doubted but that the father, who was a reserved and cautious man, would in due time approve his daughter's choice; a secret correspondence was carried on, and some four or five years past away while this happy dream of hope continued. Then, however, the course of true love ceased to run smooth, and their intercourse was finally broken off in consequence of some anonymous letters. Whence this malicious interference proceeded he seems never to have discovered; and the editor of his *Memoirs* has suppressed the details into which he had entered, thinking that, however such circumstances must have interested him at the time, and even in remembrance, they could only be irksome to the indifferent reader.

Before he quitted Cambridge, Mr. Hayley took a house in Great Queen Street, which he believed to have been the residence of Sir Godfrey Kneller. The house was lofty and commodious, and a few trees in the area behind it gave the library windows 'an appearance of verdure and retirement.' Here he deposited and arranged the books which his father had left, (a considerable collection for those times,) and those which he had added to them, for he had early begun to lay in materials for a literary life. In 1767, a few months after he had quitted Cambridge, he set out to visit two of his college friends who were then in Edinburgh. A journey to Edinburgh in those days was not so frequently undertaken for mere amusement by English gentlemen as a voyage to Egypt is now. The stage coaches, in fact, appear not to have proceeded farther north than Newcastle; for, having travelled so far in the stage, he tells us that, with the assistance of the bellman, he obtained a fellow-traveller to proceed in post-chaises. From Edinburgh, he and his friends planned a journey to Inverness, for the sake of visiting the scene of *Macbeth*. The motive was a worthy one, but the manner in which it is mentioned is one proof of many that even the most refined of our countrymen had not at that time acquired a taste for the sublimer scenes of nature. Not allowing themselves leisure for this, they took what he calls 'an extensive view of the country, visiting Glasgow and Stirling, and the seat of the Duke of Hamilton and the Falls of Clyde. Loch Lomond, it seems, was not thought worth seeing, and Loch Kattern had not then been heard of. Hayley has recorded in familiar verse a pleasant day at Glasgow with the Foulis' and Simpson, and preserved a singular remonstrance in rhyme from his mathematical teacher at Edinburgh, upon his want of diligence and regularity as a pupil. He confesses that his time was employed much more suitably to his inclinations, in fencing and riding

riding under Angelo's instructions; and it appears also that a dancing-master had been called in to complete his education. Worse things have been learnt at Edinburgh since it became a school for metaphysics and political economy: and it would be unjust to infer, from the manner in which Hayley disposed of his time there, that there was any tendency to frivolity in his character. On the contrary, few of his contemporaries were animated by so generous an ambition, or employed the means of fortune with which they were favoured, in the advancement of such worthy pursuits.

On his return to London, a short trial of the study of the law, and a short attendance upon its practice in Westminster Hall, convinced him that, whatever requisites he might possess for that profession, he had no inclination for it. He had often, he says, addressed to his excellent mother, sentiments such as Milton expressed to his father:

—' *neque enim, pater, ire jubebas
Qua via lata patet, qua pronior area lucri,
Certaque condendi fulget spes aurea nummi:
Nec rapis ad leges, male custoditæ gentis
Jura, nec insulsis damnas clamoribus aures.
Sed magis excultam cupiens ditescere mentem,
Me procul urbano strepitu, secessibus altis
Abductum Aoniæ jucunda per otia ripæ
Phæbæo lateri comitem sinis ire beatum.*

—' Thou never badst me tread
The beaten path and broad that leads right on
To opulence; nor didst condemn thy son
To the insipid clamours of the bar,
The laws voluminous and ill-observed:
But, wishing to enrich me more, to fill
My mind with treasure, led'st me far away
From city din to deep retreats, to banks
And streams Aonian, and with free consent
Didst place me happy at Apollo's side.'

Cowper's Translation.

Like most young poets, his thoughts were directed toward the drama; and he expected to obtain immediate fame and fortune by writing for the stage. Dryden had engaged to produce four new plays every year: he thought himself modest in his purpose of composing only two in the same space of time, and moderate in calculating upon a thousand a year from the profit. A newspaper supplied him with a subject for his first serious attempt. The story was deeply tragical: a son, condemned for a capital offence, takes poison, with which his father supplies him, to avoid the shame of a public execution; and, when it is too late, tidings

come

come that a pardon has been obtained. It appeared to him singularly adapted for moral as well as dramatic effect. The piece was finished, and, having obtained the approbation of the 'partial friend' to whom it had been shown, was presented to Garrick by a gentleman intimate enough with him to expect sincere and summary proceedings. 'If you think it unfit for the stage,' said he, 'send it back to me with any mark of rejection, and we will pester you no more on the subject; but if you think of it as I do, and resolve to produce it, I will then bring to you my friend the author. But remember you are upon honour, and engaged not to ask even his name, unless you have previously determined to try the success of the play.' After 'the anxious suspense of a few weeks' Hayley was informed that he was to breakfast with Garrick, who was delighted with the tragedy, and who accordingly, upon their meeting, declared that he had not seen for years any new piece of which he could entertain such high expectations. Another breakfast was appointed, at which all particulars were to be settled—when, to the bitter disappointment of the poet and his friends, Garrick told them he had reconsidered the play, and was afraid it was not calculated for stage-effect; a profusion of compliment and professions followed, and 'the tragedy ended in a farce of adulation.' It was understood afterwards, that Mrs. Garrick thought the tragedy wanting in pathos, and Hayley suspected that he was indebted for some ill offices on this occasion to one of his literary acquaintances, who, if we guess at him rightly, has the reputation of having done more malicious things than any of his contemporaries.

Managers have frequently shown, both in the pieces which they reject and in those which they bring forward, what might be thought a strange want of knowledge in their own profession, if we did not bear in mind how little dependence can be placed upon the judgment or temper of an audience. Even in courts of justice, verdicts are sometimes given which astonish the bench, and in cases where no worse motive than a perverse humour can be imputed to the jury. In the present instance, there can be little doubt that Garrick was right in his second opinion; for, although Hayley always continued to think that the subject of his play was singularly adapted for the drama, he did not think the tragedy itself worth publishing with his other dramatic compositions; and in those compositions the very limited extent of his dramatic powers is seen. He had, however, the merit of perceiving that it was time to lay aside the old stock of stage plots, such as had prevailed for a full century, which he has described with some humour in his receipt to make a Tragedy:—

regular, steady, and honest work. Take

Take a virgin from Asia, from Afric, or Greece,
 At least a king's daughter, or emperor's niece ;
 Take an elderly Miss for her kind confidant
 Still ready with pity or terror to pant,
 While she faints and revives like a sensitive plant ;
 Take a hero, thought buried some ten years or more,
 But with life enough left him to rattle and roar ;
 Take a horrid old brute, who deserves to be rack'd,
 And call him a tyrant ten times in each act :
 Take a priest of cold blood, and a warrior of hot,
 And let them alternately bluster and plot :
 Then throw in of soldiers and slaves *quantum suff.*
 Let them march, and stand still, fight, and halloo enough.
 Now stir all together these separate parts
 And season them well with Ohs ! faintings, and starts :
 Squeeze in, while they're stirring, a potent infusion
 Of rage and of horror, of love and illusion :
 With madness and murder complete the conclusion.
 Let your princess, though dead by the murderer's dagger,
 In a wanton, bold epilogue ogle and swagger ;
 Prove her past scenes of virtue are vapour and smoke,
 And the stage's morality merely a joke ;
 Let her tell with what follies our country is curst,
 And wisely conclude that play-writing's the worst.
 Now serve to the public this olio complete,
 And puff in the papers your delicate treat.

Hayley's dreams of literary ambition were for a time suspended by the anxiety and agitation which the breach of his first attachment occasioned, and then by the pleasure of a second love, which in a singular manner grew out of the first. A daughter of his guardian, the Dean of Chichester, had been the friend and confidant of both parties during their secret intercourse, and through her their correspondence had been carried on. She had been severely censured for this in an anonymous letter, and the strong expression was there used, that after such impropriety of conduct on her part, no man would think of marrying her. As the young lady was attractive both in person, manner and accomplishments, and already so intimate with Hayley that they called themselves brother and sister, it is not surprising that he soon proposed to disprove the malicious prediction of this unknown enemy by marrying her himself, nor that the lady should have consented to become bride instead of bridesmaid at the long expected marriage. Long and familiarly acquainted as the two families had been, there was only one objection to the union, but that was the most serious of all objections;—the mother of Eliza was insane;—and Mrs. Hayley asked her son if he had taken into his view the possibility that this calamity might be inherited. His answer was, 'in that

case

case I should bless my God for having given me courage sufficient to make myself the legal guardian of the most amiable and most pitiable woman on earth.' The excellent parent replied, 'My dear child, I have done. Your heart is very pure—your feelings are quick and strong—your intentions are always kind: I will not thwart your affections, but only pray to heaven that they may be rendered the source of lasting happiness to yourself.' And she immediately offered to facilitate his wishes, by enabling him to settle upon his wife the estates which were her own jointure. On the dean's part the offer was received with the heartiest alacrity, and the marriage took place with the cordial approbation of all the friends on both sides. The ceremony was performed in the cathedral by the bishop, Sir William Ashburnham, who was remarkable for his fine voice and impressive elocution. At its close the bridegroom said to him, with great sincerity, that it was a high pleasure to hear any part of the Prayer Book read by his lordship; but the compliment called forth a blunt and unexpected answer—'This is the worst service in the church.' The bishop, it seems, had found it so in its consequences to himself. The time came when Hayley must have remembered this as a speech of ill omen.

It was the wish of the dean and his other friends that he should apply himself to some business or profession. At one time he thought of studying physic, at another of devoting himself to the church, to which he was strongly advised. It had been well for him if that advice had been taken: for he was not wanting in devotional feeling, and the restraints of his profession, correcting the infirmities of his personal character, would have made him a better, a wiser, and a happier man. His doubts and deliberations ending in nothing, reminded him of the Latin poet—

'*Dum dubitas quid sis, tu potes esse nihil;*'

and he satisfied his own mind by applying to himself Cowley's lines—

' Their several ways of life let others chuse,

Their several pleasures let them use,

But I was born for Love, and for the Muse !'

Fortunately he was born to some patrimony also, or he would have found that Love and the Muse make but sorry provision for their retainers. His own fortune and his wife's did not amount together to affluence, but they enabled him to provide a carriage for his mother, whose health was now beginning to decline, and whom he seems always to have loved and honoured as she deserved.

After the disappointment of his first dramatic attempt, he was advised to gain a footing on the stage by new modelling some celebrated piece from the French, either of Racine, or Corneille, or Voltaire, which might make way by its success for an original production.

production. The advice appears to have been given by George Steevens; and Hayley must have learnt to see things with a jaundiced eye when he afterwards persuaded himself that it was given with the insidious and envious motive of diverting him from a bold original effort. Believing it, however, to be sincerely given at the time, he followed it, and finished a tragedy from the *Rodogune*, which he called the *Syrian Queen*. It was presented to Colman, who, without keeping him in suspense, sent it back, with a courteous letter, pointing out in what respects he had injured the play, by weakening the character of *Rodogune*, and aggravating the horror of *Cleopatra's* part, which was too horrible already. Hayley was not insensible to the justice of this criticism; nevertheless the rejection occasioned some degree of indignation that the theatres should, as he thought, thus be shut against him, and 'being persuaded by his own sensations that he had a considerable portion of native poetic fire, he resolved to display it in a composition not subject to the caprice of managers, yet more arduous in its execution.' He determined to begin an epic poem. Holding it for a maxim that a poet in his works of magnitude ought *celebrare domestica facta*, to devote his talents to the glory of his country, he resolved to chuse his subject from English History, and his 'passion for freedom' made him fix upon *Magna Charta*, taking 'for his heroes the Barons and their venerable director the Archbishop Stephen Langton.' The subject is, perhaps, the best which our history, barren as it is in such subjects, could afford; but it is one thing to fix upon a fine situation for building, and another to erect an edifice there which shall not disfigure instead of ornamenting the scene.

The satisfaction with which any effusion of malevolence is received in the shape of criticism has given rise to an opinion that men are envious of superiority, and delight in whatever seems to detract from the merit of their eminent contemporaries. If there be this disposition in the public mind, the greater is the crime of those who pander for it. But assuredly a very different disposition prevails in private circles. Every man of any intellectual activity has a little sphere of his own, wherein his talents are acknowledged, his hopes encouraged, and his success regarded with honest and hearty exultation. The feeling which prevails in such circles may be under the direction of a crude or erring judgment, but it is in itself a kindly and a generous feeling, and it shows that men would be better than they are, if so much pestilent industry was not employed to corrupt them. The society in which Hayley lived cannot be considered as a fair average of the then existing public, for it was very much above that average: in that circle his epic ambition was fostered, and he commenced the task with the approbation

approbation of his friends to quicken his natural ardour. Two accidents checked his progress. His friend Meyer was so delighted with the commencement, that he intreated Hayley to let him procure from Cipriani some designs for the poem. Hayley was pleased with the project, and hastened to produce a scene which had been planned for a future canto, and which was thought well suited for the artist. He wrote some three-score lines; the only copy was put into Cipriani's hands, who promised well, and intended well, and carried the verses constantly in his pocket till he lost them. They were irretrievably gone; for though the poet believed they were really the very best verses he had ever composed, he could not recollect a single line of them. The subject therefore was not willingly resumed, because it brought with it the vexatious recollection of his loss. The other was a serious evil. Going to dine on board Captain Cook's ship, the *Resolution*, before she sailed on her last voyage, he received a blast in his eyes from a severe east wind, which proved a long and most afflicting calamity. It put an end to his painting, and most materially impeded his literary pursuits.

Among other circumstances relating to this intended monument, which was to have been more durable than brass, and loftier than the pyramids, Hayley used to regret the loss of one golden opportunity which blind Fortune had thrown in the way of one then blind as herself. During a summer's residence at Lyme, he became acquainted with the two sons of Lord Chatham, then lodging with their tutor in that town. William, the youngest, was then a wonderful boy of fourteen, who endeared himself not a little to Hayley by admiring his favourite horse, and by riding to show him several romantic spots in the vicinity of Lyme, where an earthquake is supposed to have produced a wild and beautiful singularity of appearance in the face of Nature. Some of these scenes had been first remarked and admired by Lord Chatham, who had an eye for all the charms of rural scenery in their wildest neglect. Not having the faculty of second-sight, with whatever other inspiration he thought himself favoured, Hayley could not divine that his young companion was one day to be prime minister; and he used often, he says, to regret 'that his own poetical reserve had prevented his imparting to the wonderful youth the epic poem he had begun on the liberty of their country.' Alas! the minister was not more like *Mecenas* than the poet was like *Virgil*.

About four years after his marriage, that love of the country which was the most poetical part of his character, induced him to give up his residence in London, and fix his abode upon his paternal ground at Earsham—a spot to which he had been attached from childhood, and where he hoped the peculiar salubrity of the

air

air might restore his mother's declining health. That hope was not realized; she laboured under 'an oppressive malady which rendered her life burthensome to herself.' A friend, who had studied medicine in his youth, and was fond of giving gratuitous advice, gave her a prescription which he described as a most efficacious remedy for her complaint. It was sent to a chemist's at Chichester, who inquired for whom it was intended, and then assured the servant, with an oath, that his mistress would kill herself if she did not take great care. Upon this Hayley urged her, if she was very desirous of trying the prescription, to do it under the immediate care of her London physician, take their faithful old nurse with her, and go into lodgings for that purpose. This was at the end of November; the advice was approved and followed: she reached London, thought herself better for the journey, and on the 3d of December, expired in her sleep, at the age of fifty-six. An abominable calumny was raised on this foundation, and it was said, that he had occasioned his mother's death by turning her out of his house in the depth of winter! She was in truth an excellent and admirable woman; of whose peculiar endowments, he says, the most lively idea may perhaps be given by a simple but energetic expression of the nurse who had passed so many years in her service. 'My mistress,' said this affectionate old servant, 'my mistress ought to be the queen of the whole world.' Majesty indeed, he adds, was the characteristic feature both of her countenance and her mind, but it was majesty so softened by the sweetness of benevolence, that it never appeared imperious or ungentle.

The lines which he addressed to her memory in one of his poems delighted Gibbon. If they have not the stamp of genuine poetry throughout, they have at least that of genuine feeling, without which poetry is good for nothing.

'If heart-felt pain e'er led me to accuse
The dangerous gift of the alluring Muse,
'Twas in the moment when my verse imprest
Some anxious feelings on a mother's breast.
O thou fond spirit, who with pride hast smil'd,
And frown'd with fear on thy poetic child,
Pleased, yet alarmed, when in his boyish time,
He sigh'd in numbers, or he laughed in rhyme;
While thy kind cautions warn'd him to beware
Of penury, the bard's perpetual snare,
Marking the early temper of his soul,
Careless of wealth, nor fit for base controul;
Thou tender saint, to whom he owes much more,
Than ever child to parent owed before:
In life's first season, when the fever's flame
Shrunk to deformity his shrivell'd frame,

And turn'd each fairer image in his brain
 To blank confusion and her crazy train,
 'Twas thine with constant love, thro' lingering years,
 To bathe thy idiot orphan in thy tears,
 Day after day, and night succeeding night,
 To turn incessant to the hideous sight,
 And frequent watch, if haply at thy view,
 Departed reason might not dawn anew.
 Tho' medicinal art, with pitying care,
 Could lend no aid to save thee from despair,
 Thy fond maternal heart adhered to Hope and Prayer:
 Nor pray'd in vain; thy child from Powers above
 Received the sense to feel and bless thy love.
 O might he thence receive the happy skill,
 And force proportioned to his ardent will,
 With truth's unfading radiance to emblaze
 Thy virtues, worthy of immortal praise!
 Nature, who deck'd thy form with Beauty's flowers,
 Exhausted on thy soul her finer powers;
 Taught it with all her energy to feel
 Love's melting softness, Friendship's fervid zeal.
 The generous purpose and the active thought,
 With Charity's diffusive spirit fraught;
 There all the best of mental gifts she placed,
 Vigour of judgment, purity of taste,
 Superior parts without their spleenful leaven,
 Kindness to earth, and confidence in Heaven.
 While my fond thoughts o'er all thy merits roll,
 Thy praise thus gushes from my filial soul.
 Nor will the public with harsh vigour blame
 This my just homage to thy honoured name;
 To please that public, if to please be mine,
 Thy virtues train'd me, let the praise be thine.'

Mrs. Hayley was buried at Eartham, and her son, 'after several fruitless endeavours' to satisfy his own feelings in her epitaph, trying both English verse and Latin prose, fixed on the latter, and concluded it with a line from Statius, which 'seemed to him to express with inimitable energy the uncommon fervency and force of her maternal affection.' The difficulty of composing good epitaphs in English is the best reason for writing them in Latin; but it appears to us that Hayley has produced an ill effect by terminating a lapidary inscription with an hexameter.*

Ambitious

* Juxta hoc Marmor requiescit
 Thomas Hayley armiger,
 Cum Filio Infante;
 His, quos in vita fidissimè colebat,
 In sepulchro iterum adjuncta est
 Maria Hayley:
 Uxor inculpabilis, Parens amantissima.

Hoc

Ambitious as Hayley was of fame, he was not impatient for it: it was not till his thirty-third year that he fairly took the field as an author, and published his *Essay on Painting*, in two epistles addressed to Romney. The main object of this poem was to encourage the painter in his better hopes—'to persuade him not to waste too large a portion of life in the lucrative drudgery of his profession, but aspire to excellence in the highest department of his art.' It failed of that friendly purpose; for though the painter possessed courage and enthusiasm enough to leave England soon after his profession had become lucrative, that he might study the principles of the art at Rome, his conduct was not consistent with this magnanimity: there was a moral infirmity in his nature, so that, with many generous and noble qualities, he acted an unfeeling and wicked part in life; and if the numerous sketches of what he intended to do did not evince that he possessed the highest powers of conception, posterity would be little able to infer it from what he has done. The artist, as well as the man, was ruined by moral weakness, and he lost the fame and forfeited the happiness which were both within his reach.

In this poem, and in the *Essays on History and on Epic Poetry*, by which it was followed, Hayley's intention was that the composition should be historical rather than preceptive, presenting a general view of the art in question, with a just and animating character of its most eminent professors. 'There is,' he says, 'a season of life in which poems of this nature may be read with the happiest effect. The first, and perhaps the most important step towards forming a great artist in any line, is to im-

Hoc quaecunque Monumentum
Patri, quem parvulus amisit,
Et Matri, quæ vidua infantibus
Solicite semper invigilans,
Utriusque Parentis officio fangebatur,
Filius consecravit;
Filius, quem solum illa superstitem
'Visceribus totis, animoque amplexa fovebat.'
MDCCLXXV.

If Hayley in the course of his Portuguese studies had become acquainted with the Latin writers of that nation, he would have found a singularly beautiful epitaph, written by a son who, like himself, was in the highest degree beholden to the mother whose virtues he recorded. It is so little known that the reader may thank us for transcribing it here.

Memoriæ et Pietati Dicitum.

Salve, mea Mater, Fœmina innocentissima! Cui me inter cunas relictum, pius Pater, fidei tuæ non ignarus, extremâ voce commisit moriens; cujusque perpetuo castissimoque viduio educatus liberaliter annos 34, quidquid id ætatis anni, quidquid futurus postea, adeptum fero. Audita morte tuâ adsum ab ultimis Germanis parentatum, conlaeymans mœstiter justa solvi. Et quoniam te unâ, mea Mater, ademptâ, miserabilem et orbum tædet patriam olim dulcissimâ, iterum peregrè revertor.

L. Andr. Resendius Angelæ Leonoriæ Vassæ Matrî Pientiss. et B. M. D. S. P.

spire a youth of quick feelings with an enthusiastic passion for some particular art, and with an ingenuous delight in the glory of its heroes. These poems were singularly successful, and obtained for the author a reputation which satisfied his warmest expectations. There were two causes for this success,—the verse was just upon a level with the taste of the age; and the notes contained what was at that time an extraordinary display of reading, more particularly in the fine literature of Italy and Spain: for the English had long been as indifferent to foreign literature as foreigners were to that of England.

There had existed a complete intellectual communion throughout Christendom during the middle ages, and this in popular as well in scholastic literature: the same tales, the same romances, the same species of poems were current every where. When this had ceased to be the case, our poetry long continued to be tinged by that of other countries. It is well known how largely Chaucer drew from French and Italian sources. His successors, whose works have been printed as his by careless editors, were of the French school, and Skelton may be traced to Alain Chartier for the singular style of verse which he used with so much vigour, and stamped with his original character. In the Elizabethan age, our poets and novelists imitated the French and Italians, our dramatists the Spaniards. Even after the Restoration, some of our playwrights continued to pilfer their plots from Spain; but with Dubartas and Tasso the influence of their respective countries upon our poetry ceased altogether for a time. An effect, which has hitherto not been noticed, was then produced by the Dutch poets. In their school Joshua Silvester (who had lived among them) learnt some of the peculiarities of his versification; and if Milton was incited by the perusal of any poem upon the same subject, to compose his *Paradise Lost*, we are persuaded it was by studying the *Lucifer* and the *Adam in Ballingschap* of Vondel; for he tried his strength with the same great poet in the *Sampson Agonistes*, Vondel being indeed the only contemporary with whom he would not have felt it a degradation to vie. A second French school of poetry then arose among us; but no one was capable of supporting it after Pope, and English literature fell to its lowest mark. It was however neap-tide every where; and then, when they were at the lowest, the waters began to flow.

For about an hundred years French had been the only literature which obtained any attention in this country, and that had been but little. Now and then some worthless production was 'done into English by a Person of Quality,' and a few sickly dramatists imported stage plots and re-manufactured them for the English market,

market, making of less value, by their bad workmanship, materials which were of little enough value in themselves. But at this time a revival was beginning; it was brought about, not by the appearance of great and original genius, but by awakening the public to the merits of our old writers, and of those of other countries. The former task was effected by Percy and Warton, who can never be mentioned with too much respect; and what they did was aided by the Shakspeare commentators—who can never be mentioned with too little. The latter work it was Hayley's fortune to perform. A greater effect was produced upon the rising generation of scholars, by the Notes to his *Essay on Epic Poetry*, than by any other contemporary work, the *Relics of Ancient Poetry* alone excepted. A most gratifying proof of this was afforded him thirty years after these Notes were published, when he received from Lord Holland a present of the *Life of Lope de Vega*, and a letter saying that what Hayley had there written concerning the *Araucana*, had induced him to learn the Spanish language. And this was followed by an act of substantial kindness on his Lordship's part, in procuring the appointment of Ordnance store-keeper for one of the author's relations. We believe there are many persons who might make the same acknowledgement as Lord Holland, though few who have pursued the study of that fertile literature with such distinguished success. The strong interest which Hayley's account of *Ercilla* excited, induced Mr. Boyd (the translator of *Dante* and of his imitator the Abate Monti's phantasmagoric poem) to perform the patient task of translating the whole *Araucana*, some fifteen years ago, but the version has not found its way to the press.

The specimens of the *Araucana* in those Notes were given in couplets, the worst form of verse for long narration, and one which Hayley wrote neither with skill nor vigour. His translations from *Dante* were in the trinal rhyme of the original, and perhaps a better example could not be adduced to show how greatly the style of a poet is influenced by the metre wherein he composes. We have heard a living poet say of this measure, observing how admirably its solemn and continuous movement is suited to the tone and subject of the poem, that, 'you get into it and never get out of it; there is no end of its linked solemnity, long drawn out. Of all Hayley's compositions these specimens are far the best; and it is evident that he is more indebted for their merit to the mould in which they were cast, than to the model that was before him. He had been trained in a school which unfitted him for comprehending or feeling the excellencies of *Dante's* severe and perfect style, and had he put the *Inferno* into couplets, it would have come from that operation as flat as if it had

had been past through a rolling press. But the barbarisms and common-place affectations, which had so long disfigured our rhymed heroic verse that they had become the received language of poetry, were not transferable to a new measure like a trinal rhyme: and in thus following his original Hayley was led into a sobriety and manliness of diction which, though now and then tainted by the prevailing vices of the popular style, approached in its general tone to the manner of a better age. Mr. Carey's version of Dante is executed with consummate and unparalleled fidelity; and yet we wish that Hayley had given a complete translation of this great poet, (or at least of the *Inferno*,) for, if the likeness to the original, feature by feature, is not so faithful, the general resemblance is greater, because the costume is preserved.

The Essay on Epic Poetry was addressed to Mason, with the view of inciting him to undertake a great poem upon a national subject. Hayley had abandoned his own attempt, contented with the thought that the part which he had executed would appear among his posthumous works; and it was the generous temper of his mind to acknowledge the superiority of others in his favourite art, and bear a prompt and willing testimony to the merits of his contemporaries. His hopes were now satisfied with a humbler flight; and these Essays, with his *Triumphs of Temper*, made him the popular poet of the day. Few poems have been more successful than the *Triumphs of Temper*. Its immediate reception equalled his own most sanguine expectations. He had declared in his preface that it was a duty incumbent on those who made poetry the business of their lives, 'to raise if possible the dignity of a declining art, by making it as beneficial to life and manners as the limits of composition and the character of modern times will allow;' and he had expressed hopes that his poem might prove of some service to society, by inducing his young and fair readers to cultivate their gentle qualities and maintain a constant flow of good humour. Dante supplied him with an excellent motto:

*O voi ch' avete gl' intelletti sani,
Mirate la dottrina che se asconde
Sotto il velame degli versi strani.*

He might have added the first stanza of good George Herbert's *Church-Porch*.

Thou, whose sweet youth and early hopes enhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a verser who may chance
Rhyme thee to good and make a bait of pleasure.
A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

If this hope should prove chimerical, it was at least, he said, one of those pleasing and innocent delusions in which a poetical enthusiast might safely be indulged. He had afterwards the pleasure of hearing from the mother of a large family, that she was beholden to this poem, for a complete reformation in the conduct and character of her eldest daughter, 'who, by an ambition to imitate *Serena*, was metamorphosed, from a creature of a most perverse and intractable spirit, into the most docile and dutiful of children,' and this he declared was the greatest reward he ever received as an author. So early sometimes does the young mind receive that bias, whereby the course of after-life is determined, to the right hand or to the left! Were parents to consider this as they ought to do, some of the most celebrated and fashionable productions of these days would be transferred from the drawing-room to the fire.

It is a remarkable and interesting fact, that *Romney*, in painting an ideal portrait of *Hayley's Serena*, should have produced a likeness of *Honora Sneyd*, the object of *Major Andre's* love and *Miss Seward's* friendship: so happily had the artist known how to conceive and represent that perfect loveliness, which is only to be found where the features, even when most beautiful, derive their peculiar charm from the sweetness and gentleness of disposition which the countenance expresses. Was *Hayley* equally unconscious that he was producing an individual portrait when, in the same poem, he described the effect of a splenetic humour upon a woman rich in other respects, both in personal and mental attractions? The story of his domestic life makes it probable that he had the model at home; if however he was conscious of drawing from it, no insult or injury was intended, and the character was so generalized that no pain was inflicted. Even in his imaginary parts he painted when he could from real scenes, and his *Serena* is ferried over the *Gulph of Indolence* to the domains of *Spleen*, exactly in the same manner as the poet himself had crost the water in the *Peak Cavern*.

After the publication of the *Triumphs of Temper*, and the *Essay on Epic Poetry*, *Hayley* lived for some years in possession of unrivalled popularity. From the days of *Pope* there had been no failure of poetical talent in this country: poets of originality, as well as power, had appeared, but none were so conspicuous, either by their faults or excellence, as to influence the style of their contemporaries, though there were some who obtained a great reputation, and others who deserved and will have secured a lasting one. Collectively, they had produced this good, that, by presenting new, and in some respects, worthier objects of admiration,

miration, they in great measure weaned the nation from that idolatry of Pope, which, if it had continued, would have flattened our poetry to the level of the French taste. Thomson recalled the aspirant to the love of natural scenery, and the feelings connected with it, for which the school of Pope had neither eyes nor hearts. Young struck a chord (and with a powerful hand) which vibrated in every mind that was either under the influence of sorrow, or constitutional melancholy, or religious enthusiasm: how large a portion of mankind are included within his sphere! The *Night Thoughts*, therefore, have been translated into most of the European languages, if not into all; and wherever they have been translated, they are popular among those classes to whom they are addressed. Glover was for a time so highly extolled, that Smollet, in his history of England, mentions Leonidas among the glories of the reign of George II.; and Smollet did this, not in sympathy with the political feeling by which the poem had been cried up, but in deference to the public opinion which that cry had succeeded in forming. There was, however, something to support it. Pope had sent the English Homer into the world, laced, ruffled, periwigged, and powdered, in a full dress court suit of embroidery. Glover introduced Leonidas like a quaker, in drab, without ornament, without elegance, without any appearance of muscular strength; but grave, decorous, and respectable, and with an air of moral dignity. The poem derived from its subject a kind of elevation, which, in some degree, supplied the place of passion and of power. Mason, like Glover, formed his poetry upon the Grecian model, though there are perhaps no two poets who are more completely dissimilar in manner. Mason possessed a finer ear, a more active imagination, and a richer flow of language and of thought. There was a promise of higher excellence in his early productions than in any other compositions of that age,—a liveliness, and vigour, and aspiration, which might have produced great things, if, as his mind matured, he had thrown off his cumbrous and affected alliteration, his florid excrescences, and the trammels of his stiff and elaborate style. But Mason was not a happy man; he yielded to a splenetic disposition, and suffered his powers to wither away in discontent. The place however which he holds among the English poets he will maintain, and it is not a low one. He and his friend Gray were assailed with some ridicule, but their fair claims were fairly acknowledged by their contemporaries, they enjoyed a high degree of reputation, and they were the most influential poets of their age. Gray, indeed, left no followers possessed of skill and patience and industry enough to compose in mosaic, as he had done; but the

the cast of his poetry appeared in that of the succeeding generation, and our Lyrics for awhile were marked as strongly by his manner, as they had been a century before by Cowley's.

The truer lyric strain and higher poetical qualities of Collins obtained no notice. It is a fact which ought never to be forgotten by those who would know what is the worth of contemporary opinion, when left to itself, that Collins's Odes remained, for many years after their publication, utterly neglected, and almost unknown; insomuch that when the poet acquired a small fortune by bequest, he returned to the bookseller the sum which he had received for the copyright, repaid him all his expences, and committed the large remains of the impression to the flames. It was not till nearly thirty years after his death, that Cowper had ever heard his name. He saw it first in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, and was so little impressed by what he saw there, that he called him a poet of no great fame, and appears not to have formed the slightest conception of his powers.

John Dyer is another poet of that age, almost as much neglected at the time as Collins, and hardly yet estimated by the public so highly as he deserves. A sneer is recorded of some critical visitor to whom the *Fleece* was shown by Dodsley soon after its publication. The man of letters, as he esteemed himself, and was supposed to be, after glancing into a few pages, and expressing a contemptuous opinion, asked what was the author's age, and being told that he was far advanced in life, replied, 'then he will be buried in woollen.' It is well for this 'critical visitor' that his name has not been preserved, for if it had, he would assuredly have been gibbeted with this jest about his neck. Erroneous judgments in the court of criticism are always, sooner or later, reversed by time, and heavy damages are then awarded against those by whom they were pronounced. In an evil hour for himself did Bishop Hacket (good, and learned, and meritorious as he was) call Milton 'a petty schoolboy scribbler.' Winstanley was not more fortunate in saying that 'his fame was gone out, like a candle in a stink;' and Burnet drew upon himself more popular censure by the unlucky sentence in which he spoke of one Prior, than by all the inaccuracies of his statements and his style.

Mr. Wordsworth has paid a just tribute to the merit of this delightful writer, who was gifted with a painter's eye, and a poet's heart.

'Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful genius made
That work a living landscape, fair and bright;
Nor hallowed less with musical delight
Than those soft scenes through which thy childhood stray'd,
Those southern tracts of Cambria "deep embayed,

By

By green hills fenced, by ocean's murmur lull'd ;
 Though hasty fame hath many a chaplet cull'd
 For worthless brows, while in the pensive shade
 Of cold neglect she leaves thy head ungraced ;
 Yet pure and powerful minds, hearts meek and still,
 A grateful few, shall love thy modest lay,
 Long as the shepherd's bleating flock shall stray
 O'er naked Snowdon's wide aerial waste,
 Long as the thrush shall pipe on Grongar Hill.'

Another eminent poet of those days, Akenside, (who was a friend of Dyer's,) attained at once to a high reputation, from which nothing will be abated by the judgment of posterity. Our language contains few poems so attractive to young and generous minds of the higher class, as the Pleasures of Imagination, for its rich but not redundant diction, for its full and sonorous versification, always sweet and sustained, but never cloying, and for its general elevation of manner, thought, and sentiment. Something may be learnt from his after-version of the same poem, by comparing the sobriety and chastened manner of mature years with the luxuriance of his youthful style. The poet may also learn from it a more important lesson—never to employ his best years in remodelling a work of his youth. It is vain to suppose, that the thoughts and feelings and opinions of forty can ever be made to assimilate in one composition, with those of twenty ; this is no more possible than it would be for a painter to improve the likeness in a portrait by retouching it from the face of the original, after an equal lapse of years. One of our old thoughtful writers has said, in melancholy or in bitterness, that

' Old age doth give, by too long space,
 Our souls as many wrinkles as our face.'

It had been said before him, by Montagne, '*elle nous attache plus de rides en l'esprit qu'au visage ; et ne se void point d'ames, ou fort rares, qui en vieillissant ne sentent l'aigre et le moisi.*' The proper effect of age is to ripen what is generous, and to soften and mellow what was harsh ; this is its natural tendency when not counteracted by untoward circumstances—its sure effect, when aided by genuine religion. We have seen a countenance which, in youth, might have been deemed stern, and in middle age, austere, settled, in advanced years, into an expression

Kind as the willing Saints, and calmer far
 Than in their sleep forgiven hermits are.

But—not to digress farther, as if the very recollection of Montagne had brought with it a rambling spirit—it is certain that time acts as surely and as strongly upon the mind, as upon the bodily features, and therefore the task upon which Akenside employed the

the latter years of his life was in itself unwise. With less trouble, less vexation, and less expence of time, he might have completed a poem of equal magnitude and importance upon a new design, have satisfied himself better, and established his claim to a higher rank in the literature of his country. None of these poets affected what may be called the current poetry of their age, and they had past away when Hayley rose into notice, Mason being the only survivor of those who have been mentioned. A change was preparing and may be traced to Winchester, which, under Dr. Warton, had become a nursery of poets. If any man may be called the father of the present race, it is Thomas Warton, a scholar by profession, an antiquary and a poet by choice; and by nature one of the best tempered and happiest of men. The influence of Collins (who had been his schoolfellow and friend), of Gray, and of Mason, may be perceived in his poems; but they are more strongly tinged by his romantic and chivalrous reading, and by the spirit of our elder poets.

Nor rough nor barren are the winding ways
Of hoar antiquity, but strewn with flowers.

Thus he expressed himself, and the truth of this was exemplified in all his writings. No man could at that time have written such poems, unless his studies had qualified him to become the historian of English poetry; nor could any one have composed that history who had not been born a poet.

The first pupils of Warton's school—the true English school—were Bampfylde and Russell—both of the highest promise, and both cut off in early youth. But to pursue this subject farther would lead us beyond the time when Hayley was, by grace of the public, king of the bards of Britain: for such he was by that authoritative right as incontestibly as Ben Jonson, and Cowley, and Pope had been before him; and to him, as the person whom the *vox populi* would have acclaimed, the laureateship was offered upon Warton's death. It was declined by him—for what reason he has not explained. Perhaps it was because he knew that efforts were making to obtain it for Cowper, who shrunk from the thought saying it would be a leaden extinguisher clapt on the fire of his genius, and prayed Heaven to guard his brows from that wreath, whatever wreath beside might hereafter adorn them! Perhaps it was that he felt himself unwilling, because unworthy, to succeed the only poet since Ben Jonson who had done honour to the office: for however aspiring his hopes had been in early life, he had learnt to think humbly and more justly of himself. Miss Seward thought it an act of false humility when he addressed some sportive verses to Gibbon, in the
character

character of a sparrow inviting the Roman eagle to his shed. But Hayley was as free from affectation of this kind as he was from envy. He had a generous pleasure not merely in bearing testimony to the merit of his distinguished contemporaries, but in acknowledging their superiority where it existed; if he had been asked his deliberate opinion of his own poems, his answer would have been like that of the *Gracioso* in one of Calderon's plays,

Buenos versos ?

Pasquin. *No muy buenos,*

Razonablejos les basta ;

and that this was his real opinion of himself appears by these posthumous Memoirs, in the title of which he has designated himself as the friend and biographer of Cowper, resting thereby his chief claims to the notice of posterity upon his intimate connection with one whose fame will suffer no diminution.

There was the more merit in this, because Hayley was not indebted for his reputation, however unmerited in degree, to any artifice or adventitious circumstances. None of the devices of puffing had been employed for forcing his works into favour; he was connected with no party, literary, political or sectarian; had addressed himself neither to the bad nor the baser passions; nor had he flattered, or even followed the taste of the public, to which Cowper, truly independent as his mind was in other respects, with all his genius, thought it was the business of an author to condescend. As little may his success be ascribed to his condition in life, his personal influence, and the sphere in which he moved; for though brilliant in conversation, and every way qualified for shining in society, his habits had always been those of a student, he had always loved the country, and circumstances had now combined with inclination to make him almost a recluse. No reputation therefore could be more completely natural in its growth. His next publication was a volume of plays, written for a private theatre, by which Hayley meant only to express that they had not been written with a view to public representation. It contained three comedies in rhyme, and two tragedies. In his Preface he acknowledged that Dryden, who so strenuously argued for the use of rhyme in English tragedy, had expressly condemned its use in comedy; but as his opinion had been proved erroneous in the one point, Hayley expressed a hope that it would be found equally so in the other. But he was well aware that he had great prejudices to encounter, and therefore apologized for his experiment by the authority of Ariosto and Molière, and by the fact that our oldest comedy is written in rhyme. He used the same argument to justify this metre for comic dramas by which the use

of

of blank verse is justified, applying Sir Joshua's principle, that the most absolute possible resemblance is not the most pleasing resemblance, nor the best. And he expressed a hope that, in thus attempting to introduce a variety, he should find the public as tolerant in the forms of literature as they were in those of religion. Considering how strong the disposition to intolerance always is, they were much more tolerant than any one who knew them would have expected.

The comedies were light and lively stories in three acts, in the easy cantering measure of the Bath Guide. One of the tragedies was upon the fate of Lord Russel. Marcella, the other, is founded upon an abominable story which Richardson had recommended to Young, and which Young had begun to dramatise, but left unfinished at his death, and the fragment disappeared; by which the world lost nothing. A few days after the appearance of the volume, to his great surprize, Hayley was informed that Colman had applied, through the publishers, for permission to bring out two of these pieces at the Haymarket Theatre. As a theatrical trader, he said, he could not but regret that they should have lost the edge of novelty by publication; still he should be glad to bring them forth; and though a comedy in rhyme was a bold attempt, yet when so well executed as in the present instance, he thought it would be received with favour, especially in a small theatre. The *Two Connoisseurs* and *Lord Russel* were the pieces which he would select. The proposal was gladly accepted. Both pieces were acted with success, greatly to the satisfaction of the author, though, for some unexplained reason, he received no emolument from the representation. The comedy derived great advantage from an act of kindness and liberality on the part of Flaxman, who having been engaged in decorating Hayley's library at Eartham, became from that time one of his most valued friends. In one of the scenes a large group of *Alcestis* and *Admetus* was to be exhibited, which Flaxman, at the stage painter's recommendation, was applied to, to model. A little consideration sufficed to show that this would be very cumbersome, and very liable to be demolished; it was determined therefore to make use of a live group, clothed in white; and Flaxman, with the ardour and liberality of a true artist, offered to set the figures and place the draperies; and being apprehensive that Colman would neglect this offer, under an impression that he expected some compensation for his time, he wrote to Hayley, that he was too much concerned in the success of any production of his to have any such views. 'I would make a design,' said he, 'set the figures, and attend the theatre at any time, without making any charge; and I think it an object of consequence to have

have the figures set by a sculptor who has admired the antiques, for if it is left to the dancers, I have no doubt but they will make a scaramouch caricature of it.'

Lord Russel was so popular a man, that before the tragedy could be acted at the Haymarket Theatre, it was represented by a provincial company in Hayley's native city. A few years afterwards Hayley's permission was asked to bring out *Marcella* at Covent Garden. He readily assented, but the reputation which he had obtained had not made him insensible to the revolting character of the story, and he was of opinion that it would not succeed. To his utter astonishment, a few nights before it was to appear at Covent Garden, it was announced at Drury Lane, the manager of that theatre, in his course of theatrical warfare, treating an author as a neutral state is sometimes treated by a belligerent powerful enough and insolent enough to pursue its purposes without any inconvenient regard to right or wrong. 'This is curious indeed,' said Hayley, 'after having shut me out of their houses for twenty years, to see the managers contending with each other in representing a tragedy of mine! But I think the play announced at Drury Lane can hardly be my *Marcella*. There may be another of the same name; for (to borrow an expression from the lively dramatist, Mrs. Centlivre) I do not pretend to engross all the *Marcellas* in the world.' His *Marcella* however it was, and having been got up hastily, and therefore wretchedly acted, the tragedy was put to death; and the report of Hayley's friends induced him to suppose that it had been played only on a few hours' preparation to get the start of the Covent Garden manager, and prevent its success by having it damned at the other theatre. But *Marcella* had two lives, and was victorious on the rival stage. The business ended altogether to his satisfaction. 'I called on Kemble,' he says, 'for an explanation of his strange conduct in producing my poor *Marcella* in a manner so very unfair, and so utterly disgraceful to the tragedy and to himself. My adventures in this business would furnish some good scenes in a comedy, but they concluded with a very full, candid and flattering apology, which put me into perfect good humour with the great theatrical offender.'

The last of Hayley's works which excited interest on its appearance was his *Philosophical, Historical and Moral Essay on Old Maids*. It was published anonymously, widely read, much talked of, severely censured, and greatly admired. 'Never,' he says, 'was a book projected and written with more guileless or more benevolent intentions, yet a host of prudes and hypocrites railed against it as immoral and irreligious.' It was immediately ascribed to the real author, from an opinion that the genius, and
wit,



wit, and learning which it displayed were not to be found united in any other. All three were estimated too highly; but there are finer touches of feeling in the work than in any of his other productions, and some of the tales which it contains would not have been unworthy to have appeared with the master-pieces of Mackenzie in the *Mirror and Lounger*.

Hayley's reputation had now reached its zenith, and in many respects it seemed as if fortune and nature had combined to bless him. Books, retirement, and friendship were, in his estimation, the real treasures of human life; in all these he tells us he was abundantly rich, and he justly reckoned his quick and constant relish for them all, a blessing in itself that called for heartfelt and cheerful gratitude to the Giver of all good. But there was a worm at the core. He used to say of himself, that, if he had met with a wife completely suited to his own character, he should have been too happy for a mortal. He could not reproach himself with having made a hasty choice, for he had known his partner from childhood, and had lived and corresponded as a familiar and intimate friend, before a thought of any nearer connection had entered the heart of either. But he had cause to remember the warning that his mother had given him concerning the danger of an inherited mental malady, and to that inheritance he imputed his domestic infelicity. It was not manifested in any definite and tangible form of madness, but rather in a general insanity of feeling, always in extremes, and craving always from others a sympathy which she was incapable of bestowing even when it was most required. 'There were,' says her husband, 'in her marvellous organization, inscrutable sources of suffering, which rendered her occasionally one of the most truly pitiable of mortals;' and in proof of this, he quotes a saying of one of her most attentive medical friends; 'her whole frame is full of pins and needles; at every turn they run into her, and she imputes the blame to the first cause that occurs to her agitated fancy.' Miss Seward, who knew her well, describes her as 'fire in her affections, frost in her sensations,' with a French gaiety of spirit, a manner which appeared to exact unremitting homage, a rage for society, and an excessive love of talking. But the most unfavourable picture of her which remains is drawn by her own hand, in a little essay which she published with her initials, entitled the *Triumph of Acquaintance over Friendship*. From that essay, it might be inferred, that she was heartless, as well as vain and flippant, which assuredly she was not, for she was a generous and noble-minded woman, subject to a perpetual and feverish irritability.

Upon this subject Hayley had entered in these *Memoirs* into details which have most properly been suppressed, and which, considering

considering the religious views entertained by him in the latter part of his life concerning his own conduct, it is remarkable that he should not himself have destroyed. The motive evidently was to justify himself for separating from her, and still more for another part of his conduct, which, though less excusable in itself, is always by the world more easily excused. Mrs. Hayley rather yielded than consented to the separation. Though it did not wound her affections, it mortified her; but she continued to glory in his reputation, and to bear a generous and cheerful testimony to his good qualities. Jealousy was in no degree the cause of their disunion: she was incapable of that passion; and, as Miss Seward oddly expresses it, 'while she had a morbid degree of tenaciousness respecting his esteem and attention, would amuse herself with the idea of those circumstances, with which she could so perfectly well dispense, being engrossed by another.' She did not, indeed, like Sarah, actually present a handmaid to her husband, but she behaved to the handmaid's son with a generosity which was not shown to Ishmael. These Memoirs are to be censured for nothing so much as for leaving the relationship in which Mrs. Hayley stood to her husband's child doubtful. His character required no such tenderness; and it was injuring her's to deprive her of the high credit which, upon that score, is her due.

It is not in severity we say that Hayley required no such tenderness. When it is seen how truly excellent a father he was, and what he felt and suffered for that son, the case will, perhaps, appear to have been one of those on which

———— something more
Than brotherly forgiveness may attend.

The world, were it more rigorous in its judgments than it is, might pardon an offence which in its consequences tended so greatly to soften and exalt his character. The Memoirs of this son are far the most interesting part of these volumes.

The boy was christened Thomas Alphonso, and brought up as an adopted child of the family. On his first birth-day he presented a Lilliputian ode, composed by his father, to Mrs. Hayley, who was already so fond of him as to bless the day he was born: and as she was proud of her husband's poetical talents, and gratified by this application of them, these birth-day odes were continued for some years. Hayley, though he acknowledges that his own temper was impetuous, (his wife calls him Hotspur in their correspondence, and in return he addresses her by the name of Katharine,) held the wise opinion, and acted upon it, that it is better to govern by love than by fear; and used frequently to say,
that

that if it should be the will of God to take the child, he ought to be thankful that he had enjoyed several years in all the happiness of which he was capable—a consolatory and ominous feeling, which many a parent will recognize. His own recollections of Eton had made him resolve that no son of his should ever go to a public school: upon that subject he agreed entirely with Cowper; and he well knew that in private schools, if there is less of the evil which may be apprehended from public education, there is little or none of the good which that education assuredly produces. He resolved, therefore, to educate him himself, and was confirmed in that resolution by a good-natured remark of Joseph Warton; who, in one of his visits at Earham, playing with Alphonso in the library, said to the father, ‘this boy, rolling about among your noble heap of books, and taking to them as his playthings, will prove a better scholar than I can make, in my school.’ A better scholar it was not likely that he should prove; but that he might be as good, by a much easier process, and more to his own immediate happiness, was certain.

Fortunately the young Alphonso was such a child as a father would feel unmingled pleasure in instructing; so apt, so docile, and so diligent was the pupil. Meyer, the miniature painter, had exclaimed in wonder at the early progress of his intellect, what an advantage it was for an infant to be under the perpetual care of those who were attentive to his mind. He was not aware that an early development of the intellectual faculties is among the most fearful presages which can be observed in infancy; and that a forcing culture is likely to produce weak plants. The boy’s memory was so quick, his ear so accurate, and his articulation so well formed, that before he was four years old he surprised his father by repeating to him half one of Pindar’s Odes, which he had learnt merely by hearing him read it several times aloud. And so forward was his education, that he was reading Ovid before he had completed his fifth year. But his bodily health appeared to keep pace with his mental improvement; and the perilous experiment of bringing him so prematurely forward, produced in this instance no evil.

The separation between Hayley and his wife took place when Alphonso was eight years old. Mrs. Hayley was settled at Derby, where she had many acquaintance; and he who had no longer those high and lively spirits which had formerly enabled him to charm away the effects of her constitutional malady, remained at Earham with his son, to whose education he had devoted himself, and there commenced a system of scrupulous economy, which might enable him to support the expence of a double establishment. ‘My little companion and I,’ he says, ‘make a pair

of as cheaply supported hermits as our country can produce. Many disappointments and infirmities,' he said, 'had made him fit only for solitude, for which Providence had kindly given him an early passion. Of his infirmities, the weakness in his sight was the most distressing; but when he reminds Mrs. Hayley in one of his letters, how many a winter evening he had seen her 'overwhelmed with the dread that she might lose her eyes by reading to the sickly hermit, or by weeping for his misfortunes,' the reader is at a loss to divine what those misfortunes can have been. Excepting his matrimonial infelicity, (which certainly was not included in Mrs. Hayley's view of them,) his life, as far as appears from these Memoirs, had been singularly fortunate. Except in the loss of his mother, and of his most intimate college friends, even the common, natural, and inevitable evils of life had never yet approached him nearly. The only mortification which he had sustained was, that he had not been successful as a dramatic author, to the extent of his wishes. He seemed, indeed, to have lived as expensively as he could afford; and therefore, when his wife required a separate establishment, to have found it necessary to retrench his own: but the degree of anxiety which this occasioned, is insufficient to explain a complaint of his misfortunes. And it is the more inexplicable, because he does not appear to have been of a querulous or discontented disposition.

Soon after he had entered upon this plan of retrenchment, his friend Dr. Warner proposed to take a lodging for the summer in the same village, to enjoy his society. Hayley fitted up the gardener's quarter for him, and there the Doctor kept house for himself. 'I,' said Hayley, 'have so much of the honest pride of poverty in my nature, that I am never ashamed of telling any rich persons that I cannot afford to entertain them. I grow more and more attached to my plan of rigid economy, and feel more and more encouraged to persevere in a system which promises to secure to me the independence in which my spirit exults.' The Doctor was so well pleased with the temperate habits of Hayley, who drank no other stimulant liquor than coffee, that he determined at once to leave off wine and tobacco; both which, in his friend's opinion, had contributed not a little to his excellent health, and to his florid and comely appearance. The rash experiment brought on debility and a low obstinate fever, which were not subdued till he returned to London society, and the generous mode of life which habit had rendered necessary, or which was originally suited to his constitution.

This mischief Hayley had occasioned by his example, not by his precept, for he warned his friend against making so sudden a change. He prided himself, indeed, upon his medical skill,

which was founded upon long practice among his country neighbours; and used to boast that he had acted more than five and twenty years as a village doctor, without having shortened the life of a single patient. He took great delight in this practice, believing himself very useful in it, and probably in many instances, proving so, because the patients had good faith in his skill. What with his medical duties, the education of his son, and his literary pursuits, time was too fully employed ever to hang heavy upon his hands. The same activity of mind which qualified him to shine in society, made him also able to live happily in retirement; and armed him against disappointment, however he might be tempted sometimes in this respect to bear false witness against himself. His reputation as a dramatic writer stood so high, that the manager of Covent Garden applied to him for another tragedy. *Eudora* accordingly was brought forward, and with the highest expectations of success. It was praised for its structure, character, sentiments, and language, but it was coldly received; and the author, who was present at the representation with his friend Romney, imputing the failure to 'the wretched manner in which some important parts of the scenical apparatus were rendered ridiculous,' immediately withdrew it. He was complimented for the cheerfulness with which he bore this failure; a more serious one to him than any of his earlier disappointments, because its success would have proved a seasonable addition to his ways and means: but his spirits were naturally buoyant, and, as he said upon this occasion, 'it would have been unpardonable indeed if the author, who had presumed to give poetical lessons for the preservation of temper, was not able on such a trial to preserve his own.'

It happened about this time that Dr. Warner went over to France as chaplain to the then ambassador, the Marquis of Stafford. This was in the year 1790, when Paris was a scene of the liveliest interest; to which the young and the ardent, and the unwise, looked with the liveliest and most exultant hope. Warner persuaded Hayley and Romney to take the opportunity of visiting that city while he was there, and thither accordingly they went, with a clergyman, by name Carwardine, for their companion, who was their common friend. Curiosity was not the only motive which induced Hayley to take this journey; he was desirous that his son should learn betimes to speak the French as well as his own language, and he hoped to find some good sensible Frenchwoman, in an humble state, who might be content at a moderate salary to act as a sort of governess to him, and to Carwardine's two sons, whom he proposed to educate with Alphonso, as fellow students and playfellows. He appears to have consulted Miss

Seward upon this singular plan. She says to him, in one of her letters, 'France may perhaps supply you with what I think England could not, an amiable and accomplished woman, who durst put her peace and fame into the hazard of living domestically, during some years, with the most dazzling and engaging of mankind. Nothing but a considerable independent fortune can enable an amiable female to look down, without misery, upon the censures of the many; and even in that situation their arrows have power to wound, if not to destroy peace. Surely no woman, with a nice sense of honour,—and what is she worth who has it not?—would voluntarily expose herself to their aim, except she has unwarily *slid* into a situation where the affections, making silent and unperceived progress, have rendered it a less evil to endure the consciousness of a dubious fame, provided there is no real guilt, than to renounce the society of him without whom creation seems a blank.'

The scheme exposed him to much raillery and some censure; but it answered well. He found in France a person willing to undertake the office, whom he describes as a very singular little woman, full of noble sentiments and odd fancies, of a disposition uncommonly grateful, and admirably adroit in teaching elegant manners to little folks. She was passionately fond of books, and though she hardly ever spelt two words together aright in her own language, yet she read extremely well, and particularly tragedy, in which she delighted. Her father-in-law being steward to a family of high rank, she had associated with the children of that family in her childhood, and with them used to act the tragedies of Racine and Voltaire. She had married early and unhappily; her husband ruined himself by gambling, died, and left her, with one little orphan, in indigence. Her manners were graceful, and Hayley was greatly interested in her favour by the manner in which her aged mother and father-in-law recommended her to his protection. Beside the acquirement of French, Hayley had another object in this scheme; he was aware that an embarrassing and awkward shyness is often produced by domestic education, and nothing he thought was more likely to prevent this than the attention which a lively Frenchwoman would bestow upon the manners of her pupil. The experiment completely answered; and it is no slight testimony to the merit of both parties, that when her assistance was no longer needful, and Hayley had succeeded in recommending her to a more profitable situation, she, who saw that he submitted to some privations from motives of economy, wanted to return to him all the moderate salary which she had received in his service, and actually sent him great part of it,

it, which he afterwards restored at a time when it was particularly welcome.

It would have been little to Hayley's credit, if his acquaintance with this lady had not confirmed and increased that favourable opinion of her countrymen which he was disposed to entertain. He had visited France during the first exciting hopeful days of the revolution, when none but the coldest hearts were unmoved, and none but the sagest intellects apprehended with how dark a storm that morning would soon be overcast.

The senselessness of joy was then sublime—

The antiquated earth—

Beat like the heart of man.

So fully did he enter into the spirit of these times,—a spirit not less attracting than it was delusive,—that he actually began to reply to Burke's prophetic Reflections; an interruption, which he himself acknowledges to have been fortunate, made him lay aside the attempt. Under the influence of the same feeling he executed the more extraordinary design of composing a French drama, entitled *Les Préjugés abolis, ou l'Anglois juste envers les François*. The title explains the purport of the piece; it was presented to a Parisian manager, and 'the reason why it was rejected, appeared to the author more truly comic than any speech in his comedy. It was inadmissible, on account of the chastity of the Parisian theatres.' A courtesan was introduced among the secondary characters of the piece, and French delicacy could not tolerate the appearance of such a personage.

About this time he lost the good old nurse who for fifty years had formed part of his family, and upon whom he had settled a small annuity. Her passion for books had been hardly less than his own; and when his eyes were disabled, she used often to read to him, amusing and sometimes instructing him both by her serious and her comic remarks. One of them he has preserved—reading Gibbon's account of the capture of Rome by the Goths, the old woman came to a part where he speaks, *more suo*, of the treatment of the women: 'In my mind,' said she, 'this is a sad pack of stuff to put into so fine a book.' 'The spirit and naïveté of this remark,' he says, 'struck him so forcibly that he was almost ready to conclude with Molière that an old woman is the very best of critics.' The remark should have been sent to Gibbon; he would have felt its justice; and he knew, like Molière, that the opinion of a strong and unsophisticated understanding is worth more than that of all the professional critics in Christendom. Hayley saw her a little before her death, took a last leave of her in her coffin, and composed, as she had requested and he had promised, her epitaph.

'Farewell,

'Farewell, dear servant! since thy heavenly Lord
 Summons thy worth to its supreme reward.
 Thine was a spirit that no toil could tire,
 "When service sweat for duty, not for hire."
 From him, whose childhood cherished by thy care,
 Weathered long years of sickness and despair,
 Take what may haply touch the blest above,
 Truth's tender praise, and tears of grateful love.'

At this time he had formed an intention of going abroad with his son, and joining Flaxman at Rome, who was then pursuing his studies there. He thought of fixing his abode there for some years, but from this he was diverted by a proposal from Messrs. Boydell and Nicol, who were about to undertake a splendid folio edition of Milton's poems, and wished him to write a life of Milton. Hayley was well inclined to this, for the pleasure of vindicating Milton from what he called the malignant asperity of Dr. Johnson; and the persuasions of his friend Romney came in aid of his inclination. It happened that Johnson the bookseller had planned a similar edition, which he had engaged Cowper to edit, and to supply with translations of the Italian and Latin poems. The first intimation which Hayley obtained of this was from a newspaper paragraph, stating that he and Cowper were each writing a life of Milton, in competition with the other. A little inquiry satisfied him that what he had undertaken did not clash with Cowper's design; and he immediately wrote a courteous and cordial letter to him, stating this, disclaiming all rivalry, and inclosing a complimentary sonnet.

The letter was left at Johnson's to be forwarded, and there it remained six weeks. Cowper was greatly vexed at this delay, well supposing that it would occasion some uncomfortable feelings to Hayley. He wrote instantly to acquit himself of this apparent discourtesy. 'From his reply,' says he, 'which the return of the post brought me, I learn that in the long interval of my non-correspondence he had suffered anxiety and mortification enough: so much that I dare say he made twenty vows never to hazard again either letter or compliment to an unknown author. What, indeed, could he imagine less, than that I meant by such an obstinate silence to tell him that I valued neither him, nor his praises, nor his proffered friendship: in short that I considered him as a rival, and therefore, like a true author, hated and despised him. He is now, however, convinced that I love him, as indeed I do; and I account him the chief acquisition that my own verse has ever procured me.' If envy, hatred, malice and uncharitableness were indeed the characteristics of the true author, he would be a much more odious beast than the true bull-dog, and the sooner the

the breed were exterminated the better: but it was never Cowper's intention seriously to accredit the libellous imputation, which, though it has obtained a popular, that is to say, a vulgar belief from the time of Hesiod, is disproved by the whole tenour of literary history. From the days of Virgil and Horace, it will be found that those authors whom posterity has deemed worthy of the highest honour, have, in every age, lived upon the most generous and friendly terms with each other, except in times of civil or religious discord. If Cowper himself cannot be instanced in proof of this, it is only because of that misfortune which so long cut him off from all society, and always confined him to a most secluded way of life; still he is an example of a great author without the slightest taint of envy or malevolence in his nature; and in this point at least Hayley resembled him. The correspondence, which had been thus begun, produced a visit from Hayley; and so cordially did they soon learn to esteem and like each other, that Cowper, who had not left his abode before for twenty years, made a journey to Earham that autumn.

Hayley's son was then in his thirteenth year. Cowper was delighted with the boy;—a happier example indeed of what might be accomplished by domestic education could no where have been found (a subject upon which he felt strongly); and he thought so highly of his talents and proficiency that, with his characteristic good nature, he asked him to criticise his *Homer*, which he was then correcting for a second edition; and replied to the boy's criticisms in a letter, not less admirable for its good sense than for the playfulness and benignity of mind which it indicates. This kindness, which in any other man would have appeared like condescension, was natural in him; and it was well bestowed upon one whose course was so wisely steered that he was in no danger of grounding upon the shoals of self-conceit. It had been Hayley's first intention to educate his son for the profession of physic; but many circumstances combined to give him a strong inclination for that of the arts; his father's long and uninterrupted intimacy with Romney, who had fitted up a painting-room at Earham, was alone likely to have produced this determination of his talents. During a visit to Mrs. Hayley, Wright of Derby perceived in him so much aptitude for painting that he took pains in instructing him; and, upon the report of his progress, Flaxman wrote to his father, saying, 'if you have not quite determined to make him a physician, and if you think he has talents for the fine arts, show yourself my friend indeed, and accept my offer as frankly as I make it. Send him to me; I will instruct him in all the little I know, and it shall not cost you a farthing. You shall provide his board and lodging in the manner most agreeable to yourselves.

The

The education he should have under me would be a theory and practice of art and science, to make him profound in his profession, and not a drudge for the interest of his master. In your absence I will be his father.'

Ten years before this, Flaxman had past a fortnight at Earham, and 'such a fortnight,' he said, 'as many thousands of our fellow creatures go out of the world without enjoying.' There are few better criteria of a man's worth than the choice and stability of his friendships: few men could boast of more distinguished friends than Hayley, and no one was ever more lastingly attached to them, or more cordially esteemed in return. 'You will believe me,' said Flaxman, in a subsequent letter, 'that I love your son as tenderly as you can wish, for his father's sake; and now that you express so serious an intention of placing your little good boy under me, it is necessary that I should explain my intentions concerning him, when he is under my care. My first object will be to preserve his mind in his duty to God and his neighbour, which cannot fail to form a good citizen, and give his mind sufficient strength and resource for happiness, under the various attacks on his peace which he must meet with in this world. With respect to instruction in the arts of design, I shall only consider his good, and instruct him in those sound principles which cannot fail of laying the foundation of an excellent practice.' With Flaxman, accordingly, young Hayley was placed. 'Good friend, good artist, good man, good every thing that can be named,' the pupil called his master; and well he deserved to be so called. He read the Greek Testament with him every morning; in one of his letters he says that they had begun to talk Latin; and in another, 'he is such a good man, and so full of excellent qualities that I am always learning something of great value from him.'

No youth ever began the career of art with fairer promises, or under more favourable circumstances. Romney said he had higher hopes of him than he had ever had of any one so young, for his talents, his vigorous industry, and his serenity of temper. The youth had a worthy pride in his destination; and, when he heard that Lord Sheffield had talked to his father of *doing something better for him*, observed with generous spirit, 'in spite of his nobility, I do not believe that he could.' 'Be assured,' he says to his father, that, 'as much as you praise my talents and virtues, as you please to call them, twice as much do I think myself indebted to you for having sown the seeds; and I hope I shall prove that you have sown them not on stony places, where the sun would scorch them up, or among thorns, which would choke them, but on good ground, where they shall bring forth good fruit.' Hayley's

ley's whole hopes were fixed upon this excellent son, who was indeed as he describes him—

—“in spirit like the dawning day,
And more in temper than in age mature.”

But while he encouraged him with that affectionate praise, which is at once the dearest reward and the most powerful excitement of a generous ambition, he impressed upon him the important lesson:—

“That even by Genius excellence is bought
With length of labour, and a life of thought.”

A letter of Hayley's in reply to an intimation of the son's, that so frequent a correspondence with home took up a larger portion of time than ought to be spared from his pursuits, represents the writer in so favourable a point of view that it would be injurious to omit it in any account of his life.

“I shall acquiesce in your inclination, and not write again till this day fortnight; yet I confess I felt rather more than a philosopher should feel of something like disappointment and mortification, in perceiving how very ready you are to relinquish the privilege which you alone possessed, of hearing weekly from your old bosom-friend, as you most endearingly used to call him. Your readiness to resign this distinction brought too forcibly to my mind and heart those touching verses of our beloved Cowper:

—“We wilfully forewent
That converse, which we now in vain regret.
How gladly would the man recall to life
The boy's neglected sire.”

“Do not, however, my dearest of friends, survey in too strong a light this not perfectly apposite quotation; for I should be ungrateful indeed, both to you and to Heaven, if I called myself a neglected sire, when my heart tells me that your feelings towards me are truly filial, and your virtues and your talents are nobly exercised and improved, so as to afford me inexpressible delight, and awaken in my soul the most lively gratitude to Heaven. I was early desired by my own incomparable parent, never to expect from any son, or even daughter, that sort of exquisite attention, which, by the wise ordinances of nature, can only be paid by a parent to a child. Their affections may and ought to be *mutual*, but never can and never ought to be equal. Thus, my dearest of dear friends, I am duly prepared, as I should be, to see you deeply engaged in noble and manly pursuits and affections, without fancying you deficient in regard to me. I even hope to see you love other objects infinitely more than it is possible to love the tenderest of fathers; and my chief prayer is, that your affections may be as well placed and as happy, as I am persuaded they will be keen. I think it most probable that I may not live to see you advance far in the maturity of manly life; and I therefore indulge my own affection for you in preparing for your future perusal many private compositions, which may secure to you a satisfaction

tion that you might otherwise regret; so that I trust, in a more advanced state of manhood, you will seem to converse with me, though I may then have long ceased to exist on *earth*.—vol. ii. pp. 181—183.

This letter produced an immediate expression of contrition for the fault which had occasioned it, but which had not arisen from any want of affection, for never were parent and child more truly happy in each other. Beattie had at this time printed that affecting account of his deceased son, which was not published till after his own death; a copy of it he sent to Hayley, 'in testimony of the utmost respect, esteem and gratitude.' No father, whose hopes were built upon a promising child, could peruse that mournful narrative without an apprehension such as passed across Hayley's mind when, telling his son of the present, he said '*Ah carissime! I tremble when I recollect that you are mortal.*' He comforted himself then with the thought that the youth was in good health, and had chosen a healthy profession. But it was not long before that reliance was shaken, by intelligence that his health began to fail. Apparent recoveries and frequent relapses succeeded each other for about two years; till so evident a change had taken place in his appearance that, though his medical attendant in London could see no danger, Hayley removed him into the country, under a full persuasion that the most fatal consequences were to be feared from so insidious a malady. It was, indeed, one of those miserable cases in which parental anxiety presages more truly than medical skill. All who had hitherto been consulted had insisted that the affection was merely in the muscles of the breast, and in that opinion they had repeatedly applied blisters without avail. Convinced in his own mind that they were wrong, Hayley examined him himself, with the aid of his country surgeon, Mr. Guy, in whom he had great confidence; and it was the father who discovered that the spine was affected. Hopes were now entertained that, as the disease was clearly ascertained, and the mode of treating it understood, there was a fair likelihood of recovery, and the father the more easily indulged this, from a recollection of his own marvellous restoration, in a case something similar, and apparently more desperate.

Mrs. Hayley died before any serious anxiety was entertained for young Hayley's health. Attached as she was to him, his condition would have affected her deeply. Her death could hardly have been an overwhelming, or enduring, affliction to her husband, yet we may well believe that it produced sensations both tender and painful for the time. He composed a funeral sermon upon the occasion, which was preached in the parish church; and he afterwards pleased himself with thinking that her death was a merciful relief, which spared her from the sorrow of witnessing

nessing her son's decline, sufferings, and death. Hayley had long become more and more religious in his feelings. His disposition was naturally devout; this wholesome tendency had been strengthened by solitude, frequent illness, and now by severe affliction; and he acquired a habit of composing devotional verses during the many hours in which anxiety and grief kept him waking. Instead of the sportive and jubilant effusions, which the birth-day of this beloved child had always called forth during his childhood, a melancholy invocation of *Patience* was prepared for that on which he completed his eighteenth year. Some of the lines will not be read without emotion, when we consider the circumstances under which they were composed.

Come, ever listening to thy votary's prayer,
In every labyrinth of earthly care,
Come, and conduct with tutelary hand,
Through each rough province of thy wide command,
Me, no new supplicant to powers divine,
And dearer than myself, a youth benign,
More worthy of thy aid, and more a ward of thine.
Artist and invalid, each honour'd name
To thy pure guidance forms a perfect chain;
For whether man in health's aspiring hour
Courts genuine fame by intellectual power;
Or, bent by malady's oppressive sway,
Resigns to dull repose the sickly day;
Thee, *Patience*, thee, or active or sedate,
Most aptly he invokes in every state.
Thy presence of his aims improves the best,
Ennobling energy, and sweetening rest.
Fountain of force, with all thy clear controul
Soothe and invigorate a father's soul;
Who, when he hoped in Art's sublimest sphere
To mark his youthful darling's bright career,
Beheld him thence by cruel sickness cast,
And all his vigour as a vision past:
While languor crept through every vital part,
And palsy threatened to benumb the heart—
That cherish'd heart where filial virtue glow'd,
Pleasure's gay seat, and purity's abode.
Now two long twelvemonths slowly roll'd away,
Have proved sad witnesses of dark decay;
Through twice nine years, since probity and truth
To manhood's vestibule have led the youth,
On this revolving morn that gave him birth,
For ever honour'd for his filial worth,
Descend, angelic *Patience*, from above,
Bring me supplies of vigilance and love,

That

That in this failure of well-grounded hope,
 With strong calamity I still may cope ;
 And, unsubdued by anguish of the heart,
 Act with alacrity a father's part ;
 Prop nerveless limbs with cheerful succour kind,
 Impart new light to a reviving mind,
 And in firm trust that Providence will bless
 Th' unmurmuring thrall of undeserved distress,
 Attempt to teach him for life's future plan,
 All that may guard the youth and grace the man.'—

pp. 411—413.

Two miserable years he watched the progress of this dreadful malady in his only child, seeing him become gradually more and more diseased, till all hope, first of the use of his limbs, then of life itself, was lost ; the patient the while supporting his sufferings with a calm and cheerful equanimity, which made him an object of admiration not less than of compassion. How the father supported himself during the severest discipline which the heart of man can undergo, is seen in these productions of his sleepless nights :—

*Sonnet to Devotion and Tranquillity.**(Two pieces of sculpture intended for the Marine Turret.)*

' Ye powers most kind to man's autumnal day !
 When life is in the sear, the yellow leaf,
 And time on talent plays the subtle thief ;
 Ye guardians of the mind, divinely gay !
 Devotion ! and Tranquillity ! display
 Your heavenly right to give repose to grief,
 To health enjoyment, to disease relief,
 Safety to strength, and mildness to decay.
 In this fair scene, by love parental plann'd,
 Friends of all seasons, in the last be mine !
 Here let your sculptured forms, my Lares stand,
 The friendly masterpiece of Flaxman's hand ;
 Here let your lustre in my conduct shine,
 Grace my retreat, and soften my decline.'—

vol. ii. pp. 425, 426.

Sonnet.—September 30th, 5 o'clock in the Morning.

' Thou, dearest object of incessant care,
 For thee before the throne of Heaven I bend,
 Constant as days arise and nights descend.
 Imploring God, who seems thy life to spare,
 To give thee only good ; and if to share
 That good my worn existence may extend,
 Be it in forming, as thy firmest friend,
 Part of thy bliss, the subject of my prayer.
 Spirits of light, who, tender as the dove,
 On viewless wings o'er earth's rough confines range,

Forbidding

Forbidding worldly demons to estrange
Hearts form'd to harmonize by powers above ;
In us for ever guard the sweet exchange
Of perfect filial and parental love.'—vol. ii. p. 482.

Sonnet.

* Guy, whose humane and salutary skill
Comprises all that nature, all that art
Can to the body, or the mind impart,
Of aid and comfort, under deepest ill,
Thou long hast seen, and thou art seeing still,
The fearful trial of a father's heart,
While death's most subtle and slow poison'd dart,
Mangles his darling, yet delays to kill.
Oh, if in ought that Heaven and earth require
Of resignation, or of tender care,
Thy friend appears deficient, tried by fire,
Still pity and correct the failing sire ;
For love and grief his reasoning powers impair,
Inflamed by hope, or palsied by despair.'

Sonnet.

* Angelic sufferer, whose existence seems
Supported only by a feeble thread,
In troubled visions I have seen thee dead,
And waking scenes, as fearful as my dreams,
Show me thy shatter'd frame, in pain's extremes ;
Yet unobscured, and nobly free from dread,
The lucid spirit of thy heart and head
Outshines Hyperion's unobstructed beams.
Desponding friendship with compassion cries,
" Poor martyr, mild and quick by thy release !"
So prays not Nature. Hope can never cease,
In hearts parental, till celestial peace
Has, by clear mandate from the pitying skies,
Seal'd with the seal of God his servant's eyes.'—

vol. ii. pp. 496, 497.

Surely there are few persons who can read these most affecting poems without feeling some respect for Hayley. It was feared that the loss of this beloved child would induce a settled melancholy, which his recluse mode of life was likely to confirm. Miss Ward thought otherwise,—' No,' she said, ' his literary ardour will bear him up.—Time does every thing for minds of that cast. One who can bewail his sorrows to the world will not become its victim. There is a wonderful luxury in such pains which is nothing in it of the severity of despair. Mr. Hayley will always love to deplore and to allude to his lost darling, in future compositions. Affliction never overturns the sanity of a spirit which it does not first render indolent. Never will he, like poor Cowper,

Cowper, become the victim of religious despondency, the darkest and most desponding of all irrational feelings. O what pests of human peace are those who seek to instil the misery systematically, converting to deadly poison the bread of life in the gospel! Miss Seward was right in her judgment. The long anxiety and anguish which he had endured, left him in a state of feverish agitation, and he described the bodily and mental exhaustion which ensued, as seeming to be a sort of middle state between life and death. 'I am now trying,' he says, 'by quiet and solitary meditation, to nurse myself into a firmer tone of mind and body, that if it should prove my destiny to remain a few years longer in this vale of tears, I may not be utterly an idle heavy piece of lumber on the earth.'

Cowper and Thomas Hayley died within a week of each other; and the first hope which arose in Hayley's heart was that of employing the evening of his life in paying ample and just tribute to the memory of each.

His first intention, with regard to his son, was to publish the devotional poems composed during his long illness and after his death, in the hope that they might prove soothing and medicinal to other parents under similar affliction. That purpose was laid aside for a reason thus stated in a letter to the friend and relative of Cowper, Lady Hesketh—'when I reflected on the uncommon modesty and reserve of that angelic youth, I seemed to hear his meek spirit suggesting to me, that fond as he ever was of being praised by me, yet he would not wish me to obtrude so much of his suffering or of his praise, on *that fierce eye of the public*, which he, like your ladyship, was tenderly apprehensive of drawing too hastily on himself. I have therefore reserved those effusions of a paternal heart, which I thought might be usefully soothing to other afflicted parents, to rest in privacy at present; and to appear perhaps only when I am united again (as I hope to be) to that gentle and affectionate being of whose beatitude I have the most consolatory assurance.' About two years after the death of his son, he enlarged the plan, and began to compose that account of his life and sufferings, which forms the most interesting part of these Memoirs.

The task of preparing a life of Cowper having been declined by Lady Hesketh, in fear of that *fierce eye* to which Hayley alluded, was called for by the public from him, and committed to his care by the unanimous desire of all the friends of the deceased. To Cowper, Hayley had indeed been a most affectionate and useful friend; and it was owing to his personal application to Mr. Pitt, that that pension was given to the author of the Task, which, though given too late to cheer his spirit or contribute to his happiness,

piness, secured him a support for which he must otherwise have been dependent upon private benevolence. Hayley had now a substantial reward in the profits of his biographical work: a great and providential one, he believed it to be, 'for the compassionate zeal with which, in the midst of his own troubles, he had laboured to improve both the fortune and the health' of his friend; and 'he acknowledged with devout gratitude that Heaven rendered his disinterested friendship for a man of virtue and genius, suffering under the darkest calamity, a source of unthought-of blessings to himself at a distant period, and in those latter days of life when the favour of Heaven is felt with all the just sensibility of religious contemplation.' The profits which he now reaped came at a critical time, for he had greatly reduced his fortunes, but in a manner most honourable to his character—by putting meritorious young persons forward in the world, fixing them in respectable situations, and assisting them even with large sums, when there seemed a fair prospect of future repayment. But in this way he had suffered considerable losses. Hayley indeed was not one of those men to whom wealth would have proved a snare, and rendered the entrance of Heaven like a needle's eye; a princely fortune in his hands would have been a blessing both to himself and others, so bountiful was his hand, so humane, so kind, so generous was his heart.

Early in his son's illness, Hayley had begun to build what he called a marine hermitage, in the village of Felpham, boldly, as he said, plunging into brick and mortar, with the prudence of a poet, as the first step in a plan of economy. Eartham had, in fact, become too expensive for him, and hoping that his son might one day retire to it as his paternal seat, his *intention* was to let it in the intermediate years, and retire to this nook himself. After his son's death there was an additional reason for adhering to this plan; the youth died in that library where he had so often played in infancy, and where he had imbibed that generous ambition which had put forth so fair a blossom. The father therefore shrunk from a scene which recalled such painful thoughts, and past the remainder of his life at Felpham. He survived his son twenty years. He survived his popularity also. His life of Romney and some other later works were completely unsuccessful; they were indeed very inferior to his earlier productions, and the public had acquired a taste for higher seasoning, or for stronger meats. The *Life of Romney* could not be rated lower than its demerits deserved, nor could the *Triumph of Music*; for any thing more puerile, and at the same time more extravagant, than the story of that poem never issued from the Minerva press. Some devotional pieces were introduced in it, with about as much propriety

propriety as the songs in an opera. It is, however, remarkable that Hayley, when upon all other themes he had become little better than a driveller in verse, should still have written devotional pieces with more success than men of far higher powers have attained in that species of composition. He published also a little volume of 'Ballads founded on Anecdotes relating to Animals,' and if any person collects books, which are curious for their absurdity, this volume is well entitled to a place in such a collection. Some one upon reading it quoted the burden of one of O'Keeffe's doggrel songs, *Hayley-gayly, gamborayly, higgledy, piggedly, galloping, draggle-tailed dreary dun.*

The worn-out author, however, was of a happy disposition; pleased but not elated with success when he obtained it, and never soured nor dispirited by failure. 'If I have lost my popularity,' said he, 'it is the more incumbent on me to show my friends that the cheerfulness of my spirit is built on a much nobler foundation than the precarious breath of popular applause.'

In the sixty-fourth year of his age, he committed the grievous imprudence of marrying a young woman. With that event he chose to conclude his own Memoirs, saying that, notwithstanding the disproportion of their respective ages, the adventurous couple seemed as happy for a considerable time as any mortals could expect to be. It appears, however, from Dr. Johnson's supplementary chapter, that the preposterous marriage, after continuing three years, ended in a separation. It had in no respect altered his reclusive habits while it lasted; but afterwards he seemed to recover his relish for society, and was pleased when his neighbours visited him. For several years before his death, he suffered dreadfully from the stone; but during all those years he was never heard to utter a querulous word, for he had not prayed for patience and resignation in vain, either for his poor son or for himself. Before his medical attendants were satisfied concerning the nature of his complaint, he was fully aware of it, and of its inevitable termination. Some of the last verses which he composed were suggested by seeing the swallows in the fall of the year congregate upon his turret, before their departure.

'Ye gentle birds, that perch aloof,
And smooth your pinions on my roof,
Preparing for departure hence,
Ere winter's angry threats commence;
Like you, my soul would smooth her plume
For longer flights beyond the tomb.
May God, by whom is seen and heard
Departing man and wandering bird,
In mercy mark us for his own,
And guide us to the land unknown.'—vol. ii. p. 214.

In this frame of mind did Hayley calmly and religiously wait for death. Mr. Sargent, the biographer of Henry Martyn, and son of the well-known author of the *Mine*, was with him in the latter days of his life; and says it was never his lot to witness more perfect patience, more cheerful resignation, than he manifested under the most acute sufferings. Thus, in complete possession of his intellect, in full reliance upon the merits and mediation of his Saviour, and through that faith in a well-grounded hope of a blessed immortality, he expired in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

It was his wish that, as he himself had endeavoured to render all the justice in his power to some of his most eminent contemporaries, so he might in his turn find an honest chronicler to sum up his merits and defects, and deduce from them useful literary and moral lessons. That wish has been faithfully performed by the editor of these *Memoirs*; and the judgment of that reader, must be strangely warped by a censorious disposition who does not agree with him in admiring Hayley as a truly generous, and gentle-hearted man. His poetry has had its day and is forgotten; yet during that day it was so generally applauded, that a *Collection of the English Poets* would be incomplete without it. Some of his pieces may still be read with pleasure, not a few with advantage; and the tendency as well as the purport of all is such as left him nothing to repent of in this respect. In those later productions, indeed, some of which have been adduced—the outpourings of an afflicted heart—there is a strain of thought and feeling, which will find sympathy and may afford consolation, and which entitles him to respect, both as a poet and a man.

ART. II.—*Thoughts on the Funding System and its Effects.* By
Piercy Ravenstone, M.A. 8vo. pp. 80. London. 1824.

THE funding system is a political engine of such immense power, and has been used in this country for so long a period, and to such an extent, that it is certainly proper and can scarcely be uninteresting, from time to time, to examine into its nature and effects. On the one hand, if its use be directly injurious, or exposed to abuses which are beyond the ordinary integrity and prudence of statesmen to controul, the sooner and the more clearly these consequences are pointed out, the better; while on the other, if the system produce benefits, which in certainty and amount more than counterbalance its probable or possible evils, it is scarcely less important that these also should be stated with full advantage, and that the public mind should be satisfactorily informed on a cardinal point, upon which wrong impressions may produce practical errors of the most fatal description.

With this feeling we took up somewhat eagerly the pamphlet of which the title is prefixed to this Article, glad to avail ourselves of the assistance of any man, who undertakes to throw new light upon the subject; we lay it down with much disappointment; its only merit is that it is not very long, for time can scarcely be less profitably spent than in the perusal of it.

Mr. Ravenstone, indeed, is exceedingly unfortunate in having, almost in the very outset of his work, fallen into a mistake, which at once shows that he has read the books of other men without understanding them, and makes it no matter of surprize that he should have produced one which no other man but himself (we make the exception in courtesy) can possibly understand. This mistake is that of confounding the general accumulation of capital in a country with the increase of capital stock in the hands of the fundholders—an odd error certainly, and scarcely credible even in the infant state of our political economy. Mr. Ravenstone indeed professes to abhor that science altogether, and therefore we must not be surprized at his treating its leading doctrines with little ceremony. One among them is fated to suffer under his more especial displeasure; he cannot tolerate the notion that accumulation of capital is a desirable object; and, coupling this dislike to capital in general, with the notion that every million funded is a million added to the already existing weight of capital that bears down the energies of England, it is no wonder if he occasionally speaks in hard terms of the funding system. We will not scare our readers by presenting to their view the long procession of horrors following in the train of this system which has so perniciously increased the capital of the British nation; but we will comfort them by the assurance that, even in our author's opinion,

'All its consequences are not evil. Results little anticipated by its inventors, and less dreamt of by those who have given it so large a sway in the affairs of men, have more than redeemed the mischief it has inflicted upon society.' p. 51. 'What are the evils of the funding system, which can be set in opposition to the good it does in breaking down the great masses of property, and giving an excitement to all the active spirits of a nation, by holding out to them a prospect of sharing in the wealth and dignities which, in countries where property is never put in circulation, they may contemplate with awe and reverence, but never with hope.' p. 55. 'Used with moderation, the funding system seems a necessary evil, a corrective for greater evils, in countries where the law of primogeniture is established, and entails are permitted. It mitigates the narcotic effects of such drowsy institutions: it has perhaps saved England from the lethargy into which Spain has fallen.' p. 56.

We certainly do not consider these to be the consequences of
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the funding system. We have always thought that they arose from the accumulation of capital under the persevering efforts of industry, left to the full exertion of her energies by a free constitution, and never ceasing to urge her disciples to raise themselves or their posterity to a higher station than that in which they were born. But, though we do not ascribe to the funding system the effects which have arisen from the excitement of industry, and the free circulation of property, yet we consider it as a most beneficial invention in politics; not because it increases the national capital; it is but too plain that that is not its merit; but because it enables the state, upon great emergencies, to devote to the public service that part of the national capital which the necessities of the occasion demand, without making such violent and sudden inroads upon the property of individuals as would destroy or derange their means of increasing that which is suffered to remain in their possession.

What those emergencies are, which justify a government in thus sacrificing a portion of the national capital, it does not fall within the scope of our present discussion to inquire. It will, we presume, be conceded by all that there may be such occasions. The extreme case of necessity would probably be that of an actual invasion of the country by a powerful enemy, with the declared intention of depriving the inhabitants of all their property, and reducing their persons to slavery; in this case there can be no doubt that it would be proper for the invaded people to sacrifice any part, however large, of its capital for the protection of the rest. Other national objects, though of minor importance, may still be of consequence enough to demand sacrifices similar in kind, though less in degree, for their preservation; and, whenever the sum necessary to be raised in defence of these objects in any year exceeds what the people would be able to pay out of their revenue, the excess must obviously be paid out of capital in some shape or other. The true question, therefore, to be considered in discussing the merits or demerits of the funding system, is, whether it does or does not place at the disposal of the government this necessary portion of capital with less inconvenience to individuals, and less obstruction to their productive industry, than would be occasioned by levying it in any other mode? And this question we shall proceed to discuss, waving any further examination of Mr. Ravenstone's objections, which are totally irrelevant to his subject, and tend only to demonstrate the enormous mischiefs consequent upon the increase of national wealth; with what success, we leave those of our readers, who may still be inclined to open his book, to judge for themselves.

They who answer the proposed question in the negative, main-

tain that extraordinary supplies, required for instance by a war, ought to be raised at once by extraordinary taxes; and thus they think that not only the distress occasioned by the war would be confined within the period of its duration, because, as soon as the war was over, the taxes might be taken off; but that the expense incurred in negotiating government loans, collecting the interest, and managing the public accounts thereby rendered necessary, would be saved. If it is pressed upon them that merchants, manufacturers, landholders, in short all classes whose capital is invested in property not immediately accessible or convertible into money, cannot meet these large demands, they answer that all these descriptions of people may obtain the same accommodation which they enjoy under the present system, by going into the money market and borrowing for themselves. But here an important difficulty occurs, in the necessity of finding security for all these private loans. This the trader has not to offer, unless either the whole of his capital is not invested in his business, in which case he is, as to the part not invested, a capitalist not concerned in trade; or, unless his trading capital is fixed, that is to say, invested in buildings and machinery which may be mortgaged, in which case he is pro tanto in the same situation as a landowner. But if his capital be wholly circulating, that is, constantly passing from him in the shape of wages, price of raw material, or purchase of goods, and returning to him by the produce of his sales, he can give no security, and must withdraw from his trade the portion of capital required of him, contract his dealings, and probably ruin his prospects. The fact is, that, when the government goes into the market, it is able to borrow on the credit of all the capitals of the country as one great capital, managed indeed by different individuals, some of whom will fail, but others will succeed, and by their success will keep the national capital entire; and therefore, as it makes no difference to the creditor of the public whether A. is ruined and B. enriched, or B. ruined and A. enriched, both A. and B. are left to possess and manage their respective capitals in their own way. But to the private creditor of A. it is every thing that A., and A. alone and individually should retain his property entire, and therefore the private creditor will require to have such a hold upon that property as to make it impossible for A. to dissipate it, and if it is so secured, A. cannot embark it in trading speculations so as to hazard its loss.

But it is not only the trader who would often find it difficult to offer such security for the sum demanded of him by the state as would be accepted in the money market. How many landholders are there of large and clear incomes, the titles of whose estates will hardly bear the minute inspection to which they must submit

submit them if they attempt to borrow money upon mortgage! at what a disadvantage must the owners of life-estates borrow the sums assessed upon them! and yet even these would be better off than some other classes of borrowers. For instance, the interest, which a fellow of a college has in his fellowship, may by possibility endure through his life, and is therefore recognised by the law as a freehold; yet it is determinable by marriage, which the law will permit no man to bind himself not to contract, and by the commission or omission of various other acts, against which no covenant could secure the lender, and upon which the judgment of a domestic forum, namely that of a visitor, is conclusive, however summary or informal. Naval and military officers are similarly situated; and it would probably not be easy for either fellow or captain, having no other property but his fellowship or commission, to anticipate his revenue by raising a loan upon it, even if the law had not prevented officers from borrowing on the security of their commissions. And the same remarks apply to all those numerous classes of persons, some high and some low, whose incomes arise from the enjoyment of offices which they are liable to be deprived of at the will of their employers, for their own misconduct, or in consequence of supervening inability to perform the duties, arising from sickness, accident, &c. But the government can borrow upon the credit of all these incomes, as if they were permanent; for, though A. B. and C. lose their situations, others must succeed to them, in whose hands the emoluments will be equally accessible to the government. And, in like manner, wherever a fund is divided between a tenant for life and a remainder-man, either of these parties must borrow to a disadvantage; the first on account of the insecurity, the second on account of the remoteness of his interest; but the government can borrow on the credit of the whole fund, which it can reach in either of their hands. But further, where the borrower is an individual, he must submit to the inconvenience of being liable to have the loan called in at the pleasure of the lender; or, if he stipulates that it shall not be called in for a certain time, or without a certain notice, or the like, all such stipulations are valuable considerations in addition to the loan, and must of course be paid for by an equivalent in some shape or other. But the facility with which government securities are negotiated renders all arrangements of this sort unnecessary; the holder can at all times get their value at the market price, and as that price, if the character of the government for stability and punctuality in its payments be good, is liable only to the same fluctuations inversely to which the value of money in the market is liable, and as those fluctuations are uncertain in their nature, and as likely to be to the benefit of the

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the holder as to his detriment, it amounts to nearly the same thing so far as he is concerned, as if the value of these securities were fixed to the most perfect uniformity. This, indeed, is impossible, not from any peculiarity in the nature of government securities, but because no commodity is free from fluctuation in value; and money lent to be repaid in numero as little as any other; for the borrower may force the lender to receive it again at a very disadvantageous time; and, if he be restricted from so doing, that agreement must be paid for by an equivalent, as was before observed in the corresponding case.

Supposing, however, all the difficulties attending the negotiation of private loans to be surmounted, still the use of this expedient neutralizes the first of the two advantages proposed by the advocates of the new plan of finance. For if, at the end of the war, individuals are to remain oppressed by the weight of debts contracted for the purpose of paying off in each year their shares of its charge, they will be no less distressed than they now are by remaining liable to their shares of the public debt.

We will now consider whether, by the use of the same expedient, the other anticipated advantage, namely, the saving the expense of collecting the interest-taxes, negotiating public loans, and managing the accounts of the debt, would be more effectually realized. It is material and obvious to remark, though it seems to have escaped the notice of our projectors, that the expense of collection must be added to the weight of taxes levied for the purpose of raising the supply within the year, as well as to that of interest-taxes. If both were to be collected at the same rate per cent., nothing would be saved upon this head by the remission of the extraordinary taxes at the end of the war. The two principal branches of the revenue of the united kingdom, the customs and the excise, are collected, the former at an expense of about 12, the latter of about $4\frac{2}{3}$ per cent. The net receipt of the customs, after deducting repayments, allowances, discounts, drawbacks, &c. amounted, in the year ending on the 5th January, 1823, to £12,923,420 and a fraction; the cost of collection to £1,547,486 and a fraction; the net receipt of the excise amounted to £28,976,344 and a fraction; the cost of collection to £1,360,869 and a fraction. The total net receipt then of these two taxes, about 42 millions, costs nearly 7 per cent. in collecting. We will assume that any additional taxes to be imposed for the service of a war would be collected at the same rate, and that the sum required to be raised is one million. If this is raised by loan at 5 per cent., the expense of collecting the interest-taxes, £50,000, at 7 per cent. will be £3,500 a year, and an annuity to that amount must be raised by the people, in addition to the inter-

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rest-taxes; but if the whole million is to be raised within the year by war taxes, the expense of collecting these taxes will, at 7 per cent., amount to £70,000; and this £70,000 must also be raised by the contributors by private loan, and the yearly interest of it at 5 per cent. will also be £3,500 a year. The same reasoning applies, whatever rate of interest money may be supposed to bear at the date of the transaction, or at whatever rate per cent. the taxes may be supposed to be collected; because any increase or diminution of either of these rates would affect both sides of the account alike. It is true, indeed, that, if the selection of the objects and modes of taxation were guided by perfect political wisdom, there ought to be no other difference between the cost of collecting a large and a small revenue, than that trifling one, which would arise from the necessity of employing in the former case, agents of greater responsibility, and consequently requiring larger pay, than such as would be sufficient in the latter. For, as all taxes ought to be so contrived as to bear equally upon every man's property in proportion to its value, nothing more ought to be necessary, when the public service requires a larger amount of money to be raised, than to increase the weight of the existing taxes, without creating any new ones, which would require the introduction of new machinery for the purpose of collecting them. But this contrivance is one of the most difficult problems in political economy. The property-tax was perhaps the nearest approach that has ever been made to the solution of it; and accordingly the expense of collecting that tax was incomparably less than that of any other that ever was imposed in this country, being, in the year ending on the 5th January, 1814, only £306,158, upon a receipt of £14,318,816. Still the repugnance, with which it was endured, showed that it had defects, unatoned for in the opinion of the contributors, even by the high merits which it possessed as a measure of public economy. If, however, it should be maintained, and we acknowledge ourselves inclined to lean to this opinion, that the public dislike to this tax was occasioned more by the great weight, which it added to the already enormous pressure of the public burthens, than by any thing peculiarly obnoxious in its own nature; that a property tax judiciously imposed might be advantageously substituted for all others, or nearly all, even in time of peace, and that by increasing it upon occasions of extraordinary emergency, any additional sum of money, which the public necessities required, and the national resources could furnish, might be collected with a very small, if any, additional expense; then we would observe that, as by reason of the exclusive employment of this tax, the collection of the supply-taxes would cost no more, or but little more, during the war, than that
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of the interest-taxes would have cost under the funding system; so neither would the collection of the interest-taxes after the return of peace, under this latter system, add materially, if at all, to the cost which must have been incurred in raising the ordinary taxes of the peace establishment. If it should be said that in point of fact the people of this country did submit during the war to raise large supplies by the property tax, which was brought into the Exchequer at a cheap rate, and are now paying the interest of the public debt by other taxes gathered at a great expense, we answer that this circumstance does not at all affect the merits of the two systems under consideration, inasmuch as this heavier charge is voluntarily incurred by the contributors in preference to the lighter charge, on account of their dislike to a peculiar mode of taxation, and is therefore not fairly attributable to the funding system, to which a property tax would be quite as applicable as to that of raising the supplies within the year. It is therefore immaterial to the present question, whether an increased expense of collection does or does not attend an increase of taxation; because, in the latter case, the gathering either of the supply or the interest-taxes will cost nothing in addition to the expense of collecting the ordinary revenue; in the former case, the collecting of the supply-taxes for one year will be as burthensome as the collecting for ever of those which would be necessary to defray the interest of a loan of equal amount.

The funding system then is not more expensive, as far as relates to the collection of taxes, than that which is opposed to it; and we will now proceed to show that in the negotiation of its loans, and the management of the accounts, which become necessary in consequence of them, it is far more economical. In pointing out the difficulties, which many classes of people would encounter in finding security for the advances requisite to enable them to pay at once their heavy war taxes, we did not enter into the consideration of the expenses to be incurred by those who really possessed a marketable security, before they could raise money upon it. Each of these private loans, however, must be negotiated at the expense of the valuable time and labour either of the borrower himself, or of some professional agent, who must be paid for his trouble; and when that negotiation is complete, still the costs of the requisite examination of the borrower's title, and of the securities to be executed by him, will remain to be defrayed: and it is worthy of remark, that these expenses will be so distributed among the contributors as to become a most unequal tax upon them; because the expense of the investigation of a title bears no proportion to the value of the estate which depends upon it, so that the smallest proprietor might be obliged to pay more than the

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the most opulent, and must certainly, upon the average course of such dealings, pay as much. In a government loan almost all these expenses are avoided; nothing is necessary but one negotiation with a few great contractors who have ready money at their command, and who are dealing with a borrower whose security is above the necessity of investigation as to its validity, or of legal forms for its assignment. The negotiation itself too, being but one, and on so large a scale, is conducted at an expense so incomparably less than must be incurred in the aggregate of the smaller individual transactions of the same nature, that we should probably over-rate it, if we stated it at the same rate per cent. as an individual must pay for the commission alone of his agent on the sum borrowed; and then there still remains this most important consideration, that all this trouble and cost must, in the case of some at least, probably of most, of the individual transactions, be repeated, and that perhaps more than once, before the loan is finally paid off, inasmuch as it is not likely that all the borrowers should be able to pay off their creditors at the time when these might be desirous, and, according to the terms of their agreements, entitled to receive their principals. And as to the charge of management; however light may be the labour of paying the interest upon a private debt, and keeping the accounts of the transactions relating to it, we much doubt whether it can be so light in any case, that it would be worth while to incur it for the purpose of saving one shilling upon each £100 of the amount of the debt, which is a considerably higher rate than that of the management of that part of the public debt which is charged the highest, namely £340 per million.

Still it may be said that all this reasoning upon the trouble and expense of borrowing applies only to the case of those whose capitals are wholly engaged in mercantile speculation, or invested in land, and not to the great mass of monied capitalists, whose funds are always accessible. If this remark be just, it may yet be answered that the former class includes the persons whose capital is employed most for the benefit of the country, and who also possess the greatest part of the whole capital of the nation; so that by crippling their means of exertion, we should injure the sources of riches to the whole empire. But the question deserves consideration even as far as the mere monied capitalists are concerned. If the supplies were raised by taxes within the year, these persons would pay their contribution at once, a part of their capital would be sunk, but they would have no interest to pay: the residue of their capital, or such part of that residue as they now invest in the funds, they would lend to individuals who wanted it for the purpose of paying their taxes. Now they pay
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with one hand in the shape of taxes the interest of their proportion of the sum necessary to be raised, and receive it back with the other in the shape of interest from the government on stock purchased with that part of their capital, which would upon the other plan have been paid to the government. It is true they must bear, in addition to the interest-taxes, that part of the expenses of collection and management, if any such part there be, which might have been saved had the supplies been raised within the year. But in recompense for this, they have an opportunity afforded them of investing the residue of their capital, without delay or difficulty, upon security which is both unexceptionable and convertible again into money at their pleasure—advantages which they could not enjoy under the other system, and which probably far more than counterbalance the charge above-mentioned. We have thus compared the effects of both systems upon the property of the monied class, lest our view of the subject should have been left incomplete; though we do not forget that the monied men are not commonly supposed to be entitled to much commiseration as losers by the funding system; on the contrary, the great gains supposed to be made by them through its means are often imputed to it as among its bad consequences.

There is one objection in particular often taken on this ground to the practice of our own funding system, which, though it is merely popular, is yet so popular, and at first sight has such an air of plausibility, that we think it worth examining in some detail. The objection is, that the government, in consequence of the course adopted by it of negotiating its loan in a fund bearing 3 per cent. interest, when the market rate was 5 per cent., was obliged to give £100 stock for every £60 sterling which it received, and has thereby laid itself under the necessity, if it should ever deem it expedient to pay off the debt so contracted, of paying £100 sterling for every £60 received, to the great gain of the stock-holder, and consequent loss to the public; which, it is said, might have been avoided, by borrowing in the first instance at 5 per cent. interest; in which case the government would have created only £100 stock for each £100 sterling which it actually received. This objection, however, arises solely from the want of duly considering the different natures of a loan by an individual to a government, and by one individual to another. In this latter case either party may commonly put an end to the contract at his pleasure, the borrower by paying, the lender by calling in his money; or if, as is common in mortgage transactions, there is any restraint upon this power, the restraint is usually reciprocal. But in the case of a government

ment loan, the lender has scarcely ever the power of calling for his principal, the borrower almost always reserves the power of paying it when he pleases; and where this power is by the contract suspended for a time, as is frequently done at the first creation of a new stock, both parties are, until the expiration of that time, and no longer, in the situation of private persons who have borrowed and lent money upon mortgage under the reciprocal restraint above alluded to. The capitalist therefore, who advances his money by way of loan to a government, is in substance always, and generally in form also, a mere purchaser of an annuity, perpetual if unredeemed, but redeemable at the pleasure of the borrower only; and the question upon the negotiation for such a loan is, what will the lender give for an annuity of this description? Now it is manifest that he will not give so much as the market price of an annuity of the same amount either irredeemable or redeemable at the pleasure of each party alike; because the borrower, having the power completely in his own hands, will be sure not to repay him when the value of money is higher than it was at the time of making the contract, and on the other hand will be sure to pay him as soon as it is lower; for the borrower can then get money from other quarters upon easier terms, and pay off the original lender. For this reason more money, in proportion to the amount of the annuities, will always be given for an annuity of £3, redeemable on payment of £100, at the pleasure of the borrower, than for an annuity of £5, redeemable on the same terms; for the former approaches more nearly to an irredeemable annuity, on account of the improbability that the borrower will ever find it his interest to pay it off. It is not a true statement of the case, to say that the government which receives £60 sterling, as the price of £100 3 per cent. stock, borrows £60 to pay £100. It is true that the government cannot compel the lender to take less than £100 sterling for every £100 stock; but the government may at any time become a purchaser in the market of £100 stock, at the market price of an annuity of £3; so that in fact the additional £40 operates only as a security, by way of penalty, that the government will not compulsorily pay off the holders of its annuities, makes the annuities irredeemable unless upon payment of that penalty, and *pro tanto* puts the lender upon a par with the borrower in respect of the mutual inability of each party to put an end to that relation against the will of the other.

To illustrate these positions—at the commencement of a war we will suppose that the government wants to borrow money, the market rate of interest being 5 per cent. An individual might then borrow £100 at an interest of £5 per annum, if the contract either left the lender at liberty to call in and the borrower to pay the

the money at their pleasure, or restricted both from so doing for some definite term. But in the government loan the lender can never call in his money; therefore if he lent £100 at 5 per cent., he would be liable to incur considerable loss in the manner about to be stated. If the war should continue, more loans would become necessary to the government, and the interest of money would rise in consequence of the increased demand for it, let us suppose to 6 per cent. (for we need scarcely observe that, in the great money market, money will always fetch its value, without regard to any laws fixing the rate of interest, and particularly in transactions with the government, which is above all such restrictions). Then the annuity of £5 will be worth only £83 : 6 : 8; but the lender cannot demand his £100, he can only sell his annuity in the market for the market price, and therefore loses £16 : 13 : 4. On the other hand, if the war is ended, and capital accumulates on the return of peace, the interest of money will be lowered, let us suppose to 4 per cent., and thus the annuity of £5 becomes worth £125. But now the government steps in, and exercises its power of paying off the debt with £100, so that the lender loses the advantage of the increase in the value of his annuity, though in the opposite case he must have submitted to the loss occasioned by its decrease in value. This irregularity is corrected by borrowing in a fund bearing 3 per cent. interest; thus—for every £100 received in money the government gives £166 : 13 : 4 three per cent. stock, that is to say, an annuity of £5 redeemable at the pleasure of government on payment of £166 : 13 : 4, whether the lender will or no, but not at any inferior price, unless with the lender's consent. Then what is the effect of this contract? If the war continues, and the market rate of interest rises to £6 per cent., the annuity of £5, which at its creation was worth £100, will be worth only £83 : 6 : 8, and the lender must bear his loss, as he must have done before; but if the war ceases, and the interest of money falls to £4 per cent., so that the annuity of £5 is increased in value from £100 to £125 sterling, the lender can in this case avail himself of this increase in value, because the government cannot compulsorily pay him off with £100, as it might have done under the circumstances of the case first supposed, but only with £166 : 13 : 4. What then, is the government unable to cancel his demand at a less price, and must it pay £166 : 13 : 4 for an annuity for which it only received £100, and which even now is only worth £125? Certainly not; for it may go into the market, and buy in the annuity at the market price of £125; and this gain to the lender is no more than a compensation to him for the loss he would have sustained if things had taken an opposite turn, and the interest of money had risen instead of falling: for if the interest

rest of money rose from 5 to 6 per cent., then the value of £100 after the rise would be to the value of £100 before the rise as 6 to 5, or as £100 to £83:6:8; but if the interest of money fell from 5 to 4 per cent., then the value of £100 after the fall would be to the value of £100 before the fall as 4 to 5, that is, as £100 to £125.

It may be said, however, that government can never take advantage of the rise in the value of money, while it must always pay for its fall. And this is true; but the reason why government is differently situated in this respect from the private borrower must be considered. The private borrower may gain as well as lose by the fluctuations of the money market, but it is because his demand is but a small part of the general demand for money, and has but a slight influence upon the general market price. But government is so large a borrower, that every one of its operations affects the general market price; and therefore, as it is but reasonable that it should guarantee its creditors against the effect of the fluctuations occasioned by its own acts, so the monied men, who have the power in their own hands, will take care, in every instance, so to frame their contracts, as to indemnify themselves against the violent commotions which may be produced in the money market by any new wants of their debtor. This they will do where the government raises money upon 5 per cent. annuities redeemable at its own pleasure, (when 5 per cent. is the market rate of interest,) by refusing to give so much as £100 sterling for each £100 of stock; and that will be found always to have been the case in all the government loans ever contracted for in a fund bearing the market rate of interest, however the real nature of the transaction may have been disguised by giving compensations under the name of bonuses, &c.; and the deduction which they will make from the £100 sterling will be equal to the difference in value between an irredeemable annuity of £5 and an annuity of £5 redeemable at the pleasure of the borrower only, and consequently sure to be redeemed at a loss to the holder; the amount of which difference is easily capable of being ascertained by the ready reckoners of the money market. From what has been said, it follows that it can make no real difference in the amount of the burthens to be imposed on the country, whether government effects its loans in a 5 or a 3 per cent. stock; nay, it would not vary the case if they were effected even in a 1 per cent. stock, were it not for the following consideration; namely, that an estate defeasible upon a contingency certainly very remote, and not calculated upon as likely to happen at all, will sell for nearly, if not quite, as much money as an inde-

feasible

feasible estate. Thus, at the time of contracting for the greater part of the loans negotiated during the late war, few people probably contemplated the possibility of the market rate of interest ever being reduced to 3 per cent. ; and therefore all the contracts for 3 per cent. stock were made upon terms as favourable to government as if they had been for annuities of £3 irredeemable. Now indeed, after the reductions we have seen take place in the market rate of interest, one may suppose it possible that it may sink below 3 per cent. Suppose it should fall to 2 per cent., each of those annuities would then be worth £150 sterling ; but the government would be entitled to pay them off with £100. For this reason it would be always advisable for governments to borrow in a stock 2 or 3 per cent. lower than the market rate of interest ; they will thus obtain as favourable terms from the contractors as if they offered irredeemable annuities ; and yet, if a time ever arises when the market rate of interest is lowered 2 or 3 per cent., they will be able to take advantage of the fall either by paying off their creditors, or, if that should be beyond their means, by calling upon them to reduce their interest ; to which, if they should not consent, the same relief may be obtained for the public by raising a new loan at the reduced rate of interest, and applying it in payment of the original debt.

The conclusion at which we have arrived upon this branch of our subject, naturally leads us to consider the question of the discharge of the public debt. It is obvious that this, whenever it takes place, must be effected by means of a surplus revenue beyond that, which is required for the payment of the interest on the debt, and the current expenses of the government. Now it is perfectly immaterial, so far as concerns the amount of the national capital, whether the debt is ever paid off or not. That capital, the loan of which to the government constituted the debt, is irrecoverably annihilated ; the battles of the nation for liberty, for security, for existence, have been fought by its means ; and her existence, her security, and her liberty are the commodities in the purchase whereof it has been invested ; but in any other shape it can never reappear. Payment to the public creditor does not create a consumed capital ; it only transfers to him one which before the transfer existed in the hands of the contributors of taxes, charged with the payment of the interest on the debt. But in a country whose inhabitants are industrious, the national revenue, that is to say, the aggregate of the revenues of all the individuals who compose the nation, will always be in a state of progressive increase, in a time of peace, and under a government conducted upon sound principles ; and as the national revenue is the proper subject of taxation, the state will have the option of raising a greater in-
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come by taxes levied in the same proportion as before on the increased revenue, or of obtaining the same income as before, from lighter taxes. If then the object of discharging the debt should be abandoned, the latter course will be pursued; the increased revenue will be left in the hands of the public by remitting taxes to the same amount; and in that case the whole, or at least a considerable part of it, will be added to the capitals of the individuals who would otherwise have been the payers of those taxes; the taxable funds will go on increasing in a constantly accelerated progression, and each man's share of the interest of the debt will gradually diminish till it is scarcely felt as a burden. If, on the other hand, the existing taxes should be continued, and the increasing revenue applied to the reduction of the debt, then the money wherewith any part of it is paid will be employed as capital by the late creditor, or lent by him to some person who will so employ it. In this latter case the public will be eased of the charge of collection and management of the interest of that portion of the debt which has been paid off, but the weight of this charge will be felt by the body politic in another shape, namely, in the expense of negotiating such private loans as this appropriation of what would otherwise have accumulated as capital in the hands of a different set of individuals will have rendered necessary. The difference between these two systems, as they affect individuals, is, that under the operation of the first, taxation may be lightened gradually by an annual diminution, and each generation may be allowed to enjoy its due share of the benefits of the public prosperity, and compelled to bear its due proportion of the burthen which has been incurred for the public good: under the operation of the second, taxation cannot be lightened at all until the whole of the public debt is paid off, and then the interest-taxes will all be swept off at once. Such a course as this is not likely to be ever followed to its full extent; the present generation must naturally be unwilling to see the relief from taxation removed to so great a distance, for the purpose of conferring upon posterity the intoxicating happiness of throwing off the whole weight together. Yet there are reasons which make it highly desirable that this system should be adopted partially, and in combination with the other. The effect of discharging any part of the public debt is precisely that of laying up a treasure against any future emergency, and great resources may thus be at any time called into action, by merely suspending the process of cancellation, without burthening the subject with fresh impositions. It must also be constantly borne in mind, that however Reason and Justice may reprobate the clamours with which a misguided multitude has sometimes demanded

manded the lightening of the public burthen even at the expense of a breach of faith with the public creditor, yet those clamours which have been once raised, may, if a season of distress should return, be renewed. Therefore, although the payment of the public debt would make no real addition to the national capital, it may still be expedient gradually, and by such exertions as our strength will bear, to discharge it, and to let the amount of what has been paid disappear from view among the varied labyrinths of private speculation, rather than to suffer the account of the incumbrance which has been incurred, even for the wisest purposes, to stand constantly displayed in a tangible and destructible shape before the eyes of those who would not want the will, if unfortunate circumstances should give them the power, to vacate the record. It is sufficiently obvious that the reduction of the rate of interest upon the public debt, whenever it can be accomplished with good faith towards the creditors, is an object equally to be pursued under both systems; but which neither of them would either promote or impede; because the possibility of effecting it depends upon the fall of the market rate of interest, which is not a consequence of either of the systems, though it arises out of the same circumstance which calls them into action, namely, the accumulation of capital in consequence of increasing prosperity.

It is with far greater pleasure than we could derive from presenting to the world any theory of our own, however ingenious or well-supported, that we thus confess ourselves unable to propose a better mode of dealing with the public incumbrances than that at present pursued by those who direct the financial operations of our own government. They have at once lightened the weight of taxation, reduced the interest, and provided for the gradual diminution of the principal of the national debt; and for that which remains, it only remains for us to express our earnest wishes, that no foreign or domestic disturbance may prevent them from continuing in the course they have so well begun. But when we turn our thoughts to the events which futurity may produce, we cannot conceal from ourselves, that at some time or other the circle of human affairs must be expected to bring on in its course occasions which will compel us again to draw upon our capital for the means of extraordinary exertions. Perhaps we may fairly indulge the hope that that time is far distant; the sense of recent suffering, and the exhaustion incident to the late struggle, warrant us in the expectation. It may not, also, be too much to say, that a better principle, a saner and more Christian feeling seems to inspire the cabinets of Europe, than can be traced in their previous history. But of these grounds
for

for hope, the two former must daily lose a portion of their weight; and upon the latter, it is too obvious that no permanent reliance can be placed. At all events, we must ever bear in mind, that the most conscientious endeavours on the part of our own government for the preservation of peace may be rendered ineffectual by the misconduct of others. The individual who has passed through life without the entanglement of a single law-suit, has not only been a good tempered, but, as Demosthenes has observed, a very fortunate man; and the condition of nations, in this respect, is the same as that of individuals; like them, they are liable at all times, by the bad faith, or animosity of their neighbours, to be forced to appeal to that law, which alone can decide their differences. While, therefore, we are at rest, it will be our wisdom to remember that the season of tranquillity is that wherein we may best consider the means of meeting danger, discuss the merits of the weapons which we have wielded in former engagements, and ascertain whether any improvement can be suggested in their construction, or their use, if we should again be obliged to bring them into the field.

ART. III.—*Geschichte des Preussischen Staates vom Frieden zu Hubertsberg bis zur zweyten Pariser Abkunft.* Drei bände. Frankfurt am Main. 1819, 1820.

NO man who has considered the history of nations with attention or advantage, and least of all any reflecting Englishman, will ever subscribe to the opinion of a great poet, whose power of epigrammatic expression too often misled him into sententious fallacies, that it is folly to contend about forms of government, for that the best of constitutions is that, which is the best administered. Yet it is, on the other hand, extreme narrowness of mind to attach such exclusive importance to the form, as to suppose that all investigation beyond it is useless; and that all questions of the happiness, morality, and progressive improvement of a nation are settled at once by the mere admission, that its government is an absolute monarchy. In a former part of this volume we have given a short sketch, from the pages of a sensible Tourist, of the domestic administration of Prussia, one of the powerful despotisms of the continent; and we revert to the subject again thus early, because we think its interest and importance demand a more detailed and systematic statement. Our purpose is not to shake the well-founded conviction, which all should cherish, of the vast superiority of a mixed government, like our own, over the simple monarchies of Europe; but we desire and we hope to induce a more liberal consideration of the capacities, which even

these governments possess, of amelioration; and what is perhaps of more importance, to diffuse among political speculatists in general, more cheerful anticipations of the future condition of mankind.

Prussia first participated in the general transactions of European politics at the commencement of the last century, when the ambition of Frederic, Elector of Brandenburg, induced him to urge the Emperor of Germany to consent to his elevation to regal dignity; and within the short period of forty years this youthful monarchy became an important member of the European commonwealth. Frederic the Second was, to a certain extent, an enlightened, as well as an ambitious despot. His position when he ascended the throne was such that he could only remain any thing by becoming more than he was; and uniting great talents, military as well as civil, to an unscrupulous system of policy, he was able ultimately not only to defeat the confederacy against him, but partly at the expense of his enemies, and partly by joining with them in the plunder of Poland, to exalt his kingdom into a power of the first order. Few monarchs have ever enjoyed a more brilliant personal reputation. The difficulties, which at times seemed threatening to overwhelm him, the courage with which he faced them, and the address and rapidity with which he extricated himself from them, were in themselves of a nature to dazzle the judgment; but independently of these, circumstances had forced upon him the maintenance of opinions as a man, which in truth were in direct contrast with the measures of his internal government as a king, but which in general repute very much enhanced the greatness of his character. Standing forward as the protector of German liberty, the correspondent of Voltaire, the friend of Catharine, and the idol even of his natural enemy the young Emperor Joseph, he became of necessity the avowed patron of liberal opinions; but as he had reconciled private infidelity with the public support of the Protestant interest, so did he not suffer those opinions to interfere with the consummate despotism with which he governed his kingdom, and made all the rights and interests of his subjects subservient to the maintenance of that power in himself, which was the great object of his solicitude. With a thorough indifference to all religion in his own mind, he was ready enough to disclaim all interference in the religious worship of his people. It was alike to him whether they used the ritual of the Romish mass or subscribed to the Confession of Augsburg, so long as he had their bodies to fight his battles and their purses to fill his treasury.

In pursuit of these objects he organised an elaborate military system, which converted the population into one large army, and he established an excise of unequalled oppression. To render his

his nobility entirely military, he excluded all of ignoble birth from promotion in the army, a measure, by the way, of doubtful policy; and, notwithstanding his avowed fondness for literature and his claims to the character of a man of letters, he degraded, to the utmost of his power, the clergyman and the scholar. This was the spirit of his government, and when the energy and skill, which had given life and unnatural power to his system, had ceased to operate on the cabinet of his successors, this spirit survived; its clinging vices spread alike over the civil and military departments of administration, and speedily wrought their sure effects in the temporary ruin of the monarchy.

The French revolution, upon its first breaking out, was encountered in Prussia, as in other countries, by the marked hostility of the government, whilst it was in secret favoured by a large portion of the people. By far the greater part of the literati—the clergy—the lawyers, and the numerous body of men employed in the civil offices of municipal and financial administration, all of whom had received their education at the German universities, were more or less partisans of revolutionary principles. The progress of French reform, however, naturally corrected and qualified the sympathy which at first it had excited; and the sufferings which the Prussians and other German nations endured in the course of repeated and successful invasions by the French armies, finally produced a sentiment of hatred towards France, deep as it was universal, and exasperated rather than soothed by the compulsory and heartless alliance of their courts with the triumphant enemy. Every combination of suffering and shame existed to cherish and increase this sentiment in Prussia. The government had proceeded in its feeble and vacillating policy through a course of peril, disaster, and disgrace, till she was compelled to surrender her richest provinces to rival powers, who had been even more subservient than herself to France; to admit the garrisons of her enemy into her strongest fortresses; to see her capital in his hands; her revenue at his disposal; and herself, with all her resources, finally placed in the most pitiable of all situations, that of being a tributary ally to be used for the drawing down on others, and those her former associates and friends, a ruin and degradation as complete as her own.

From this condition there could be no immediate, or even ultimate hope of redemption, but in the preservation of the loyalty of the people, and in the creation of a public spirit; and this could alone be effected by producing an intense and well founded conviction on the part of the governed, that they and their government were united by a common interest. The Prussian ministry had the sagacity to discern this and the mag-

nanimity to sacrifice to it, what a selfish policy might have deemed, personal interests. A system of thorough reform was resolved upon under the administration of a man too little known in this country, the Baron Stein; and when this great man was driven from the helm and outlawed by order of Napoleon, his successor Count, since Prince, Hardenberg, manfully persisted in the course prescribed by him; and to the combined operation of these causes, the sense of national injury, and the new lighting up of national loyalty, must be ascribed in equal degree that spirit which first openly manifested itself in the separation of General York and his army from the French troops in 1812, and which consummated its glorious work in the emancipation of Germany, and indeed of the continent of Europe, from the yoke of France.

It can scarcely, therefore, be uninteresting to our readers to lay before them the more important particulars of this national reform, the honour of originating which belongs unquestionably, as we have already said, to Baron Stein. Of this a very valuable record has been published in a circular letter addressed by the retired minister to the great officers of state from Königsberg, dated 24th November, 1808. It has had throughout Germany the most extensive circulation under the title of 'The Political Testament of Baron von Stein.' It briefly indicates the system which he had projected, and the details of which were then in a course of execution.

One of the most important and earliest of these was the establishment of about six hundred *Municipal Corporations*, which form so many centres of local administration. It will at once occur to the English reader that this measure was but an imitation on a grand scale, and by an uniform law, of what had subsisted for centuries in our country, in France, and other continental states. In fact, the Prussian law has for its object what must at all times have been that of similar establishments, the transferring to local governments all those matters of municipal regulation which require local knowledge and in which local interests are involved. In France the constitution of Buonaparte and that of Lewis XVIII. were contrived to give to the central government all possible power and influence, even in the remotest districts, and on matters of the minutest detail. Not a mayor of a town however inconsiderable, not even a police officer any where, is nominated but at Paris—not a bridge can be built, or a road formed, or any measure of municipal regulation finally ordered but at Paris. In direct hostility to this spirit, which sacrifices all the members of a state to its head, the Prussian law has transferred to the provincial capitals and to the smaller towns

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of its territory a very large proportion of the administration of the government; schools, churches, the poor, fire-insurances, hospitals, public buildings, weights and measures, local revenues, billeting of soldiers, are all placed under the management of the local authorities. By this Great Charter, as it may almost be termed, the citizens of the towns, without any exclusion from birth or religion, concur in the election of the magistracy; they are all admitted to the free exercise of every kind of trade and manufactory, the ancient companies and guilds being every where abolished. At the same time an equal right of carrying on such trades and manufactories is conferred on the inhabitants of small towns and villages, from which they were before excluded.

In October, 1810, an entire revolution in the system of finance was effected. At that period one half of the enormous contribution of one hundred and twenty millions of francs required by Buonaparte was discharged, but the remainder weighed heavily on a people who had already grievously suffered by the expenses of their fruitless resistance, and by the burthens imposed on them by a victorious enemy. The necessities of the times enabled the government to reform an abuse of great antiquity, which it might otherwise not have been strong enough to encounter. A very large proportion of the revenue was drawn from the *Grundsteuer*, or land-tax, from which, however, the estates of the nobility were exempt; this exemption was at once taken away. It will be recollected, that the refusal of the French noblesse before the revolution to acquiesce in a similar measure was one of the main incidents, which led to that event. It is easy, upon the vantage ground of history on which we now stand, to condemn the unwise obstinacy, with which an ignoble privilege of this sort was clung to by an ancient noblesse, in spite of its manifest injustice; and in wilful blindness, as we may think, to the decisive signs of the times; but to judge them with due allowance, we should place ourselves upon the same stage, in the same drama, at the same time; we should clothe ourselves in their passions, and put aside that light, which events and consequences afford us. *ῥεχθὲν δὲ τὴν νῆπιος ἔγχοι.* In proportion as we do this, and thereby become more considerate judges of the resistance, which this reform met with in France, we shall also learn to appreciate more highly the wise submission of the Prussian nobility. It is true the example was before their eyes, but it requires some wisdom to apply examples when they interfere with personal interests; and a selfish spirit might easily have been led to the belief that resistance was safe in 1810, when a revolutionary spirit at least was not to be dreaded.

At the same time the nobility made another but minor sacrifice; the chapters or canonries of the Protestant church, and the monasteries

monasteries and convents of the Catholic provinces, were dissolved, and their property applied to public services. The Protestant chapters (resembling those of our episcopal church) were a singular anomaly in a country in which the Reformation had been carried even to the abolition of the episcopal order. They had become sinecures for the relatives of the nobility—no one could be received into any of them who did not quarter sixteen coats of arms; and it was therefore the ordinary expression to denote a truly noble family, that it was *stifts fähig*, i. e. (able to enter into a chapter).

Important as these changes were, they were followed by one still more important; this consisted in the abolition of villenage, and in raising a great body of serfs and vassals into freeholders, as such entitled to a share in the projected national representation of the kingdom. The villenage of Prussia proper, like that of most countries, had its origin in foreign conquest. The provinces which border on the Baltic Sea were originally peopled by a tribe of the Slavonian race. They were conquered by the Germans who dwelt between the Rhine and the Elbe, and the conquerors pursued a system not differing in principle from that of the Normans in England, though the effects varied according to the opposite circumstances in which the nations were placed. In England, happily, the Normans, though, in many respects, farther advanced in civilization, were not numerous enough to impose upon the conquered people the character of their own institutions, which were less favourable to popular rights. When the Germans made the conquest of Prussia, their preponderance was so great that they preserved and communicated their language, while they assumed the character of masters. The peasantry were left indeed in possession of their lands, but they held them as serfs only, and subject to the wills of their conquerors, who became the nobility of the country; hence arose a body of laws and customs of the most oppressive kind, which placed the great body of the people permanently and in all respects in the condition of vassals to the nobility, the descendants of the military conquerors. The early records of almost every country of Europe present similar facts, and modern history is employed in narrating the incidents which have either promoted or retarded the emancipation of the mass of the people from the consequences of this military subjugation. For several centuries the institutions which sprung out of this feudal system have been gradually yielding to the commercial spirit and to the dominion of law founded on the assumption of the equal rights of the subject.

So early as October, 1807, the King of Prussia had passed a decree

decree for the abolition of all heritable jurisdictions, (we purpose-ly borrow a term well known in the judicial system of North Britain;) in 1810, he put an end to the relation of subject and sovereign between peasant and mesne lord; and in 1811 laws were passed to fix the rights and duties of these newly created freeholders towards the state, as well as to ascertain the indemnity due to their former masters for the pecuniary loss sustained by their emancipation.

It will be at once perceived, that so momentous an alteration in the relative condition of the people and nobles must induce a corresponding change in every branch of legislation. The entire system of Frederic the Second was in effect overturned. Under that system the nation had been divided into three classes, nobility, burghers, and peasantry; the burghers carried on every kind of manufactory in the towns, at the gates of which the excise was collected. In the villages no kind of manufactory or craft was tolerated except those of carpenters and smiths, and, in a limited number, that of tailors—even shoemakers were prohibited; the peasantry filled his armies, but were not suffered to command in them; this was the prerogative of the nobility. The distinction between high and low born was extended even to land; of the farms or estates some were termed noble (*adelige*) which no commoner could hold; others, peasant-estates (*bauern-güter*), could not be possessed by a nobleman. The laws or customs indeed of the provinces were various; and though in some the commoners were permitted to buy these noble estates, yet they were deprived of the enjoyment of many of the privileges annexed to them when in the hands of noblemen; and in case the daughter of such commoner married a nobleman, the estate passed to him. With reason did Baron Stein in 1806 ascribe much of the evil, which oppressed the country, to the dissensions arising out of institutions so barbarous and unjust. In the year 1807 a law was passed removing these barriers to the transfer of property, by enabling, without distinction of birth, all the subjects of the state to purchase and enjoy every kind of landed and other property.

The reform, which thus comprehended every kind of property, was also extended to personal rights. In August, 1808, a decree passed which enabled every low-born soldier to 'carry a sword;' that is, to become a commissioned officer; and in 1809 he was allowed to attain the rank of a staff officer. It seems, from the dates of these laws, that the ministry had some opposition to sustain in carrying into effect this military reformation. It was natural that in Prussia a more than common reluctance should be felt to abandon the favourite policy of Frederic the Second, in a matter of military government; but whatever might be urged in defence of that policy at the time of its establishment by him,

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it was clearly become unfitted for a country, of which the peasantry were raised into freemen and freeholders, and all whose institutions were beginning to savour more or less of general equality. One avowed object of the innovation was to generate a sense of personal honour in the Prussian soldiery. It was for the same purpose deemed expedient to relieve the soldier from severe corporal punishments. In modern times France had taken the lead in abolishing them. And when the French and German soldier fought under the same banners, the inequality in their conditions in this respect became manifest, and was a source of weakness, subsequently, to the governments opposed to Napoleon. On the 3d of August, 1808, the King graced his birthday by publishing a decree, which put an end altogether to the punishment of military flogging, retaining, however, the perhaps more objectionable use of the cane only. Even this could be inflicted only upon those soldiers who had been previously degraded to a lower rank in the army.*

These reforms were happily carried into effect before that famous *national insurrection* took place, which changed the face of Europe. It is in the joyful recollection of us all how

— the mighty Germany,

She of the Danube and the northern sea,
 availed herself of the first propitious incident to expel from her bosom the enemy who had so long preyed on her vitals, and heaped disgrace as well as suffering upon her. We have now to show how the Prussian government in prosperity persevered in the liberal course of amelioration, which had been begun in adversity. An opportunity soon presented itself of manifesting its sincerity. It was one of the consequences of the glorious campaigns of 1813 and 1814, that France was compelled to cede, as well the provinces she had incorporated with herself on the left bank of the Rhine, as those on the right bank, which had been granted to individuals of the French Imperial family. Some of these provinces were ancient members of the Prussian monarchy, others were more modern acquisitions. They had alike enjoyed the benefit of institutions which it would have been a grievance to lose, by a return to their ancient laws. This the Prussian ministry recognised. And when possession was taken of

* We pass over a multitude of minor reforms; one, of rather an amusing nature, is worthy of insertion in a note. The King of Prussia, on his return to his capital in 1809, for the first time permitted the *roturiere* wives of those, whose offices entitled them to introduction at court, to share in the privilege enjoyed by their husbands. Till that time, the system of exclusion was so severely carried into execution throughout all Germany, that a lady, who by birth was entitled to appear at court, having lost her caste by intermarrying with a commoner, was excluded from the palace, though her husband, by virtue of his office, or from his personal character as a man of letters, &c. possessed the right of appearing there.

these states, the government announced that the administrative and judicial institutions (including, for instance, the trial by jury in criminal matters) should be retained for the present, 'It being my will,' said the King in his royal rescript, 'that the good should be recognised and retained whatever its origin may be.' And, in fact, no change in these establishments has taken place. On the contrary, they have been adopted into the political constitution of the provinces of the Rhine, which was published in 1823.

We have already adverted to the abolition of all aristocratic immunities from taxation, which preceded the restoration of the monarchy to its former extent and more than ancient glory. After that great event, a more extensive reform of the system of taxation took place, which affected the minutest details. These we cannot enter upon. The great object was to give to all the subjects of the state, as well in towns as in villages, an entire liberty of carrying on every branch of industry wherever they pleased. Of all establishments none are so vexatious as custom-houses in the interior of a country. Formerly every walled town in Prussia was, for fiscal purposes, a royal warehouse, and necessarily a sort of prison. But in the years 1818-1820 arrangements were completed, by which the excise at the gates of the towns was superseded; and we believe they have been found equally beneficial to the people and to the treasury.

While these changes were made in departments of the public service on which the very existence of the state depends, the government found leisure to form institutions, which respect the higher interests of society, and which generally presuppose a condition of repose and affluence. The Universities of Breslau and Berlin were established after the catastrophe of 1807, and that of Bonn after the campaigns of 1813-14.

Without pretending to present our readers with a methodical review of the internal changes in the system of government, we have nevertheless laid before them a statement, which proves at least that the government cannot be fairly reproached with refusing to act in deference to the spirit of the age, as far at least as a liberal administration of the powers of the state is required of every government, however absolute and uncontrollable those powers may be. In every country which enjoys the benefits of peace and a paternal government, a humble and quiescent sentiment will arise, which rests contented with a beneficent administration, and thinks that sufficient for the day is the *good* thereof, without curiously inquiring into the means of securing its continuance. As they advance, however, in civilization and knowledge, this will not be the only demand upon the government,
even

even by the better classes of its subjects. Active spirits will not be contented to receive, but will be ambitious themselves to administer the good conferred, and those minds which are capable of looking before as well as after, will require a security for the continuance of their present advantages. The most considerate and best informed of this class of patriots and reformers will not fail to discriminate between the powers of *administration*, which must necessarily be placed in the hands of the sovereign and his ministry, and are essentially active and positive; and those powers of *control* which are purely negative, and which alone can be safely entrusted to popular bodies. It is the pride of our country to have established three organs of this power of control of unparalleled extent and efficacy,—a free press, trial by jury, and an elective house of commons. It is not to be supposed that any one of these great models of political institutions could have escaped the attention of so enlightened a people as the Germans, or a ministry so patriotic as that of Baron Stein or Prince Hardenberg. But it was chiefly to the demand of a *Standesmäßige verfassung* (a constitution of *states*), that the attention of the Prussian ministry was directed. Germany, in every part of the German territory except Austria, manifested its feeling by loudly demanding, on behalf of the people, a chamber of their representatives as co-legislators in the state. Those other securities of civil liberty, which we are accustomed to prize as of nearly equal value, trial by jury and an unlicensed press, were manifestly less objects of desire.

The want indeed of a free press was less felt in Prussia than in any country, on account of the extreme liberality with which the censorship was administered. Besides, a very large proportion of the literary men of Germany reside in and are members of the universities, whose privileges serve as a protection against any vexatious interference of the police. The trial by jury does not enjoy so great favour in the estimation of speculative men in Germany as most English institutions do.

On the other hand, our Parliament was the constant theme of eulogy to their lecturers and authors. It was besides well known to all the well informed classes, that though the English Parliament had alone retained and even added to its original power, the institution was, in its origin, widely extended over Europe, the Spanish *Cortès*, the French *Etats*, the German *Stände*, being essentially the same. A restoration of this constitution was loudly called for at this period. Nor was this the mere cry of idle speculators, much less of factious demagogues. It had long before been the subject of the serious consideration of the Prussian cabinet; and so early as 1808 Baron Stein, in his Political Testament, made known the plan which had been discussed in

the cabinet, before he was driven from his post by the order of Buonaparte. 'The representation of the people has been hitherto very incomplete. My plan was to give every citizen of the state a right to be represented, whether he possess 100 acres or a single acre; whether he pursue agriculture or commerce, or any other trade or business; or whether he be connected with the state by intellectual bonds only.'

That in the sad interval between 1808 and 1814 the Prussian government was not inert in the great work of reform, placed as it was in a position of unparalleled danger and difficulty, we think we have shown, and indeed it is universally acknowledged. When the delivery of Germany from the yoke of France led to the Congress at Vienna, and the formation of the *German league*, the act of confederation provided, s. 13, that in every one of the states of the league, '*stände*' (that is, representative states) should be established. The expression, it must be owned, was somewhat indefinite. But on the 22d of May, 1815, the King of Prussia published a decree announcing that a commission was about to be formed for the purpose of organising, first, Provincial states, and next, out of them, a central body as representatives of the whole kingdom. In one article it was declared, that the functions of the representatives of the country, ('*Landes-representanten*') should consist in 'deliberation or consultation on all subjects of legislation, which concern the rights of the persons or property of the citizens of the state, including taxation.' The terms appear to have been very carefully selected; and they certainly suggest a doubt how far the government meant to confer on this new body a negative voice only, or a positive concurrent jurisdiction within the limits assigned. We think too well of the distinguished members of the government to suppose that it was seriously intended to give this body merely the power of registering laws, like that enjoyed by the old Parliament of Paris. But whatever the immediate plans of the government might be, they were of necessity suspended by the war, which was for a short time renewed on the return of Buonaparte from Elba. It was not till March, 1817, that the commission was nominated, which was to carry the former decree into effect. Generally speaking, it consisted of men who enjoyed the highest estimation throughout Germany, and some of the members had acquired even an European reputation. Few of our readers will be otherwise than familiar with the names of the Chancellor Hardenberg, General Count Gneisenau, the Minister of State von Humboldt, von Bülow, Prince Wittgenstein, Professors von Savigny and Eichhorn. A preliminary labour was to be performed in the compilation of a complete statistical survey of every part of the kingdom, both

of

of property and persons, in a word, a Prussian Domesday book. This could not be the work of a day in any country at any period; the survey of William the Conqueror, which did not extend to the four northern counties, took nearly six years for its completion; and in estimating the progress of the Prussian commission we must make due allowance for that national *slowness*, common alike in Germany to scholars and thinkers, as well as to mechanics and men of the world, which has been at all times the occasion of satirical remark to the lively nations of the south.

At this period the most lively anxiety for the establishment of the states was felt, not in Prussia only, but throughout all Germany; some of the governments of which manifested sentiments far less favourable to the projected constitutions than the Prussian ministry.

Early in 1818, the Prussian minister took occasion to make a solemn declaration to the diet, then sitting at Frankfort on the Maine, of the determination of his court to adhere to the promise made, notwithstanding the unexpected difficulties which had arisen in carrying it into effect, but at the same time he declined permitting the diet to interfere in the work to be carried on; and he proposed that the several governments should, at the end of a year, report progress. The Austrian minister shortly afterwards delivered in a note to the diet echoing the liberal professions of Prussia, but concurred in the recommended delay of a year.

During that year, an important accession to the cause of constitutional liberty was occasioned by a change in the Bavarian ministry. Its very able prime minister, Montgelas, (of whom Buonaparte declared, that he and Talleyrand alone, in Europe, deserved the character of prime ministers,) was forced from the helm; and in May, Bavaria received a constitution which afforded to Germany the novel spectacle of a popular and public deliberating body, a house of commons with its regular opposition. The first proceedings, however, of the lower house, were of a kind to alarm those governments, which had not yet created similar bodies. With an impolitic precipitation, and in a manner, which could not but have a pernicious effect, they manifested their determination without delay, or moderation, to redress the grievances of the state, and extend the reform the government had voluntarily undertaken. They were, in consequence, dissolved as soon as possible; and a second chamber was found more moderate in its pretensions.

In the year 1819 the Wirtemberg new constitution (in which also were two chambers) was carried into execution. The Commons of that country were, however, not entirely novices in the functions

functions of legislators; formerly the freest people in Germany, enjoying a constitution closely resembling our own, they had, under the protection of Austria, successfully resisted the tyranny of the last Landgraf, until Buonaparte, in assertion of the rights of sovereignty, as he affected to term the prerogatives of the king he had created, by a stroke of the pen annihilated the states and the liberties of the people. When Germany regained its independence, the states of Wirtemberg were restored to their ancient privileges; but they were involved in contests with the old king, and afterwards with his son, concerning the extension of the privileges of the constitution, which the young king was desirous to impart to his new subjects, but which the states wished to retain as the exclusive privilege of the old Wirtembergers. The liberal and just principles of the sovereign finally prevailed. A reconciliation took place, and the states were opened; confidence was restored between the King and his people, and the Wirtembergers enjoy again the reputation of being the freest of the German nations. In Baden also the assembly of the newly established *stände* created at first dissensions, but in a second session harmony prevailed in both houses. The constitution, which the Grand Duke of Hesse Darmstadt gave to his people, was conceived with less liberality than those of the other governments of the south of Germany. It was at first even rejected by the people; but it was amended and finally found sufficient for the essential purposes of government.

While these and several other of the smaller states had carried into effect the resolutions of the 13th article of the Act of Federation, the Prussian ministry still delayed the execution of the decree of the diet; a circumstance which certainly requires explanation, but which alone ought not to raise suspicion, when the extent, number, and dissimilar characters of the various Prussian provinces are considered.

The government has given its pledge to the people that there shall be a national—as well as a provincial representation: it cannot refuse to redeem that pledge without covering itself with shame, without forfeiting all title to the confidence of its subjects, and in the same moment weakening its surest reliance, and wantonly sacrificing its best interests. Hitherto, we believe, not more than two or three of the provincial states are organised; nor are we in possession of details even as to them, sufficient to lay with satisfaction before our readers; but that the government is earnestly and sincerely engaged, at least in the preliminary portion of the great work, (the provincial states,) is doubted by no man acquainted with the subject; and that a national or central representation will ultimately be given, we confidently

confidently expect; because we think that neither the real nor imagined interests of the King or ministry are incompatible with such an establishment; because the government needs, and knows that it needs, the aid of public opinion, which, not in Prussia only, but throughout all Germany, demands the establishment of the promised states; and because what has been already done is a sufficient ground for believing that the government is too patriotic and honest not to complete that which is still to be done. The detail, which we have presented, demonstrates that liberal institutions have been distributed with no niggard hand. The organization of the legislative body may be

‘the last key-stone

That makes the arch;’

yet we should pause before we add—

‘The rest that there were put

Are *nothing* till that comes to bind and shut.’

The institutions, of which we have given an account, are far indeed from forming an entire constitution; but we shall without impatience and with much confidence await the completion of the system thus happily commenced. We rejoice sincerely in beholding other nations pursuing a course of amelioration through which our country has happily and gloriously passed; and however that course may be impeded, we firmly expect an issue favourable to the best interests of mankind. We entertain this cheerful expectation, because we perceive that the present reforms have followed not preceded a corresponding change of public opinion; and our hopes are the better founded because they do not rest on the belief or assumption of any extraordinary virtue or generosity on the part of those who must be the agents in this great measure. We do not ascribe to the King of Prussia or his ministers any romantic or heroic self-denial—we by no means expect that the formation of the assembly of the Prussian parliament will amount to an abdication of any of the great prerogatives of the king; and if the qualities and powers of this assembly should fall short at first of the expectations and wishes even of the most enlightened patriots of Germany, we shall still nourish more confident hopes of the future, than if we saw in Germany what the world has seen with mingled scorn and pity in the south of Europe. There we have beheld a body of reformers, many of whom we doubt not were well intentioned, not merely go before the great body of the people, (which must often happen,) but actually run out of their sight, and publish constitutions unintelligible to an immense majority of those who were to be governed by them; the consequence of which was, that alike in Piedmont and Naples, in Spain and Portugal,

Portugal, the moment an external arm was raised against those institutions, the great body of the people manifested an indifference which alone sufficiently proved how ill they were adapted to those for whom they were framed. The great change now effecting in the laws of Prussia has not been the work of a band of enthusiasts or of a faction; but, the foundation having been laid by the thinking part of the nation, the edifice has been raised by its men of business, by its statesmen, and ministers in every department of the public service, civil, and military, and ecclesiastical; by its nobility and its great proprietors, and at the head of these, by the sovereign himself. That a reform carried on by such agents should be a subject of calumny and reproach to the eulogists of the Spanish, and, by adoption, of the Portuguese, Neapolitan, and Piedmontese constitutions, was in the natural course of things. There is a compendious logic by which the insidious character of such a reform is at once demonstrated:—

‘None but good men can give good gifts.’

For this principle there is the highest authority; and though it is obvious that by this principle it is as easy to determine the character of the giver from the gift, as that of the gift from the giver, yet, when that giver is a member of the Holy Alliance, the debate is of course closed on the part of these persons. There is another argument equally conclusive: the Prussian government it is said has not reformed its judicial institutions. We have indeed heard of certain public men, Professor Jahn in particular, who have undergone a long imprisonment, and either have not been tried, or their trials have not been published. It is true, that Prussia has not yet, nor has any state on the continent perhaps, a law corresponding entirely with our Habeas Corpus Act; and few sovereigns have yet been enlightened enough to discern the advantages to public justice and themselves of a public trial of criminals by the confrontation of witnesses, with a power of cross-examination to all parties. But because these beneficial institutions are still to be formed, it does not follow that those, which are already obtained, are nothing. To think nothing won until every thing is gained is a noble sentiment as a stimulus to our own actions, but it is a most false and pernicious rule in the appreciation of the acts of others. In contemplating the actual condition of mankind in the various stages of that progress of improvement in which we believe, generally speaking, every community is to be found, it behoves us equally to compare it as well with the actual *worse* of past times as with the possible *better* of future. It is so only that we can be just in our distribution of praise; and it is by an application of this equitable rule that we have endeavoured on this occasion to do justice to the Prussian King and his ministry.

ART.

ART. IV.—*Theodric; a Domestic Tale; and other Poems.* By Thomas Campbell. London.

THE claims of a living poet upon contemporary admiration, like those of a professed beauty, are exposed to hazard from two directly opposite causes. If he offer himself too frequently to the common eye, there is a risk lest the fastidiousness of public taste may become sated by constant recurrence to the same object. If, on the other hand, he be unnecessarily reserved, some younger or bolder favourite steps in, withdraws the public attention from him who seems to have ceased to be its suitor, and perhaps seizes the wreath, which it is far more easy to win at first than to retain when won, or to regain if it be once loosened from the brow. Fame too, or at least contemporary popularity, which is so often mistaken for it, is at the best but as fickle and capricious as Fortune—*hinc apicem rapax . . . Sustulit; hic posuisse gaudet*; and she generally compensates any excess of kindness at one time by a tenfold payment of neglect or persecution at another.

Of the first of these two dangers Mr. Campbell has proved himself sufficiently conscious. How far he has been aware of the second is by no means so plain. His 'visits' before the public (to adopt his own words) have been 'few and far between.' Ten years elapsed between the appearance of *The Pleasures of Hope* and that of *Gertrude of Wyoming*: thirteen have been allowed to roll away before his third appeal to the Palatine Apollo. With a caution exceeding that recommended by the precept of Horace, and scarcely exceeded by the practice of Gray, he has consumed a third of the age of man in the slow creation of fewer lines than some of his prolific brethren would have thrown off in a single season. Whatever be the cause of this delay, we certainly are by no means prepared to object to it. There is a want of respect to his readers, and an inability to perceive either the real importance or the high prize of his calling in the poet, who throws his first thoughts immediately before the public, warm as they come from his head, and before he is himself in a condition to exercise a cool judgment upon them. But on the other hand, delay and misgivings are not always occasioned by feelings such as those we have just mentioned; there is a consciousness of concealed feebleness in some cases, and of disproportionate success in others, which will make men fearful to risk what they have, by any venture for more. Nor is it an unerring sign of true genius to be slow in composition, to write little, or to finish with excessive labour. To the real poet poetry is the vocation of his life; from every thing within and without him, the appearances of nature and the achievements

achievements of art, from study of books and meditation on himself, he is every day and every hour deriving fresh materials for his occupation, and additional skill in the use of them. The moment of composition is that of his greatest delight—it is not therefore to be expected that he should write either very slowly or seldom; and though it is a mistake to suppose that the labour of correction is cold or painful, still, as habit will tend to give his first conceptions clearness, and his first expressions fitness, and as a sense of his own power will give decision to his judgment, the necessity and the inclination to correct will gradually diminish.

It was by no means a cold approval which Mr. Campbell's former poems obtained from the public; and we gladly added our tribute to the general voice of praise. We thought *The Pleasures of Hope* a poem of brilliant promise—bold and animated in many of its conceptions—luxuriant in its imagery—rich and varied in its versification; yet the most partial criticism must have admitted that it was not upon this single *coup d'essai* that Mr. Campbell ought to rest his ultimate hopes of fame. Pope might just as reasonably have been content to repose upon the applause which were bestowed on his *Windsor Forest*; for each of these poems seemed rather to be evidence of great powers than specimens of perfect performance, blossoms only which raised hopes, not fruits which satisfied desire. Public expectation was accordingly much excited by the announcement of *Gertrude of Wyoming*, and if it was in some measure disappointed by its appearance, if *Gertrude* was not so universally popular as *The Pleasures of Hope* had been, we believe that it was more intensely admired: with less brilliancy, it had more delicacy and softness of colouring; its appeals were directed more closely to the heart, and the tenderness, with which its domestic pictures were drawn, atoned for the absence of more prominent and striking attractions. There was in it, too, a sweetness of diction and rhythm, carried perhaps to a faulty excess, and which in a longer poem might have become cloying, yet which added to the charm of *Gertrude*—if the expression be not fanciful, it made it even physically pleasant to read. Some disappointment, however, there certainly was: and it arose, we think, not so much from positive demerit as from a want of increase in relative value. Time appeared to have added nothing to that promise which the poet had exhibited before its lapse. His form and gestures still shewed adolescence, though his years sufficiently proclaimed the fullness of manhood. He had gained neither in strength nor in correctness; he had even lost in simplicity and clearness. The defects which had been, in great measure, concealed by the rambling and desultory nature of his didactic poem, were plainly developed in

this, which was narrative. The plot was ill laid; the story feebly, obscurely, and imperfectly told; and deeply interesting as many separate passages most assuredly were, *Gertrude of Wyoming* was justly characterized rather as a beautiful assemblage of detached stanzas, than as the well compacted and highly finished work of a poetical mind of the first order.

It is unnecessary here to repeat our opinion of some of Mr. Campbell's minor pieces. *Lochiel*, *Hohenlinden*, and the *Mariners of England*, in their several kinds, have scarcely ever been surpassed. They are treasured in our memories now, and they will survive in all future collections of the beauties of English poetry. But it was still higher that we wished and hoped to see him rise; and we would fain persuade ourselves if we could, that it is any thing rather than want of power, which has hitherto prevented him from attaining a permanent rank among the classics of our language, and which, in his present poem, has degraded him so very many steps below it.

The story of Theodric may be comprised in a short compass. Julia and Udolph are the children of a Swiss gentleman, and the latter is engaged in the Austrian service, during the war of the French revolution. He serves under the command of Theodric, and the letters which he writes to his home, are full of the most glowing admiration of his leader's worth and valour. On one occasion, Theodric saves the life of Udolph on the field, and the letters which announce the safety and restoration of the wounded boy, are written under the hand of his colonel. The imagination of the tender and secluded Julia is kindled by these incidents. She paints Theodric to herself as the perfect model of heroism, and she becomes deeply enamoured of her own brilliant fancy. This romantic passion is increased by the sight and possession of his picture, which Udolph brings home with him during a short interval of peace. Profiting by the same period of repose, Theodric meanwhile visits England, where accident introduces him to Constance, an English lady, whom he sues, is accepted by, and betrothed to. Before his marriage to her, it is necessary that he should return for a short time to Germany, and as his route lies through Switzerland, he pays a visit to the chateau of Julia's father by the way. During this visit, Julia betrays her secret, and receives an assurance from Theodric (without violation of his fealty to Constance) that had he seen her before his present engagement, he might have pleaded for her love. Theodric returns to England and marries Constance. In the remainder of the story, however reluctant we may be to fall into the flippancy of caricature, it would be most difficult to avoid the appearance of it, if we attempted any paraphrase; and we shall therefore tell

most of it in Mr. Campbell's own words. Constance has some ill-tempered relations whom she occasionally visits as a peace-maker, and she has besides only 'one congenial sister.' War is renewed, and Theodric resolves to take the field again. He urges Constance to remain one campaign in England, and she, though secretly resolved to accompany him, gives an apparent assent, and, at a time when the days previous to his embarkation are numbered, sets off on a visit to her relations. Theodric is naturally much vexed at this unseasonable absence, and, while he is musing on her seeming neglect, Udolph is unexpectedly announced, bringing an account of his sister's hopeless illness, and her strong wish to see Theodric once more before her death.

' Their converse came abruptly to a close ;
 For scarce could each his troubled looks compose,
 When visitants, to Constance near akin,
 (In all but traits of soul) were usher'd in.
 They brought not her, nor midst their kindred band
 The sister who alone, like her, was bland ;
 But said—and smiled to see it gave him pain—
 That Constance would a fortnight yet remain,
 Vex'd by their tidings, and the haughty view
 They cast on Udolph as the youth withdrew,
 Theodric blamed his Constance's intent.—
 The demons went, and left him as they went,
 To read, when they were gone beyond recall,
 A note from her lov'd hand, explaining all.
 She said, that with their house she only staid
 That parting peace might with them all be made ;
 But pray'd for love to share his foreign life,
 And shun all future chance of kindred strife.
 He wrote with speed, his soul's consent to say :
 The letter miss'd her on her homeward way.
 In six hours Constance was within his arms :
 Mov'd, flush'd, unlike her wonted calm of charms,
 And breathless—with uplifted hands outspread—
 Burst into tears upon his neck, and said,—
 " I knew that those, who brought your message, laugh'd,
 " With poison of their own to point the shaft ;
 " And this my one kind sister thought, yet loth
 " Confess'd she fear'd 'twas true you had been wroth.
 " But here you are, and smile on me : my pain
 " Is gone, and Constance is herself again."
 His ecstasy, it may be guess'd, was much,
 Yet pain's extreme and pleasure's seem'd to touch.
 What pride ! embracing beauty's perfect mould ;
 What terror ! lest his few rash words, mistold,
 Had agonized her pulse to fever's heat :
 But calm'd again so soon it healthful beat,

And such sweet tones were in her voice's sound,
Composed herself, she breathed composure round.

"Fair being! with what sympathetic grace
She heard, bewail'd, and pleaded Julia's case;
Implored he would her dying wish attend,
"And go," she said, "to-morrow with your friend;
I'll wait for your return on England's shore,
And then we'll cross the deep and part no more."

pp. 31—34.

Theodric arrives in time to take leave of Julia; and from her death-bed he is summoned to attend his wife, to whom he returns too late to find her alive. The violence of her mother, who from selfish reasons wishes to prevent her from going abroad, has occasioned premature delivery (if we understand the passage rightly). She dies, having first penned a letter to her husband, with which, and with a description of his feelings on perusing it, the poem closes.

However simple, even to nakedness and childishness, this plot may appear to be, the conduct of it necessarily involves most disproportionate difficulties, from the ill-judged division of interest between the two heroines. Theodric is, in truth, no other than an involuntary Macheath, and Constance and Julia are the dear charmers with either of whom he could be happy were the other away, yet the death of both of whom he is made to occasion. Julia, after all, has most claim upon our pity, (for Constance in some measure falls a victim to a certain little conjugal trickery,) and in her dignified and suppressed love, her sinking health, and her death-bed, there was room for affecting poetry, which might have atoned for the defects of other parts of the story. To our surprise and disappointment, however, these are among the least effective passages of the poem.

"Of Constance then she heard Theodric speak,
And steadfast smoothness still possess'd her cheek;
But when he told her how he oft had plann'd
Of old a journey to their mountain-land,
That might have brought him hither years before;
"Ah! then," she cried, "you knew not England's shore;
And, had you come,—and wherefore did you not?"
"Yes," he replied, "it would have changed our lot!"
Then burst her tears through pride's restraining bands,
And with her handkerchief, and both her hands,
She hid her face and wept.—Contrition stung
Theodric for the tears his words had wrung.
"But no," she cried, "unsay not what you've said,
Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stay'd;

To

To think I could have merited your faith,
 Shall be my solace even unto death!"—
 "Julia," Theodric said, with purposed look
 Of firmness, "my reply deserved rebuke;
 But by your pure and sacred peace of mind,
 And by the dignity of womankind,
 Swear that when I am gone you'll do your best
 To chase this dream of fondness from your breast."

'Th' abrupt appeal electrified her thought;—
 She look'd to Heav'n, as if its aid she sought,
 Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek,
 And signified the vow she could not speak.'—pp. 20—22.

The death of Julia is dismissed in these lines:—

'Sweet Julia, though her fate was finish'd half,
 Still knew him—smiled on him with feeble laugh—
 And blest him, till she drew her latest sigh!'—p. 35.

Constance fares little better under the poet's hand; and yet she dies under circumstances of loneliness and widowhood, which it required but moderate power over the passions to have made the foundation of very pathetic description; it is hardly credible that her death should be told by 'the one kind sister' in such lines as these:—

"'Twas blame," she said, "I shudder to relate,
 But none of yours, that caused our darling's fate;
 Her mother (must I call her such?) foresaw,
 Should Constance leave the land, she would withdraw
 Our House's charm against the world's neglect—
 The only gem that drew it some respect.
 Hence, when you went, she came and vainly spoke
 To change her purpose—grew incensed, and broke
 With execrations from her kneeling child.
 Start not! your angel from her knee rose mild,
 Fear'd that she should not long the scene outlive,
 Yet bade ev'n you the unnatural one forgive.
 Till then her ailment had been slight, or none;
 But fast she droop'd, and fatal pains came on:
 Foreseeing their event, she dictated
 And signed these words for you—"—p. 38.

We had marked other passages of the same bare feebleness for remark; but it is still more a subject for complaint that we do not find any redeeming beauties, any of those broad and decided master-strokes obliterating the sense of accompanying defects and causing the figures to start from the canvass under the hand of the artist into such energy and expression of life, that we think only of them and forget what is around them. On the contrary, all is tame and languid; we are left to gather the characters of the
 leading

leading personages from vague generalities; to take the poet's word for what they are, not to learn it from our observation of themselves: and it is thus that, in the end, we obtain but loose and indistinct notions of their respective qualities. Theodric is a bold dragoon, Julia a romantic girl, Constance an affectionate wife; but there is no sign of individuality by which any one of them may be distinguished from numerous counterparts in every insipid novel. With this opinion of the matter of the poem generally, it would be a waste of time to enter into a minute description of its execution—the one is worthy of the other; we seek in vain for the brilliancy of the Pleasures of Hope, or the sweetness of Gertrude of Wyoming: the language is prosaic without being either natural or clear, abounding in turns of diction that are vulgar without being simple—the rhymes are often incorrect, and the versification at once languid and inharmonious.

There is little to say of the *Fugitive Pieces*, to which 100 pages of this volume are assigned; they were born, we believe, and should have been suffered to die and be buried in a magazine; much will be excused in poems found in such a place, of which a more rigorous account will be demanded, if the author, by collecting them, seems to assign them a positive value. One very fervent and furious piece, *Stanzas to the Memory of the Spanish Patriots killed in resisting the Regency and the Duke of Angoulême*, is worthy of preservation for its hard words; it is levelled against 'kings, bigots, and Bourbons,' who 'mangle martyrs with hangman fingers;' of 'cowl'd demons of the Inquisitorial cell,' and 'Autochthones of hell,' who are bid to go and—

'Smile o'er the gaspings of spine-broken men;
Preach, perpetrate damnation in your den;

It was due to Mr. Campbell's name to place any poem of his on our lists—it is with pain that we have discharged our duty towards him, and we close the volume with sensations of regret. If we have not cited any passage, or any one of the smaller pieces, of which we think less unfavourably than of the rest, it has not been because we were unwilling to bestow our approbation on him, but because we remembered his former estimation, and felt that such languid praise, as we could honestly give to the very best lines in the volume, would be no compliment to one, who has ranked so high as he has. There is, and has been for some time, a growing persuasion, slowly and reluctantly entertained by the public, (for Mr. Campbell has ever found in the public a favourable and faithful audience,) that the character of his mind is to be feeble and minute. Such a poem as Theodric must impart fearful strength to such an opinion. Yet we will struggle against the conviction; literary history is not without examples of failures

great

great as this, and there may be circumstances of mind or body which may account for them. Mr. Campbell is in the prime of life—he has placed his poetical reputation in the greatest danger—we cannot suppose him insensible to the peril, or careless of the issue; let him, then, withdraw from every avocation, the tendency of which is to debilitate or dissipate the mind, and with matured faculties, and increased knowledge, make exertions commensurate with the necessity for them; for our parts, we will cheer him on his way, and forgiving, or rather forgetting, this unworthy publication, contribute gladly our help to replace him in that respectable rank from which we are sincerely sorry that he has declined.

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- ART. V.—1. *Illustrations of the Origin and Progress of Rail and Tram Roads, and Steam Carriages, or Locomotive Engines, &c. &c.* By T. G. Cumming, Surveyor. Denbigh. 1824.
2. *Report of Rail-roads and Locomotive Engines, addressed to the Chairman and Committee of the Liverpool and Manchester projected Rail-road.* By Charles Sylvester, Civil Engineer. Liverpool. 1825.
3. *A Letter on the Subject of the projected Rail-road between Liverpool and Manchester, pointing out the Necessity for its adoption, and the manifest advantages it offers to the Public; with an Exposure of the exorbitant and unjust Charges of the Water-Carriers.* By Joseph Sandars, Esq. Liverpool. 1825.

IT must be allowed that we live in an age of speculation and experiment—the one always conducive to the establishment of truth and sound principles—the other too often leading to nothing but delusion and disappointment. Both of them, however, have scope and allowance enough at this particular time. The cultivators of the arts and sciences can no longer with justice complain of any want of patronage, either on the part of government or individuals. Nor can it be said, that men of wealth, rank or influence, turn a deaf ear to the multifarious projects which from day to day are bursting forth into light. So much, indeed, is the contrary the case, and such is the eagerness and avidity with which schemes (as wild, some of them, as were ever hatched in the college of Laputa) are seized upon, from the moment they are reduced into a tangible shape as objects of speculation, that one of the first questions ‘on ‘Change’ usually is, what new project is in the market to-day? There is, in fact, such a mania for speculation, that the old Romans were not more clamorous for their ‘panem et Circenses,’ than the monied gentry of the city are for new projects and shares; ‘give us but shares!’ is the uni-

versal cry; and it is not confined to the city—the loungers of the club-houses, the young Guardsmen, the clerks in the public offices are all inoculated—indeed the frenzy is become so general and wide-spreading, that we should almost be afraid of its proceeding to a confirmed constitutional disease, were we not satisfied that it must ere long work out its own cure; for although some of the operating causes may be found in the unparalleled prosperity of the country, the great amount of surplus capital, and the consequent low rate of interest; yet we mistake much if the great force and spread of the disorder be not mainly attributable to a cause, which must be less permanent; the facility, we mean, with which all classes find admittance into the new schemes, by the smallness of the first deposit: how to pay the second is a question never once asked.

But whatever the origin may have been of that rage for speculation, which has driven all ranks of the community to seek employment for their capital out of the ordinary channels, it must be admitted that very little discretion appears to be exercised in the pursuit and selection of extraordinary ones. It matters not, indeed, what the foundation of the project may be, nor whether it stand on any; it is only necessary to find out some shrewd, confident and bustling agent, generally in the person of an attorney, who gets together a president or chairman, (of rank or distinction if possible,) with a dozen names of some notoriety, containing a considerable sprinkling of M. P.'s, to act the part of directors; a banker, not difficult to be found; and an engineer, like a physician, or, like a lawyer, ready to undertake any case, however desperate, and like them sure to derive individual profit from the undertaking. When these *dramatis personæ* of the farce are procured and arranged, and the curtain is drawn up, the crowd rush forward, all eager to act a part, and to contribute their share to the new adventure; contented, however, to assume the parts even of mutes—mere puppets, whose motions are to be determined by those, who pull the strings. This may be amusing enough to the lookers-on; but in sober sadness, it is painful to observe the prevailing mania for rash and improvident speculation; no participator in which once thinks of inquiring what the probable result may be, or what is the real nature of the risks to be encountered; but onward they proceed, without one intelligent and reflecting mind to look up to, to guide or check them in their mad career. It must not be supposed, however, that the original projectors have not a due regard to their own particular interests; if the shares (of which they are the largest holders) bear a premium (which those of the most unpromising speculation are almost sure to do on their first appearance in the market), they sell out, and, their

their object thus obtained, start upon some fresh game; if the concern lingers out, and fresh deposits are required, the unfortunate holders, unable to pay or fearful of larger demands, are compelled to sell; the price of the shares then falls, and on further calls being made, the luckless purchasers get out as well as they can, by selling at a considerable loss; the next holder does the same; and thus they go on progressively in their descent, till they reach their proper level at *zero*, or nothing, when the bubble finally bursts, and the whole scheme explodes in empty air, like the infamous Poyais fraud, or King Ferdinand's repudiated bonds.

In some of the projects that are started capital is wholly unnecessary; such as these are never intended to proceed beyond the first deposit of a pound or two per cent. to be shared among the projectors and the *professional men*. But enough—we shall not attempt to enumerate, much less to describe, the various objects of speculation, foreign and domestic, which just now agitate the public mind. We shall merely observe, that those of foreign growth appear to be most flourishing, because least understood; they are generally the offspring of cunning upon credulity, and nourished by folly and avarice. They consist chiefly of loans of money to, and pretended associations for working the mines of, the various new governments of South America—Columbian, Mexican, Brazilian, Chilian, Peruvian—to all of whom immense sums of money, in hard dollars, have been sent out—sent to those very spots from whence they originally came, but from which, we fear, they are not likely soon to return. No matter; the high rate of interest which these loans bear is regularly paid for a time, not by the borrowers, but out of a portion of the capital reserved for that purpose; for we are well assured that, up to Christmas last, not a single dollar had been returned from any one of those borrowing states. Woe then be to the last luckless holder of these misnamed South American *securities*—‘occupet extremum scabies.’

One might have thought, so nearly allied are these speculations in name and situation to a once celebrated bubble, that some unpleasant reminiscences would now and then have occurred to those who are engaged deeply in them; but as this is not the case, we are rather surprised that some hardy projector has not yet brought forward a *prospectus* for connecting the *Great South Sea* with the Atlantic, by a ship canal cut through Nicaragua or the isthmus of Panama.*

* The first is done! Scarcely was our ink dry, when we beheld an invitation from the President and Congress of Mexico for proposals—But has Mexico really possession of that long isthmus which connects the two continents? Has not Guatemala also declared itself independent? No matter; the project will take.

But

But the frenzy of speculation appears to rage highest among the mines of South America, from whose bowels the 'aurum irreperitum,' which the Spaniards have left, because the Spaniards had ceased to find it profitable, is to be dug out by means of English capital, English men, and English machinery; and in such abundance, that certain political economists are already lamenting the probable depreciation of the precious metals, and others are feeling some little alarm, lest the Chancellor of the Exchequer may be enabled to pay off the National Debt, which would undoubtedly be a very serious misfortune;—to these persons we have only to say, with the notable Mrs. Glasse, 'first catch your fish.' But to what will not men persuade themselves, when we find that a single share of a certain mine named the Real del Monte, on which £70 only had been advanced, rose to a premium of £1,400 a share, or £2,000 per cent.! What other conclusion can be drawn than that the gentlemen of the Stock Exchange have either lost their wits, or found the long sought-for passage by which Caudide and his man Cacambo were floated down into the happy valley of Eldorado, and have ascertained that the 'cailloux d'or,' and the 'boue jaune,' are still to be had for fetching? that they have they been told, 'emportez-en tant que vous voudrez, et grand bien vous fasse', as the good old king of that happy valley said to the Optimist. So say we; much good may the golden pebbles and the yellow dirt do ye, gentlemen; long may you cherish your golden dreams, and suffer yourselves to be gulled by sharpers, whose daily and hourly business it is to plant 'springs to catch woodcocks,' and whose study it is to persuade their dupes that

' There the molten silver
Runs out like cream on cakes of gold;
And rubies
Do grow like strawberries.*

In the greater number of these mining associations, the original movers keep in the back ground, and those that are put forward know nothing of the real merits of the concern; and as to the dealers in shares, it would be in vain to look for anything like intelligence, or the exercise of a sound discretion in their proceedings. Such cold and calculating caution would not be consonant with the enterprising spirit of the age. We know that the old

* The Stock Exchange history of this wonderful mine is this. It belonged to a private gentleman of Mexico, who derived such wealth from it, that he made a present, during the last war, of two seventy-four gun ships to the King of Spain. We could another 'tale unfold,' respecting this golden bubble and its flappers at the west end of the town, where 'news from the mine' is regularly manufactured, from St. James'-street down to Charing Cross, to catch the city gulls, who in return lay their daily bets for the gentlemen of the west.

Spaniards who undertook to work these mines were mostly ruined, so that it became a common saying, 'a silver mine brings misery, a gold one ruin.' Our speculators, however, take not the trouble to inquire either into what has been or what may be. It would seem to raise no suspicion in their minds, that, when the fever rages, an advance in the shares from one to four hundred pounds takes place in a day, and that on the next, when it is somewhat abated, they tumble down in a greater proportion. A single thought might satisfy them that this could only be the effect of fraudulent tricks, false reports, and fictitious sales, to entrap the unwary;—the result of craft working upon ignorance and credulity. Ask any one of the shareholders where a particular mine is situated, he knows nothing about it; with what fuel the steam-engines are to be fed, where it is to come from, and what it will cost? he is equally ignorant;* with whom the contract is made, and what the conditions of the contract? he never inquired. The various contingencies, on which any return can ever be expected for the capital expended, would appear not once to have disturbed his thoughts or abated his thirst for speculation. It would seem never to have occurred to him that, in the first place, it must, in the nature of things, be years before any return can be made, and that the successful result of mining operations is always doubtful; secondly, that any return at all must depend on the honesty of the revolutionary governments; and thirdly, on the permanency of those governments; both of which remain yet to be proved. So many, indeed, would be the chances against success, if there really was any serious intention of working these mines, that nothing but disappointment could be expected to follow; but we do not hesitate to assert, that many of the original projectors have never once thought of working the South American mines; *their* mines are within the bills of mortality, and the richest veins '*crop out*' in St. James's-street and the Stock Exchange. The whole of their concern is sheer gambling, and the worst kind of gambling, as little is left to the ordinary chances; indeed it would answer the purpose of the adventurers just as well, or perhaps better, to draw two straws, calling the one Cantarac and the other Bolivar. Perhaps if there be a chance of success in any of the foreign projects, which are seriously intended to be pursued, it is that of the pearl fishery on the coast of Panama; *there* the adventurers are afloat, and the diving-bells will

* We well remember seeing in some of the old Spanish writers, the pictures of long strings of mules winding through the mountain passes, each having a stick of wood for the mines dangling on either side. Alcedo says, a piece of wood for an axle-tree, in the Cordilleras of Peru, where the mines are, costs from 1800 to 2000 dollars—and it is here (if *there* they ever arrive) that the steam-engines are to perform miracles, but whither all the mules of Tucuman will not be able to bring them.

allow them to fish up all the oysters (muscles rather) that can be found, without incurring danger from sharks, which are said to have driven the Spaniards from the fishery.*

Leave we now these foreign speculations in their full and brilliant blossom, and let us turn to the projects going forwards at home, of which there is no dearth, nor want of variety, either in kind or importance. Thus we have mining associations for Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, to all which we heartily wish success; we have in progress stone-breakwaters and iron-chain piers—bridges suspended over rivers, and tunnels bored under them. We have steam-engines of all sizes and for all purposes—steam-yessels—steam-coaches—steam-cannon—steam-ovens to hatch chickens, and steam-kitchens to cook them in—steam-hothouses to ripen grapes and pine-apples at Christmas, and steam-laundries to wash, and to wear, our linen: we have London, Westminster, and Alderney milk companies; we have Metropolitan and Westminster fish companies, trying their baits to catch Thames' gudgeons; coal-gas by which we are to ride among the clouds at the rate of forty miles an hour, and whirl along a turnpike road at twelve miles an hour, having relays, at every fifteen miles, of bottled gas, instead of relays of horses.† On the continental gas scheme sufficient *light* has not yet been thrown to enable us to ascertain whether it is to be of home manufacture, and exported in bottles or gas-tight casks, or furnished only in the raw material. As all the world in warm weather run from London to the sea-side, it has wisely been determined to spare them the trouble by bringing the sea to London; and, lastly, to accommodate the dead as well as the living, we are to have a necropolis or two along the sloping sides of Hampstead and Highgate to outdo that of Père la Chaise, near Paris.

To all these and other projects of home growth and manufacture, that are not in their nature positively mischievous, either to individual or the public interests, we most cordially wish success, the tendency of most of them being to divert into more useful channels, than those foreign ones we have adverted to, that surplus capital which a long peace and the industry and ingenuity of our countrymen have accumulated. Home projects, be they what they may, will soon find their true value, from being conducted under the immediate eye of the public, which, however it

* We consider, as an exception from these remarks, the Company established under Mr. John Irving, Mr. John Lums, Mr. Hart Davis, &c., for working the Brazilian mines, and other purposes; their names (most of the others have no names) are a sufficient guarantee against all imposition. The mines of Brazil are besides easily accessible, which those of the Cordilleras are not.

† This non-descript gas-breathing animal, something of the velocipede family, is intended to crawl over the ground by protruding, from behind it, six or eight legs on either side in alternate succession.

may be hurried away for a time in the vortex of speculation, will ultimately, by the exercise of a due caution and common sense, be enabled to discriminate between what is beneficial and what is injurious to its interests. We are, indeed, well convinced that, as a national benefit, it would be preferable that the surplus wealth of the country should be expended at home, upon the most unpromising and unprofitable projects that the perverted ingenuity of man can devise, than be sunk in loans and speculations, which benefit only needy foreigners and domestic sharpers, at the expense of British folly and British capital. Rather than this we should deem it politic not to discourage the wildest schemes, provided they are innocent; even if it were proposed to graft on the 'Australian Company' an association to breed kangaroos on Bagshot Heath, or, as a wag of the seventeenth century advised the projectors of that day, to

'————— set Dutch windmills
Upon Newmarket heath and Salisbury plain
To drain the fens.'*

Man is in fact a gambling animal; rich or poor, civilized or savage, it is the disposition, almost the craving necessity of his nature to speculate upon *chances*, and one would wish therefore, at least, that the preference should be given in all cases to those projects, of an innocent character, which are likely to afford most employment to the people; whatever the result of such may be to the projectors, they at least contribute to the public benefit. It sometimes happens that an invention, which at first blush may appear frivolous, and even ludicrous, turns out in the end to be extremely useful. That which has failed in one person's hands sometimes becomes profitable and important in another's. It is easy enough to throw an air of ridicule on the anxious and laborious trifling of the old alchemists in their search after the philosopher's stone; but we should not forget that the valuable discoveries of modern chemistry owe their origin, and are not a little indebted, to those very labours. The brilliant flame from coal-gas, which lightens up our streets, and renders them as safe by night as by day, was but a few years ago considered as a subject fit only to be sneered at, in the hands of a bungling German. It is to be wished therefore that every invention should have fair play, and not at once be disparaged on account of its apparent absurdity or supposed inutility.

* The speculating mania would seem, by its periodical revolutions, to be a sort of centenary remittent. In the former part of the seventeenth century, alchemy and all its concomitant projects were in full vigour; in the commencement of the eighteenth century the South Sea bubble and a hundred wild projects were abroad; and we see what the early part of the nineteenth is daily producing.

On the other hand, it sometimes happens that those of the most promising nature wholly fail, and ruin the contributors. But Englishmen are not discouraged by such failures. This, indeed, is the only country on earth, where individuals embark so much private property in works of public utility and national ornament, which, to the projectors and proprietors, are too often the source of unproductive labour and expense; indeed there are cases in which, we think, they ought to be indemnified, to a certain degree, by the public: in the case of Waterloo Bridge, for instance, would it not be just, that a certain portion of the immense sums expended on this magnificent structure should be given to the proprietors, and the tolls removed? that stupendous monument of human labour and skill, which a French writer says will one day point out, by its ruins, the spot where the modern Tyre once stood, ought, we think, on every account, to be a national concern. It is far from certain that the Regent's Canal; the projected quay of Colonel Trench; the tunnelled archway under the Thames; the ship canal intended to unite the British with St. George's Channel,—will ever remunerate the subscribers; yet who would wish that any one of them should not be completed? These and many other undertakings, besides being splendid examples of national enterprize, confer a national benefit by affording employment for the labouring and manufacturing poor, and thus preventing, or greatly diminishing, the necessity of their having recourse to parochial relief. It is on these grounds that we would deprecate the interference of the legislature to restrain any home project of an innocent character.

But it is high time that we should advert to the more immediate object of this Article—a discussion of the merits of an old invention, newly revived, which is become a subject of almost as eager and feverish speculation as the mines or the loans. It is one, however, in which the commercial, manufacturing, agricultural, and indeed every class of the community, are most deeply concerned—we need hardly say that we allude to the projected improvement in the internal communications of the country, by which a more speedy, certain, safe and economical conveyance of persons and property is expected to be accomplished. It would be a waste of time to point out, what is so obvious, the vast importance of such a result, which must be felt and understood by all;—by the producer and consumer, by him that travels, and by him that remains quietly at home. It is true that we, who, in this age, are accustomed to roll along our hard and even roads at the rate of eight or nine miles an hour, can hardly imagine the inconveniences which beset our great-grandfathers when they had to undertake a journey—forcing their way through
deep

deep miry lanes; fording swollen rivers; obliged to halt for days together when the 'waters were out;' and then crawling along at a pace of two or three miles an hour, in constant fear of being set fast in some deep quagmire, of being overturned, breaking down, or swept away by a sudden inundation.

Such was the travelling condition of our ancestors, until the several turnpike acts effected a gradual and most favourable change, not only in the state of the roads, but the whole appearance of the country; by increasing the facility of communication, and the transport of many weighty and bulky articles which, before that period, no effort could move from one part of the country to another. The packhorse was now yoked to the waggon, and stage-coaches and post-chaises usurped the place of saddle-horses. Imperfectly as most of these turnpike roads were constructed, and greatly as their repairs were neglected, they were still a prodigious improvement; yet for the conveyance of heavy merchandize, the progress of waggons was slow and their capacity limited. This defect was at length remedied by the opening of canals, an improvement which became, with regard to turnpike roads and waggons, what these had been to deep lanes and packhorses. But we may apply to projectors the observation of Sheridan, 'give these fellows a good thing and they never know when to have done with it,' for so vehement became the rage for canal-making that, in a few years, the whole surface of the country was intersected by these inland navigations, and frequently in parts of the island, where there was little or no traffic to be conveyed. The consequence was, that a large proportion of them scarcely paid an interest of one per cent. and many nothing at all; while others, judiciously conducted over populous, commercial and manufacturing districts, have not only amply remunerated the parties concerned, but have contributed in no small degree to the wealth and prosperity of the nation.

Yet these expensive establishments for facilitating the conveyance of the commercial, manufacturing, and agricultural products of the country to their several destinations, excellent and useful as all must acknowledge them to be, are now likely, in their turn, to give way to the old invention of RAIL-ROADS. Nothing now is heard of but rail-roads; the daily papers teem with notices of new lines of them in every direction, and pamphlets and paragraphs are thrown before the public eye, recommending nothing short of making them general throughout the kingdom. Yet till within these few months past, this old invention, in use a full century before canals, has been suffered, with few exceptions, to act the part only of an auxiliary to canals, in the conveyance of goods

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to and from the wharfs, and of iron, coals, limestone and other products of the mines to the nearest place of shipment.

What, it may be asked, has given so sudden an impulse to speculations in this mode of conveyance, and raised up, in one little month, associations and companies for the construction of about three thousand miles of these iron-roads, at the expense of at least twenty millions sterling? It cannot be the employment of steam-carriages merely, for *they* have almost as little pretensions to be considered a new invention as the rail-roads themselves. Mr. Cumming informs us that the application of steam-power to the moving of carriages was first suggested as far back as 1759; and that the first practical use made of them was by Messrs. Vivian and Trevithick, at Merthyr Tydvil, where a steam-carriage drew as many carriages or waggons as contained about ten tons and a half of iron, travelling at the rate of five miles and a half an hour, for a distance of nine miles, without any additional supply of water being required for the boiler. He also states that several years ago, on a rail-way at the collieries of Middleton, near Leeds, Blenkinsop's patent steam-carriage was used, which was capable of dragging thirty waggons at once, computed to weigh *one hundred and five tons*, on a level rail-way, at the rate of three miles and a half an hour. If this has been exceeded, it is only within the last two months.

The powers of the steam-engine and a growing conviction that our present modes of conveyance, excellent as they are, both require and admit of great improvements, are no doubt among the chief reasons that have set the current of speculation in this particular direction; but we suspect that something must be attributed also to the great encouragement held out by the first Minister of the crown and his colleagues (at a meeting for considering the proposal of a monument to the late James Watt) to those who should effect a further improvement of this mighty engine, and to the promoters and discoverers of other useful inventions. It was truly stated, as it had frequently been before, that nothing is too great, nothing too small, for this wonderful machine, which, like the proboscis of an elephant, can tear up an oak and pick up a pin—can forge, with equal ease, the heaviest anchor and punch the eye of the finest needle—can twist the largest cable, draw out a fibre as delicate as the gossamer, and drag a first-rate man of war over the ocean—traversing the seas against winds and tides, and thus bringing nations nearer to each other by quickening their intercourse, and rendering it more fixed and certain.

At this meeting, the President of the Board of Trade deemed it a happy circumstance, that we live in an age which gives us all the benefits arising out of the invention of the steam-engine, which
had

had not only become subservient to the ordinary operations of manufactures and trade, according to the will of man, but had conferred on them the incalculable benefit of economy, abridgment of labour, and a perfection and rapidity unknown before; and that greater benefits might still be anticipated from future efforts;—these efforts are now in progress. The Secretary of State for the Home Department avowed, in the most modest and manly manner, that he derived all his worldly prosperity from the inventive faculties and industry of others, and would consider himself unworthy of the situation he held, if he could refuse his cordial support and encouragement to those who had so eminently contributed to individual and national prosperity. These and many similar sentiments of the ministers of the crown were cordially re-echoed by Sir James Mackintosh, Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Brougham, which occasioned Lord Liverpool to observe that, ‘where the arts were concerned, there would be nothing like party in the country.’

That sentiments such as these, proceeding from such quarters, had the effect of stimulating the inventive faculties of our countrymen, there can be little doubt. It must indeed be highly encouraging to the cultivators of the sciences and the arts, to have it publicly declared, that their application to the improvement of the agriculture, commerce and manufactures of the kingdom, when clearly demonstrated, would not only meet with the decided support of His Majesty’s government, but also of the leading members of the House of Commons who are politically hostile to it. That opposition to measures of general utility, which but too frequently is made on the plea of ‘vested rights,’ a plea always plausible, sometimes just, and very often fallacious, has, we think, by these mutual avowals, lost much of its usual force.

On this plea, however, the projectors of the intended rail-roads should be aware of the necessity of being prepared to meet the most strenuous opposition from the canal proprietors; though it cannot very consistently be urged, when it is considered that there is not one of those thousand navigable waters, that intersect our beautiful island in every direction, that has not encroached on ‘vested rights,’ and that has not been made at the expense of the comfort, or the convenience, of thousands of individuals, and by the invasion of private property, sometimes in the most annoying manner. If, however, it can be shown, that either by horsepower exerted on rail-ways, or by a safe and improved application of steam, the transport of goods and merchandize can be effected in a more safe, certain, expeditious and economical manner, this plea of ‘the vested rights’ of the canal proprietors cannot stand for a moment against the rights of the million; but as the

owners of pack-horses were injured by turnpike roads; and the proprietors of waggons, in their turn, by canals; so must the proprietors of canals yield to the adoption of rail-ways, or any other improvement that can be shewn to be more economical, and to afford superior advantages to the commerce and manufactures of the country.

But, we are free to confess, it does not appear to us that the canal proprietors have the least ground for complaining of a grievance. They embarked their property in what they conceived to be a good speculation, which in some cases was realized far beyond their most sanguine hopes; in others, failed beyond their most desponding calculations. If those that have succeeded should be able to maintain a competition with rail-ways by lowering their charges; what they thus lose will be a fair and unimpeachable gain to the public, and a moderate and just profit will still remain to them; while the others would do well to transfer their interests from a bad concern into one, whose superiority must be thus established. Indeed we understand this has already been proposed, to a very considerable extent, and that the level beds of certain unproductive canals have been offered for the reception of rail-ways.

There is, however, another ground upon which, in many instances, we have no doubt, the opposition of the canal proprietors may be properly met,—we mean, and we state it distinctly, the unquestionable fact, that our trade and manufactures have suffered considerably by the disproportionate rates of charge upon canal conveyance. The immense tonnage of coal, iron, and earthenware, Mr. Cumming tells us,

‘have enabled one of the canals, passing through these districts, (near Birmingham) to pay an annual dividend to the proprietary of £140 upon an original share of £140, and as such has enhanced the value of each share from £140 to £3,200; and another canal in the same district, to pay an annual dividend of £160 upon the original share of £200, and the shares themselves have reached the value of £4,600 each!’

Nor are these solitary instances. Mr. Sandars informs us that, of the only two canals which unite Liverpool with Manchester, the thirty-nine original proprietors of one of them, the Old Quay, have been paid every other year, for nearly half a century, the *total amount of their investment*; and that a share in this canal, which cost only £70, has recently been sold for £1,250; and that, with regard to the other, the late Duke of Bridgewater’s, there is good reason to believe that the net income has, for the last twenty years, averaged nearly £100,000 per annum!

It is impossible that the proprietors of such canals as these can come forward, and, upon the plea of vested rights, demand from the legislature a confirmation in perpetuity of these enormous profits,

profits, (taken from the pockets of the public,) to the exclusion of all competition; even if they were able to perform with proper convenience and regularity the whole transit of the districts through which their canals extend; the contrary of which we shall presently demonstrate.

In making these remarks, we wish it to be distinctly understood that we have no feelings of hostility towards canals; we oppose only the unfounded pretensions of their proprietors. Nor shall any one go beyond ourselves in maintaining the sacred rights of private property, when they neither clash with public interests, nor are injurious to public welfare. We are not the advocates for visionary projects that interfere with useful establishments; we scout the idea of a *general* rail-road, as altogether impracticable; or, as one, at least, which will be rendered nugatory in lines, where the traffic is so small that the receipts would scarcely pay for the consumption of coals.

As to those persons who speculate on making rail-ways general throughout the kingdom, and superseding all the canals, all the waggons, mail and stage-coaches, post-chaises, and, in short, every other mode of conveyance by land and by water, we deem them and their visionary schemes unworthy of notice. Every particular project must stand or fall by its own merits; and we are greatly mistaken if many of those which are already announced, will not, when weighed in the balance, 'be found wanting.' The gross exaggerations of the powers of the locomotive steam-engine, or, to speak in plain English, the *steam-carriage*, may delude for a time, but must end in the mortification of those concerned. What, for instance, can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous, than the following paragraph in one of the published proposals of what we should call a hopeless project?

'According to the estimate of experienced engineers, the expense of a rail-way *ought* to be £5,000 a mile; but let it be supposed that it *may* require £10,000 per mile' (a pretty sort of estimate for an *experienced* engineer!) 'to lay down a rail-way between London and Woolwich, and that the first portion of capital advanced will be £100,000. The number of short coaches running upon this line is 150 per diem. Admitting on the average that these coaches are only half filled, their receipts for passengers alone will be 26,000 a year. As locomotive machines, moving with *twice the velocity*, and with *greater safety*, must in a very great degree supersede the coaches, the company will probably obtain from passengers alone, independently of the baggage, an income of £20,000, or £20 per cent. upon the capital of £100,000 requisite to carry the rail-way to Woolwich.'

We are not surprized that Mr. Peter Moore and some of his co-directors, who probably never saw a steam-engine or a rail-way, should put their names to such pure nonsense as this; but

we hardly expected that Mr. Telford, the engineer, should have lent it the sanction of his, as it must be presumed he has done; it calls however to our recollection the logic by which he *proved*, in his report against the erection of a new London bridge, that the tide in the Thames flowed at the rate of twenty miles an hour,* being a mile or two faster than the intended Woolwich steam-coaches. In a similar strain we find a countryman of Mr. Telford writing thus: 'We shall be carried at the rate of four hundred miles a day, with all the ease we now enjoy in a steam-boat, but without the annoyance of sea-sickness, or the danger of being burned or drowned.' It is certainly some consolation to those who are to be whirled at the rate of eighteen or twenty miles an hour, by means of a high pressure engine, to be told that they are in no danger of being sea-sick while on shore; that they are not to be scalded to death nor drowned by the bursting of the boiler; and that they need not mind being shot by the scattered fragments, or dashed in pieces by the flying off, or the breaking of a wheel. But with all these assurances, we should as soon expect the people of Woolwich to suffer themselves to be fired off upon one of Congreve's *ricochet* rockets, as trust themselves to the mercy of such a machine, going at such a rate; their property, perhaps, they may trust; but while one of the finest navigable rivers in the world runs parallel to the proposed rail-road, we consider the other 20 per cent. which the subscribers are to receive for the conveyance of heavy goods, almost as problematical as that to be derived from the passengers; we will back old father Thames against the Woolwich rail-way for any sum.

Returning, however, to that important question, which will speedily be brought to issue between canals and rail-roads, and perceiving how much the public mind is abroad upon the subject, we think it may not be useless or uninteresting to take a general view of the comparative merits of the two. No accurate estimate can be made of their comparative expense, because both must depend on circumstances constantly varying, and which can seldom be common to either: but it may be stated in general terms, with regard to canals, that the deep cuttings and high embankments to preserve the levels, or, in default thereof, the substitution of numerous bridges and locks; the high price paid for the best land through which they are generally carried; the reservoirs necessary for collecting and preserving water; the repairs required for their locks

* * It is high water,' says Mr. Telford, 'at the Nore at one o'clock; it is high water at London Bridge at three o'clock; the distance from the Nore to London Bridge is sixty miles; ergo, the tide runs at the rate of twenty miles an hour.'

and banks, the latter of which are constantly subject to injury from floods or frosts; the cost and feed of horses; the building and repairs of boats;—these and other incidental charges occasion a much larger expenditure in a canal than a rail-road, mile for mile, supposing them to run to and from the same places; to say nothing of the excess of length which, in the canal, will be generally about one-third greater than the rail-road. As to the original cost, we have before us a list of the estimates for no less than *seventy-five* canals, including those of the greatest and those of the least expense, and the general average is £7,946 per mile; and as the estimated expense is generally very much exceeded, we may fairly set down the real cost as £9,000 per mile. We have also a list of rail-roads, (some tram-rails, others edge-rails, some of cast and others of wrought iron,) containing upwards of 500 miles, and the general average (allowing them a double set of tracks) is as near as possible £4,000; but, from the imperfections of these old roads, we may extend the average to £5,000 per mile. The estimate for the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road we have understood to be taken at £12,000 per mile, but that road is meant to be executed on a magnificent scale; to be sixty-six feet wide; the rails to be laid down in the best possible manner: and the purchase of land at the two extremities must be paid for at an enormous price; this estimate also includes the cost of engines, waggons, and warehouses. The Union canal, however, is stated to have cost just as much; the Forth and Clyde twice as much, the Regent's canal we are afraid to say how many times as much, and the Caledonian more than four times as much. We observe also that Mr. Jessop, after a minute survey of the proposed Peak Forest railway, patronized by the Duke of Devonshire, states its estimated cost at £149,206; and that a canal, to form the same connection as is proposed by the railway, was estimated in October, 1810, by the late Mr. Rennie, at £650,000, being more than four times the cost of the former.

The disadvantages of a canal are numerous. The frost at one season of the year entirely puts a stop to all conveyance of goods; and the drought at another renders it necessary to proceed with half cargoes. A rail-road is exempt from both these serious drawbacks; and even if snow-blocked, nothing can be so easy as to send forward a scraper at the front of the steam-carriage to clear it as it proceeds.

The speed, by which goods can be conveyed on a rail-road, can be so regulated as to be certain and constant, while boats are frequently delayed for hours at the lockages of a canal. This speed besides is limited on canals, as we shall presently shew, but unlimited, as far as the power of steam can be made to exceed the

power of friction, on rail-roads. To what extent, with safety and convenience, this advantage is capable of being carried, nothing but experience can determine. Rail-roads may be made to branch out *in every direction* to accommodate the traffic of the country, whatever be the nature of the surface;* the possibility of carrying branches from a canal *in any direction* must depend entirely on the surface, and a supply of water.

In every case, with regard to speed and the weight to be moved, the rail-road has the advantage, except when that speed is less than 2.82 miles an hour, when it is in favour of the canal,—but even this small advantage is lost by the circuitous windings of the one, and the direct line of the other. As this rate of going is about the greatest speed of an ordinary horse, whether drawing on a canal or a rail-way, and as the resistance of the water at that speed is less than the friction to be overcome on a rail-way, we may understand why canals have hitherto been preferred to rail-roads so long as horse power only has been used. But on these two points of velocity and the weight to be moved, it may be necessary to enter into a few details, in order to shew the vast superiority which rail-roads have over canals.

With regard to the weight which a horse will draw on a rail-road, there are scarcely two accounts that agree, though the principle is reduced to a mathematical calculation; the difference arising from the care, or otherwise, with which the roads are constructed, the form of the rail, the size and structure of the engine and waggon wheels, and the power of the animal. It has been stated that a horse on a rail-road, with a descent of sixty feet in a mile, will draw twenty tons at the rate of three miles an hour; and that the same horse will draw the same weight with equal speed on a canal. Mr. Telford has said that a horse will draw from twelve to fifteen tons on a rail-way with a slope of fifty-five feet in the mile, and return with four tons. On Sir John Hope's rail-way, which is about two miles, there is a descent of 1 in 80 for about 500 yards, and an ascent of 1 in 400 for 500 yards, the rest level, and a horse will drag twelve tons from end to end at the rate of two and a half miles in an hour. Mr. Cumming says, that on some of the tram-roads in South Wales, where the inclined plane is about half an inch in the yard, one horse usually takes down from thirty to forty tons over and above the weight of the waggons. Mr. Wilkes, of Measham, has stated, that one horse, value £20, on a rail-way declining one in 115, drew thirty-five tons, which on a level rail-way would have been reduced to about six and a quarter tons. But the most extra-

* A stationary engine will pass the waggons up and down any hill that may occur in the line.

ordinary feat is that stated by Mr. Banks, and to which many persons were witnesses, of a horse which drew sixteen waggons, weighing fifty-five tons, for more than six miles along a level or very slightly inclined part of the Surrey rail-way. On the whole it appears that, on a well-constructed level rail-road, an ordinary horse will draw with considerable ease a load of seven or eight tons at the rate of two and a half miles an hour, or ten or twelve tons at that of two miles an hour. This may be considered as the greatest draft on a rail-way, while the same horse will draw on a canal, at the same speed, about three times the weight. But this advantage is counterbalanced by the greater original cost of the canal than that of the rail-road, and by its greater length.

Here indeed the advantage of the canal, whatever it may amount to, ceases, whether the moving power be animal or mechanical; between the two there can be no competition.

'If a horse standing still,' says Mr. Sylvester, 'can by his strength keep a weight of 169 pounds from falling, when suspended over a pulley; he will exert 121 pounds, when he goes two miles an hour; 100 pounds, when he goes three miles an hour; eighty-one pounds, with four miles an hour; sixty-four pounds, with five miles an hour; forty-nine pounds, with six miles; thirty-six pounds, with seven miles; twenty-five pounds, with eight miles; sixteen pounds, with nine miles; nine pounds, with ten miles; four pounds, with eleven miles; one pound, with twelve miles; and at the speed of thirteen miles he is not able to exert any power.'

But this diminution of strength in proportion to the speed of the animal is not the only disadvantage; the resistance of any body floating in the water increases as the square of the velocity; thus whatever power is required to move a floating body with any given velocity, it will require four times that power to give it twice that velocity, and nine times that power to give it three times that velocity. Nor is this all. The horse when put to the speed of four miles an hour can exert only a force of 81 pounds, a loss equal to that of 2 horses at that speed. It would therefore require no less than 6 horses to draw along a canal, at the rate of 4 miles an hour, the same load that one horse would draw at the rate of 2 miles an hour.

The application of steam to canal navigation, if practicable, would, to a certain degree, supply the irremediable defect of that of horses; that is to say, an engine of 16 horse power would drag the same load at the rate of 8 miles an hour, that one horse would do at the rate of 2 miles an hour; but the result would be destructive to the canal. The rapid motion of the wheels would cause such an agitation of the water, as to wash down its banks. Several attempts have been made to move the barges in canals

without disturbing the water; and Mr. Perkins has succeeded in this to a certain extent, by a sort of perpetual sculler at the stern, in the shape of the four arms of a windmill's sails, moving in pairs, in a contrary direction; but as increased speed must cause an accumulation of the water, which, on falling from the vessel against the banks of a narrow canal, would create the mischief complained of, it would seem that all improvement, as to speed on canals, is nearly, if not altogether, hopeless. Mr. Sylvester has given the following view, in the shape of a table, of the relative advantages of common turnpike-roads, rail-roads, and canals.

Velocity. Miles per hour.	Weights to be moved.		
	On a Turnpike Road.	On a Rail-road.	On a Canal.
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
2	3024	22,400	44,800
3	—	same	19,911
4	—	—	11,200
5	—	—	7,168
6	—	—	4,978
7	—	—	3,657
8	—	—	2,800
9	—	—	2,212
10	—	—	1,792

From this table it appears that, at the speed of two miles an hour, if the same moving force be applied to a turnpike-road, a canal, and a rail-road, the canal has the advantage of the turnpike as 15 to 1; and of the rail-road as 2 to 1; that at the speed of 2.82 miles, the rail-road and canal will be found to be equal; but at the rate of three miles an hour, the rail-way has obtained the advantage over the canal as 22,400 to 19,911; and that at 9 miles an hour the canal would only take 2,212, or just one-eighth part of the weight conveyed on a rail-way with the same power.

These statements are deductions from experiment. The transit of goods between Liverpool and Manchester had long been crippled by insufficient means, and heavy charges. A rail-road committee was formed, but with that caution and circumspection which affairs of importance demand, they endeavoured in the first instance to try if they could prevail on Mr. Bradshaw, the canal agent to the late Duke of Bridgewater, to come into their views, by increasing the means and reducing the charges, but they only received an unqualified refusal; they mentioned the expediency of a rail-way, and even invited him to become a large proprietor of shares: his laconic reply was, 'all or none.' Mr.

Bradshaw,

Bradshaw, it seems, like the proprietors of the Stroud canal, was confident in his imagined security. 'They scouted' (says a writer against rail-roads) 'the very notion of the smallest reduction; they wallowed in their dividends with a confidence, that must always be impolitic and presumptuous, when not perfectly secure; they engendered the elements of that opposition whose powers they at first ridiculed, but now respect; and they frittered away their concessions in a manner that excited the mirth of their opponents, and the pity of their friends.'

The Liverpool committee had found, on a survey, that the intermediate country was most favourable for a rail-road; that with a very moderate cutting the inclination along the whole line would not be more than 1 in 800, which may in fact be considered as a level. They knew, and so did Mr. Bradshaw, that no third canal could be made, all the water being absorbed by the two existing ones. A deputation next proceeded to Killingworth colliery to inspect the rail-ways and steam-carriages, which had long been in use there; and though the engines, the waggons, and the roads were all capable of very great improvement, they had the satisfaction to witness one of them travelling, with 45 tons of coal, at the rate of four miles an hour; and they were informed by the engineer that, by way of experiment, the engine had dragged nine waggons (weight about twenty-four tons) one mile in $5\frac{1}{2}$ minutes, being at the rate of eleven miles an hour. A similar experiment was made at the Hetton colliery.

Being now fully satisfied as to the advantageous application of the power of steam to rail-roads, the committee put forth their *prospectus*, proposing to raise 400,000*l.* in 4000 shares of 100*l.* each; no one person to hold more than 10 shares; and so strongly convinced was the whole body of merchants, manufacturers, and tradesmen of the propriety and necessity of the undertaking, that, if the amount had been ten times as great, it would have been subscribed for immediately.

Anxious, however, to remove all doubt as to the expediency of employing steam-carriages, a deputation proceeded a second time, accompanied by Mr. Sylvester, an ingenious mechanic and engineer, to witness some further experiments. Mr. Sylvester learned from Mr. Stephenson, the engineer, and Mr. Wood, of the Killingworth colliery, that it had been proved by experiment, that an empty coal waggon, weighing 23.25 cwt. required a force equal to 14lbs. to keep it in motion; and that this force was not altered, on varying the velocity. When loaded, the weight became 76.25 cwt. or 8,540 lbs. which, supposing the friction to increase as the weight, would give 45.9 (not 53lbs. as stated) —but it was found to be 49lbs.—Mr. Sylvester assumes it at

50. The steam-carriage was 17,920lbs. or about 8 tons, and it dragged after it 16 waggons, which, with the steam-carriage, weighed 154,560lbs. or nearly 70 tons. The average number of strokes per minute of the engine was 45, which, multiplied into the circumference of the wheel, 9 feet, gives 405 feet per minute, or a little more than $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. The plane inclined, in the direction of the load, about $\frac{1}{4}$ of inch to a yard, or 1 in 324. Taking the velocity at 5 miles an hour, or $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet per second, down the above plane, and the engine making 45 strokes per minute, there will be required a pressure of 9.7lbs. upon an inch on each of two cylinders, whose area is 63.6 square inches. This velocity of 5 miles an hour being acquired the first minute, the whole may be kept in motion at the same speed by a force equal to the difference between the gravity of the weight down the plane and the friction. The friction at the rate above stated may be taken at 900lbs. and the gravitating force at 540lbs.; the difference is 360lbs.

'If the same weight at that speed,' says Mr. Sylvester, 'had to move on a dead level, and acquired the same velocity in one minute as before, the moving force would require to be 1,781lbs. which would require a pressure of 13.7lbs. upon a square inch. But after the speed is obtained, it would require only 7lbs. to keep it moving at the same rate. If the same load were required to move up the plane, it would require a moving force of 2,328lbs. on a pressure of 18.3lbs. upon every square inch; and this velocity would be kept up by a constant pressure of 1,447lbs, which will be 11.3lbs. upon every inch of the piston.'

By these data, the speed would be limited to $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 miles an hour; and Mr. Sylvester thinks that the number of strokes of the wheel should not be more than five-and-forty or fifty in a minute. If, therefore, it were required to double the speed, say nine miles an hour, or 792 feet per minute, it would then be necessary to increase the circumference of the engine wheel from nine feet to $2\frac{3}{4}$ or, 15.8 feet, or about five feet in diameter. At this rate of speed Mr. Sylvester says,

'The weight I propose to be conveyed by one engine will be thirty-eight tons; the friction of this, on a level plane, will be 468lbs. Then, the moving force to give this weight a velocity of nine miles an hour will be 1,598lbs. in one minute; and if we agree to have the same area, namely, 63.6 for each cylinder, the pressure upon an inch will be

$$\frac{1598}{63.6} = 12.5\text{lbs.}$$

And he adds,

'Although it would be practicable to go at any speed, limited by the means of creating steam, the size of the wheels, and number of strokes in the engine, it would not be safe to go at a greater rate than nine or ten miles an hour.—If by any chance the wheels of the engine should

get

get off the rails, which is sometimes the case; a greater speed than that above mentioned would be attended with proportionate danger.

No doubt it would; for if ponderous bodies, moving with a velocity of ten or twelve miles an hour, were to impinge on any sudden obstruction, or a wheel break, they would be shattered like glass bottles dashed on a pavement; then what would become of the Woolwich rail-road passengers, in such a case, whirling along at sixteen or eighteen miles an hour, as Mr. Telford says, 'with greater safety' than the ordinary coaches? We trust, however, that Parliament will, in all the rail-roads it may sanction, limit the speed to eight or nine miles an hour, which, we entirely agree with Mr. Sylvester, is as great as can be ventured upon with safety.

Mr. Sylvester, however, has shown that the high pressure engines, used under the above limitations, are not at all dangerous, and are nearly as economical as the best low pressure engines, which cannot well be used on rail-roads; and he observes that, where high pressure engines have been attended with danger, it has either arisen from the grossest neglect, or by making the boiler of an improper material, (cast iron for instance,) instead of wrought iron or copper, which would only open in a seam or rent, instead of bursting into fragments. Besides there would be no difficulty in attaching to each engine, as Mr. Perkins has done, a self-acting safety-valve, entirely out of the controul of the person managing the engine—a tube of copper, for instance, of a strength to bear but little more than the required pressure, and less than the boiler or cylinders, which by its bursting would let off the steam so gradually, as not to be felt or even observed but by the stopping of the engine. The French, we perceive, have recommended a metallic plug of such a composition as to melt at a given heat of the steam; but, as Mr. Sylvester observes, 'if the strength of the steam to be used does not exceed a pressure of twenty to twenty-two pounds on a square inch, it will in no other respect deserve the name of a high pressure engine than by its working without the aid of an air-pump and a supply of cold water.' We may observe that where wrought iron boilers have opened, it has generally been owing to the water in the boiler getting too low, and the steam, as Franklin said on another occasion, 'taking the water upon its back;' in which case the bottom of the boiler becomes red hot, and the expansion of the steam within irresistible. Mr. Sylvester suggests that, by discharging the waste steam into a recipient connected with the boiler, which would return it, when condensed, into the boiler, so much water will be saved.

Satisfactory as the calculations and statements of Mr. Sylvester were, several gentlemen of the committee were still desirous of being

being eye-witnesses to what the steam-carriages were able to perform, and for this purpose a deputation proceeded in January last to Killingworth, near Newcastle. The engines and the roads were the same which had been in use ten years; the power that of eight horses. A number of experiments were made, but we must confine ourselves to a brief statement from the report of Mr. Walker, the engineer, who we rather think was disposed to undervalue the steam-carriage as applied to rail-roads. The length measured, he says, was 1685 yards or .958 of a mile; the inclination, 1 in 840; the greatest rise in any part, 1 in 327; the average difference of time, in travelling *up* and *down*, was half a minute; so that the road, in fact, might be considered as horizontal. The weight of twelve waggons and their loads was 48 tons, 15 cwt. (the latter alone 33 tons, 13 cwt.); the weight of the engine and carriage, 9 tons; total, 54 tons, 15 cwt. The average time occupied by each of the four journeys, forward and back, was 16 min. 33 sec.; the average velocity therefore $6\frac{23}{100}$ miles per hour; the shortest time occupied by any of the four journeys was 15 min. 58 sec.; the greatest velocity therefore $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour. The greatest velocity observed in any part of the journeys was $9\frac{1}{2}$ miles per hour, being 66 strokes of the engine in a minute. When it is considered that neither the road nor the engines are to be compared with those that are now made, and that some parts of the rails were loose and irregular, these experiments may be regarded as quite decisive, as to the power and speed that may, with safety, be exerted on rail-roads.*

By applying the foregoing principles and facts to the only case we have yet seen stated in detail, that of the Liverpool and Manchester projected rail-road, we shall be enabled to form a more correct idea of the comparative merits of it and the existing canals; our guide must be the pamphlet of Mr. Sandars.

We need scarcely say how important an element *time* is in all commercial transactions; or that *safety*, *certainty*, and *economy* in the conveyance, whether of money, letters, or merchandize are not

* We add the following from a gentleman, who, being present at all the experiments, and free from all prejudice on the subject, states in plain language, that which he saw: 'The engine, with wheels of four feet diameter, was relieved of all the waggons except one empty one, in which about twenty gentlemen got, five of them engineers. I sat close to the furnace on the engine; the speed appeared to me faster than ever I rode in a carriage. Mr. Sylvester counted the strokes of the engine, which were, on the rise, 65, and, on returning, 80 strokes in a minute. Some waggons prevented us taking the time, but I have no doubt that we went from ten to twelve miles an hour. One experiment I thought sufficient for me at that speed: others tried it afterwards; but as I write only what I absolutely saw, I will not detail their account, but they state it at 11 miles an hour.'

— P. S. I ought to mention to you that the noise was not equal to a cart in the streets. Cattle were grazing close to us, and did not even lift up their heads as we went past at the greatest speed.

less so. Hitherto all heavy and bulky articles have been conveyed between Liverpool and Manchester by the Duke of Bridgewater's canal, and the 'Mersey and Irwell' navigation; and in both cases, by a difficult and tedious, frequently dangerous, navigation of sixteen or eighteen miles up or down the Mersey, a rapid tide-river, or rather estuary, on which, in strong and contrary winds, the canal flats are so subject to loss and damage that, according to Mr. Sandars, in the storms of November, 1821, and 5th December, 1822, upwards of 50 vessels were lost or stranded on this river, and very serious losses of life and property were sustained in the course of last winter. Mr. Sandars further states it to be notorious, that packages which have received damage are polished up in Liverpool previous to shipment, and pass inspection; but on being opened in a foreign market the secret is discovered, and the underwriters called upon to pay a loss against which they never insured. It is also stated that the present circuitous and dilatory passage affords but too many facilities for pilfering.* Now these things could not happen in a direct and uninterrupted journey of five hours on a rail-road.

The want of *certainty* is as strongly felt as the want of speed and safety; and such is the state of uncertainty, in which the merchant of Liverpool and the manufacturer of Manchester are kept, as to the receipt of goods by the present canal conveyance, that on ordinary occasions packages, which ought to arrive within two days, are frequently delayed a week or even a month, and in long frosts or droughts, for much longer periods. So uncertain indeed is the present conveyance that, in some instances, it is said, goods shipped at New York have arrived at Liverpool, before goods shipped at Manchester have reached that port. But setting aside these extraordinary and chance delays, it appears that 'the usual detention of goods on the wharfs, the passage of the locks which connect the Mersey with the canals, the state of the winds and tides, cause the average length of passage from Liverpool to Manchester to be about 36 hours; and if it be sometimes done in 14 hours, which is a rare case, it must be under the most favourable circumstances of wind and tide, upon which the merchant cannot calculate. The consequence is that, to secure a certainty as to delivery, the spinners and dealers are said to be frequently obliged to cart cotton on the public high road, a distance of 36 miles, at an enormous rate of

* This pilfering is not an imaginary evil; it is well known that, to this present day, the wools that are sent into the manufacturing districts of Gloucestershire are conveyed by the slow progress of waggons in consequence of the numerous frauds in the canal craft, which could not be detected from any deficiency of weight, the wool extracted being supplied by an equal weight of water; which is absorbed by the remainder,

carriage; and that packages of goods are sometimes sent from Manchester in this way, for immediate shipment at Liverpool, at the rate of two or even three pounds per ton, rather than trust to the uncertain conveyance by the canals.' A rail-road would take them in four or five hours, at a rate below the canal freightage, and subject to none of these delays and uncertainties.

As the two existing canals share between them a complete monopoly, it would be idle to expect *economy*. The proprietors well knew that no other canal could possibly be constructed for want of water, and they had therefore no competition to dread on that score; but they had also secured all the land, all the quays, wharfs, and warehouses; so that if a bye-carrier should contract to convey goods at 2s. per ton, from Liverpool to Runcorn, a rate at which many would be glad to do so, while the trustees of the Duke exact 5s.; the owner of the goods would find that he had not only to pay the 2s. but the 5s. also; or they would not be suffered to be landed. To levy a proportionate rate of freight between Liverpool and Manchester, the Duke's trustees and the quay-proprietors entered into a combination in 1810. In that year they exacted nearly one-third more than they now do, and nearly three times what they did in 1795. The freights are now about double to what they then were.

It is computed that the quantity of merchandize, passing daily between the towns of Liverpool and Manchester, amounts to about 1000 tons, which, reckoning 15s. per ton, the freight charged on light goods, for 300 working days, is £225,000 a year, or, at 12s. 6d. for heavy goods, £187,000 a year; or, by taking the average, about £200,000. Of this his Grace the Duke of Bridgewater's successors are said to have long been in the receipt of from £80,000 to £100,000 a year, and the proprietors of the Old Quay have been paid every other year, for nearly half a century, the total amount of their original investment.

Against these enormous demands of the two canal proprietors, the one established by act of parliament in 1720, the other in 1760, the great commercial and manufacturing interests of Liverpool and Manchester have hitherto had no protection. And such are the paralyzing effects of an undisturbed and successful monopoly that, while assailed in vain from the most respectable quarters on the inconvenience of delay, uncertainty as to time, and exorbitancy of charges—while steam-vessels were navigating the Mersey under their eyes,—it seems never to have occurred to them that, by relieving the public of a part, at least, of the grievances felt and complained against, they were using the most likely means of perpetuating their own and their employers profits. It seems that they have at length seen the folly of such conduct, and now
talk

talk of steam-vessels both for the Mersey and the canals (the latter we have shown to be nearly, if not wholly, impracticable); and they have also made some show of lowering their rates; concessions, which made in time and with a good grace might have disarmed their opponents, but which now will only encourage them in their project, as an indication of weakness and alarm.

Strong as these grounds are for establishing a new line of conveyance between the first commercial and manufacturing towns in the empire, a stronger one yet remains to be mentioned—the *absolute necessity* of the measure—the present means of conveying goods being, in addition to all other disadvantages, wholly inadequate to the demands of the merchants and manufacturers. Mr. Sandars asserts, that the greatest difficulty has been experienced in obtaining vessels to convey goods to Manchester, particularly corn and timber; that the latter has frequently been detained a month in Liverpool for want of conveyance, while the owners of it have been fined by the corporation, for suffering it to remain beyond a certain time on the quays. We observe that a large body of the most respectable merchants and brokers of Liverpool certify and declare, that the delay they experience is highly prejudicial to the trading and manufacturing interest at large. 'We consider,' say they, 'the present establishments for the transport of goods quite inadequate; and that a new line of conveyance has become absolutely necessary to conduct the increasing trade of the country, with speed, certainty and economy.' This plea alone of *necessity*, in so important a case, is, in our minds, irresistible; and that our readers may form a better idea of what this 'increasing trade' has been, and how rapidly it is going on, we shall extract from authentic documents before us, a few particulars of the progressive rise of the towns of Manchester and Liverpool.

The towns of Manchester and Salford, being separated only by a small river, are always considered as one.

In 1757, the number of houses was estimated at 3,316, and the population at 19,837.

In 1773, houses 4,268, population 27,246.

The census of 1821 gave, houses 21,156, population 133,788.

In 1824 (by estimate) houses 25,913, population 163,888, being an increase of houses 4,757, population 30,100, in three years.

In 1815, the quantity of cotton manufactured in Manchester, was 110,000,000 lbs., making 99,687,500 lbs. yarn, at 1s. 6d., £7,487,562.

In 1823, 160,000,000 lbs. were manufactured into 145,000,000 lbs. at 1s. 6d., £10,875,000.

he first steam-engine used in Manchester was in the year 1790.

In

In the year 1824, there were upwards of 200 engines. At this moment there are upwards of 30,000 looms worked by steam-engines. At the close of the year 1814, there was not *one* in use.

The rise of Liverpool is, perhaps, still more extraordinary. In the year 1347, when the whole naval power of England was assembled before Calais, London supplied 25 ships, Bristol 24, Hull 16, Great Yarmouth 421, and the river Mersey *one*!

In 1618, Liverpool had

	Vessels.	Tons.	Men.
1618	24 . . .	462 . . .	76 . . .

In 1822 . . . 8,916 . . . 1,010,819 . . . Average 113 tons.

1823 . . . 9,507 . . . 1,120,114 117

and in 1824, 10,001—1,180,914 tons, being an increase in the last year of 494 vessels, and 60,200 tons.

Since the year 1814, the tonnage of vessels in Liverpool has increased in the ratio of 25 to 12.

In 1636, on account of King Charles's ship-money, Bristol was rated at £1,000, and Liverpool £25!

In 1710, the old dock, being the first, was completed.

In 1770, John Colquitt, Esq. then collector, said, 'How happy shall I be, when the customs of Liverpool amount to £100,000 per annum!' they were at that time between £80,000 and £90,000.

In 1822, they were £1,591,123

1823 1,808,402

Increase in one year £217,279

In 1784, an American vessel brought eight bags of cotton into Liverpool, which were seized, on a supposition that they were not the growth of America. In 1823, there were imported into Liverpool from the *United States of America*, 409,670 bags of cotton, and from all the world 668,400 bags, being an increase above the importation of 1822; of 135,250 bags.

Then with regard to the population,

In 1720, the number of houses was 2,367, population 11,833.

In 1760, the houses were 5,156, and population 25,787.

In 1801 . . . houses 11,784 . . . population 77,708

1811 16,162 94,376

1821 20,339 118,972

1824 22,756 135,000

and the townships within three miles, 29,000, making a total of 164,000 souls.

We need hardly observe that nine-tenths of the cotton above-mentioned, goes to Manchester and the neighbouring districts, a large

a large proportion of which is returned in the shape of manufactures to be exported from Liverpool.

From this short sketch of the progressive but rapid rise of the two places, we think that if, in the year 1760, the Duke of Bridgewater conceived there was room for a second canal, which was of course vehemently opposed by the old 'Irwell and Mersey' company, who had obtained their act in 1720—and if, in 1795, the Duke was satisfied with *one-third* part of the charge which he made in 1810, and with less than one-half of what is now levied, (when in the first period the dock duties amounted only to about £13,500, which are now £115,783,) our readers will agree with us, that the adoption of some new line of conveyance between Liverpool and Manchester is indispensably necessary, not merely to save the public from the imposition of most unreasonable demands, but on the strong ground of *absolute necessity* to answer the increased and increasing demands of the trade and manufacture of the two places.

As to the nature of this new line of conveyance, there is, as we have said before, no choice left. Were the advantages we have stated of a rail-road over a canal less manifest and decided than they are, the new line could only be a rail-road; a third canal is impossible, as the two existing establishments have possession of all the water. In the present case, however, the rail-road, independently of this consideration, is preferable in a very eminent degree.

The distance between Liverpool and Manchester, by the Mersey and Irwell canals, exceeds 50 miles; which cannot be performed in one day, and, as we have seen, requires sometimes many days. By a rail-road the distance is reduced to 33 miles, which would always be performed, whether by horses or engines, within the day; by the latter, the same engine would go and return with ease the same day, and be subject neither to delay nor risk of damage, nor total loss by adverse winds and storms which, on the passage of 18 miles in the tide-way of the Mersey, frequently occur; nor would frost or drought interrupt the conveyance. Instead of 15s. per ton, the conveyance on the rail-road will only cost 10s., and probably less. By the establishment of a rail-way, the inhabitants of Liverpool, and those parts adjacent to the line of the road, will be enabled to buy their coals several shillings per ton below the price which they now pay. By opening the collieries to the sea, Liverpool will become one of the greatest shipping ports for coal in the kingdom. A rail-road will facilitate the conveyance of this indispensable article, together with the agricultural produce, the iron, lime-stone, &c. throughout the whole manufacturing districts of Lancashire, a concentrated *beehive* containing a

condensed population of at least 500,000 souls, of which Manchester may be considered as the centre. Nor are the advantages of a rail-way merely of a local nature. By means of it and steam-boats, the passage from Manchester to Dublin will be reduced to eighteen or twenty hours; the transit of goods between the two places is considerable, and rapidly increasing; and by this rail-road, the rate, at which the corn, the flax, the linen, and the butter of Ireland can be distributed in Lancashire and Yorkshire, will be considerably reduced. Among the plans for bettering the condition of Ireland, the Liverpool rail-road must be considered to take a prominent station, and the people of Ireland feel that it will do so. They feel that, whatever shortens the *time* of conveyance practically diminishes the *distance*, and whatever is saved in the cost of carriage is a gain to Ireland.

On these and other considerations, stated in Mr. Sandars's pamphlet, the principal merchants of Liverpool, and the principal manufacturers of Manchester, have determined to apply to parliament for an act to enable them to proceed on the projected rail-road. That they will meet with opposition from the two parties most interested in preserving their monopoly, it is but natural to expect; but it is probable also the opposition will by no means be confined to them; all persons interested in canals may probably unite their forces and make a stand against this particular road, as being the first introduced into the house of Commons, and that on which the strongest case will be made out; concluding that, if they succeed in quashing this, they will be secure against all the others. We cannot of course anticipate the ground which may be taken in opposition. It may be rested upon broad and manly grounds—but it may also rely upon the assumed ignorance, the private prejudices, interests, and relations of those who are to decide the question. Avoiding, as far as may be, the particular merits of this case, the object may be to declaim against the general principle, to raise a clamour about 'vested rights,' the invasion of private property, the crossing of turnpike roads, rivers, brooks and canals; passing through parks, avenues, woods and grounds, occupied by noblemen and gentlemen, within a few hundred yards of their residences, annoying them with clouds of smoke from high-pressure engines, frightening the cattle from their pastures and the plough, and other nonsense of a similar kind. If this be the course adopted, the people of Liverpool and Manchester will, we trust, rely on the integrity of the tribunal before which they appear, merely act on the defensive, and confine themselves to the merits of their own case, the necessity of the measure, and the undeniable and incontrovertible evidence to *prove* the truth of what they allege, and the reasonableness of what they pray

pray for. For our own parts we cannot imagine that the same legislature, which has distinguished itself so remarkably in removing all restrictions on the trade and commerce of the kingdom, will consent, by rejecting a measure of this kind, if the proof meets the statement which is made of it by its advocates, to cripple and cramp that trade in one of its most important points—the safe, cheap and speedy transit of goods.

It has been said that an opposition to rail-roads will be made on the part of the landed proprietors, but the absurdity of this is so glaring, that it must defeat itself. Country gentlemen may not at first see their own interest, but their tenants will find it out for them; they will discover immediately the advantage, which a rail-road will confer along the whole line of country through which it passes, by the increased facility of sending their produce to market, and of receiving the objects of their wants in return. The two great landed proprietors along the projected line of the Liverpool and Manchester rail-road, are the Lords Derby and Sefton, and with regard to them it appears by the plan, that the road does not reach within a mile and a half of the residence of the Earl of Sefton, and that it traverses the Earl of Derby's property over the barren moss of Knowsley, passing about two miles distant from the Hall. 'I would defer to my Lord Derby, my Lord Sefton, or to Lord Stanley,' says Mr. Sandars, 'on all points affecting their substantial comforts and convenience; and I am convinced that they possess feelings of a character too liberal and patriotic, to urge speculative, frivolous or fanciful objections.' With regard to Lord Sefton, the coal waggons and other traffic now pass on the public road, within a hundred yards of his door; he, therefore, would be a gainer by the rail-road; and so far from its trespassing on the quiet and peaceful enjoyment of Knowsley, the line is meant to pass over a barren heath, far in its rear, and will be separated from the park by a public road; as little likely, therefore, is Lord Derby to be annoyed by the smoke, as the Duke of Wellington is by the smoking chimnies of Kilburn. Thus while the road will disturb neither of these noble Lords, both of them must be aware how immensely their estates will be improved by it.

We have purposely abstained from that part of the question which regards the conveyance of *passengers*. There is no doubt that a diminished weight may be conveyed with increased speed and with equal safety, as far as the strength and stability of the engine are concerned; but we think it would be expedient to wave all thoughts of this part of the subject for the present, until the roads and the engines have acquired that degree of perfection of which they are capable, and such as will remove all apprehen-

sion of danger; without waiting, however, till they are brought to that enviable state, which is contemplated by a very sensible, but somewhat whimsical, advocate for rail-roads, with an extract from whose work,* we will close our observations for the present.

‘It is reasonable to conclude, that the nervous man will, ere long, take his place in a carriage drawn or impelled by a locomotive engine, with more unconcern and with far better assurance of safety, than he now disposes of himself in one drawn by four horses of unequal powers and speed, endowed with passions, that acknowledge no control but superior force, and each separately, momentarily liable to all the calamities that flesh is heir to. Surely an inanimate power, that can be started, stopped, and guided at pleasure by the finger or foot of man, must promise greater personal security to the traveller, than a power derivable from animal life, whose infirmities and passions require the constant exercise of other passions, united with muscular exertion to remedy and control them. To combat the inconvenience his senses are anticipating, I must ask him to indulge his imagination with an excursion some twenty or thirty years forward in the regions of time; when the dark, unsightly, shapeless, machine that now offends him, even in idea, shall be metamorphosed into one of exquisite symmetry and beauty, glittering with all the pomp and circumstance, the pride of wealth knows so well how to bestow, and as superbly emblazoned with heraldic honours as any that are now launched from the floors of Long-acre: a machine that may regale his nostril with exhalations, not from pit-coal and train oil, but from some more genial produce of the earth, whose essence may be extracted at an insignificant cost by the same principle that creates the power which moves him, and its fragrance left on the breeze for the sensitive traveller’s gratification: a machine, which, in place of the dull monotonous ache-engendering rumble of modern coaches, may delight his ear with the concord of sweet sounds, the lever-wheel of the engine proving the main spring of harmony: and last, though not least, a machine that may minister to his palate in a style somewhat superior to the comforts enjoyed by a mail-coach dinner party, in eighteen hundred and twenty-five. But a truce to fanciful imaginings: I am aware they are least of all calculated to serve the principle I advocate; they may stand however to exemplify the poet’s sentiment, that let a man learn what he will, still must he die with half his lesson unlearned; and this caviller may rest assured, that neither his olfactory, his auricular, his ocular, nor any other nerves he possesses, are likely to suffer from the change.’

ART. VI.—*Lisbon in the Years 1821, 1822, and 1823.* By Marianne Baillie. 2 vols. 12mo. London.

THIS is a very agreeable book, and a very faithful one, for we are well acquainted with the places which it describes, and can vouch for its fidelity. But it needs no voucher, the feelings

* The Fingerpost.

of an Englishwoman are so naturally and lively pourtrayed that it authenticates itself. We have her sense of the inconveniences at Lisbon, her disgust at its filth, her dislike of the climate, her surprize at the habits of the people, her growing attachment to them as she becomes acquainted with their real character, and finally the regret with which she departs from a country that she has always been wishing to leave.

It is not a mere paradox to say that Portugal is a land of which you can neither speak too ill nor too well: it is true of the kingdom in general, and more especially true of the capital. Look at the dirt of Lisbon—its Egyptian plague of insects, those that creep, and those that skip, and those that fly; its destitution not only of what to an Englishman are the common every-day conveniences of life, but even of its decencies; and it should seem impossible to reside in such a city without sacrificing all the comforts to which we have been accustomed at home. Consider the state of society, and of education—the total want of police—the flagrant disregard of justice, where the foulest murders pass unpunished, and often unnoticed, and where every thing is decided by favour, or interest—the degradation physical and moral of the higher ranks, the inveterate superstition of the people; read Costigan's Sketches, and remember the Inquisition, and if you are in an uncomfortable humour, or of a severe disposition, you may be tempted to think that Lisbon deserves another earthquake. The first impressions of an English traveller are of this complexion—for all this is outward and visible—whatever there is offensive in the place stares him in the face; whatever is reprehensible in the government and in the nation forces itself immediately upon his attention. But let him tarry awhile, let him search out the interesting objects, and the magnificent points of view, which the city itself affords; and the delicious scenes, which are within reach of an easy ride; let him reside there long enough to grow familiar with the people, and to discover what the national qualities are, which even long misrule and the grossest superstition have not destroyed; let him observe the integrity of the commercial classes, and the attachment of the lower orders to their employers, (a virtue which among us is so nearly extinct!) let him learn the real state of literature in a country which he at first supposed to have none, and find out how many of the Portuguese have in every generation pursued literature, not as a profession, not as a trade, not even from the excitements of ambition or vanity, but with the best and purest motives, for its own sake, without any hope or possibility of other reward than what is found in the pursuit itself—let him adapt his habits to the climate, and seek in the enjoyments, which are to be found there, an equivalent for those which are not—let an Eng-

lishman do this, and he will hardly be conscious how much he is attached to Portugal, till he has left it—he will never remember the nation without respect, nor the country without affection—perhaps never without regret.

The first sight and first smell of Lisbon have damped in many a traveller the delight which is felt in setting foot ashore after a voyage.

'The impression made upon our minds after landing,' says Mrs. Baillie, 'was by no means favourable; we toiled up a steep ascent from the shore, passing through a parched neglected-looking garden, beneath a rude trellis of vines, from whence we emerged into one of the narrow streets in the immediate vicinity of our hotel. The view of this street was startling from its filth, and disgusting from the bad smells which we found it impossible to escape, as they continued to overpower us without intermission, during its entire length.'—v. i. p. 2.

In vain did the fair traveller hope to escape from that omnipresent mal-odour. There it had been from time immemorial, except only when the great earthquake buried part of it and the fire consumed the rest; and during Junot's tyranny. He made the Lisboners keep the city clean; but after we had rid Portugal of his army of robbers, the people resumed the right and privilege of having, in one of the finest capitals in Christendom, the filthiest streets in the world, whole Lisbon being one grand *pot pourri*. Except in those intervals the mal-odour has been undisturbed for centuries, perhaps from the foundation of the city, whether by Ulysses, or by Elisa son of Javan. There we left it some thirty years ago, under the old despotism; there Mrs. Baillie found it under the Constitutional government, and there she left it under the restored authority of the throne. It is (to use a school term) an inseparable accident of Lisbon, as inseparable as the river itself, which, passing by the city in its whole length, would so effectually rid it of this disgrace, if the government would but bestow the slightest attention upon what ought to be one of its principal duties.

Dr. Beaumont describes such a smell in his poem—the most singular and fantastic poem (with one exception) in the English language. His Psyche is thrown into a dungeon, where as she sunk into the mire, he says,

—she waked the Stink :

A stink which might disdain what Araby

And all its odours could against it do :

An aged stink, which in that sordid sty

Had mellowing lain ; for it was long ago

Since any foot disquieted the heap

Of poisonous loathsomness which there did sleep.

The

The common and coarse word which the poet uses may suffice for what he describes. Without inquiring whether his term be *presentable* or not, we, though in humble prose, have denominated that, which prevails at Lisbon, the mal-odour, as we speak of *mal-aria* in Italy, and because for its antiquity and the scale upon which it is exhibited, it deserves to be distinguished above all other ill scents. Edinburgh has been (to use a gentle term) unsweet in former times, and there are still parts of it where one might 'sigh for the gales of Arabia,' or, in default of them, apply to a Scotch mull for relief. It is not agreeable to snuff the breath of morn in some of the continental cities—in Paris, for example—the French have a national expression about the nose, which perhaps may be produced as much by this habitual impact upon the olfactory nerves, as by the frequency of nasal sounds in their speech. Geneva is an unsavoury city; whether it is in the odour of Calvinism or of Socinianism, a Roman nose, if properly trained, might possibly decide, for that there is an odour of heresy as well as of sanctity, was proved by a certain memorable relic of Martin Luther. A traveller on the continent may meet with stinks and arch-stinks; but the most potent of them can be only a type of the mal-odour at Lisbon. Hear how this lady complains of it:—

'I endeavour to look on the bright side of every object, both from duty and policy; there are some things, nevertheless, to which there is but one side, and that a very black one indeed. Imagine what it is to sit as I do, night after night, in the hotel, smelling eau de Cologne, or burning dried lavender, to avoid being suffocated by the poisonous odours which, rising from the street beneath, reach to the height of our windows, and penetrate even through the panes of glass. It has such an overpowering effect upon my nerves, that I have sometimes found it impossible to refrain from absolute tears of disgust. When we walk out, also, either to attend the English chapel, or to take a boat at the water side, we are obliged to pass through such revolting paths, that my promenade becomes a sensible penance, an absolute state of physical suffering.'

The turbaned Spanish traveller Ali Bey passed once on the Red Sea, and once in Egypt, through parallel currents of wind; at sea one vessel in his flotilla was sailing before the wind, another in a perfect calm, and this alternately throughout the whole line: on shore the parallel strata of wind were alternately hot and cold. In walking the streets of Lisbon, you pass in like manner through little streams of atmosphere impregnated each with some peculiar scent. The inhabitants scent their apartments by fumigating them with lavender and sugar, in a chafing dish; this luxury is in common use, and you can hardly pass through a street without crossing a current of this agreeable fragrance. Presently you are regaled

by the scent of hot chesnuts, which a woman is roasting upon a little earthen stove in the street, and sprinkling them with salt. A little beyond sits another frying sardinhas. Let not the Carthusian on a day, when fish is forbidden to his austere order, venture within the circle of that frying-pan's effluvia, unless he feel valiant enough to invite an assault from the Tempter. Proceed, and from some of those walled gardens, which are not unfrequent in parts of the city and on the ascent connecting it with Buenos Ayres, you will meet the rich perfume of orange or lemon trees in flower. And if none of these succours come to your relief, and you wish to refresh yourself after having breathed the mal-odour too long, it is but to enter the nearest church, and there you will have that Sabeian incense, which, being every day renewed, is perpetually present, and makes it always refreshing to enter a Roman Catholic place of worship. And when you escape into the pure atmosphere, where there is neither mal-odour to offend, nor fragrance to court and gratify the sense, there is an elasticity in the air, unlike any thing that can be experienced in England, except in fine weather upon the mountains; and even that imperfectly represents what is felt in Portugal—it becomes a pleasure to breathe. In such a climate mere animal existence is enjoyment.

The every-day sights which Lisbon presents are not more captivating to a stranger's eye than the salutes which regale his olfactory nerves.

'Where,' says this lively writer, 'shall I find words strong enough to express the disgust of my feelings, when I reflect upon the appearance of the city in the aggregate, taking into account the personal appearance and customs of some of its inhabitants! Here, every sort of impurity appears to be collected together! You are suffocated by the steams of fried fish, rancid oil, garlic, &c. at every turn, mingled with the fetid effluvia of decayed vegetables, stale provisions, and other horrors, which it is impossible to mention—to say nothing of the filthy dogs, of whom I have formerly spoken. Wretches of a lower and more squalid appearance than the most sordid denizens of our St. Giles's, lie basking in the sun, near the heaps of impurity collected at the doors, while young women (and these of a more prepossessing personal appearance, from whom one would naturally expect greater delicacy in the olfactory nerves) hang far out of the windows above, as if they were trying purposely to inhale the pestilence, which contaminates the air beneath! Men and women, children and pigs, dogs, cats, goats, diseased poultry, and skeleton hogs, all mingle together in loving fellowship, each equally enjoying what seems to be their mutual element—dirt! I must beg you to add to this, that the armies of fleas, bugs, mosquitos, and other vermin, are too numerous to be conceived even in idea, and the picture will be complete!'—vol. i. p. 11.

The most hideous objects in the moving picture are not noticed here, the beggars: if not, perhaps, more numerous than in France, nor more pertinacious, they are more annoying. The French, even in rags and beggary, retain something in their manners, which, under happier circumstances, would have been *politesse*. But the Portuguese mendicant keeps close to your side, thrusts a dirty palm before you, follows you into a shop, and then touches your arm, pulls your sleeve or jogs your elbow, till he has overcome your patience, or you have wearied his. The only mean of escape is by outwalking a companion whose contact is at once to be abhorred and feared; for he looks as populous as Tom Coryate the Oddcombian represents himself in his frontispiece; and his looks do not belie him. Bad however as this is, this is not the worst. Perhaps in no other city would such disgusting exhibitions of disease and deformity be tolerated, as are displayed in the streets of Lisbon. Objects too loathsome to be described, and not to be remembered without a shudder, have their stations under a dead wall, in the sun, or in the shade, according to the season; some of them unable to move without assistance. One fellow, we remember, used to walk the streets with a wen growing from his back, half as big as himself, and he carried his cloak under his arm, in order to expose this naked. Another used to perambulate the town with a leg like an elephant, inviting attention to it with a voice like a Stentor. This fellow married in that condition, and was said to have settled his leg upon his wife for her portion.

The manner with which all English travellers speak of Cintra, might be thought to proceed in part from the delight of escaping out of a city, where there is certainly more inconvenience in going abroad, and less pleasure, than in any other civilized metropolis. But the charm of contrast is not wanting to make Cintra appear what all who have visited it allow it to be, without a dissentient opinion—the most delightful place they have seen in all their travels, let them have travelled where they may. Mrs. Baillie enters fully into this feeling. So did the German ambassadors who, in the year 1503, went to Portugal to bring home an empress. But they included the whole country in their exclamations of rapture. ‘*O Portugallia, O Portugallia, bona regio; ibi est abundantia panis, vini et olei boni; et multi fructus arborum, laranges, citrani, malagranata, ficus, pomerente, lemoni, pecora campi, carnes et pisces; mel zucharum in pluribus locis in canis crescit. O Sintria, amænissimus locus, et hortus regius, cum parvo fluvio, cum bonis truttis!*’

If these honest Germans fished for trout at Cintra, they must have been more enthusiastic anglers than Izaak Walton, or Sir Humphry

geraniums; tall canes forming a fence in some places, aloes or the prickly pear in others; houses scattered on the ascent, low, unpretending, and therefore the more picturesque, and the better suited to the spot; fountains and tanks so numerous that their sweet cool sound is heard every where; the fantastic character of the mountain itself, with its conical summit and pinnacles, where rocks are piled on rocks almost as if in mockery of art; the convent cresting its highest point; the Moorish ruins on another of its summits; the palace, with its balconies, and open chambers, and conical towers; and the recollections of romantic, and tragic, and heroic history which belong to that palace, and to the chosen retreat of D. Joam de Castro—these things constitute the charm of a place where every thing natural or artificial, ancient or modern, real or imaginative, is in keeping—unless by ill-fortune you fall in, as Mrs. Baillie had almost done, with a large party of Portuguese seated beside one of the fountains—round a card-table.

This lady, till she made that discovery, was disposed to apply to Cintra what she had heard of the English lakes, that whoever resided there ‘must infallibly become in some degree a poet, or else be a decided fool’—a most alarming opinion for those persons who have any intention of making even an occasional abode at Ambleside or Keswick. Cintra has not been unnoticed by the Portuguese poets, who have indeed shown themselves very sensible of the natural beauties which Portugal affords. But the poetical taste of that country stands in as much need of reformation as their civil and religious institutions. Before the Portuguese can have any poetry of the highest order, they must cease to admire the trashy parts of Camoens, who, Mrs. Baillie has been taught to believe, is the only great author the nation has produced. If the Portuguese believed this, there would be little hope for them. This lady has hastily concluded that the Portuguese, as a nation, read little, and have few authors, because reading is not in vogue there among the classes, with whom she associated; and because books are not considered as furniture, which, happily for authors and booksellers, they are in England. (Long may that wholesome fashion continue, and may it more and more widely extend!) The truth is, that nobody in Portugal reads *against the grain*, which so many good people think themselves bound to do here; and as there are no literary journals, no person reads at second-hand for the sake of figuring in society with a display of ready-made criticism. But the proportion of men who pursue literature for its own sake is much greater than in this most active country, where the spirit of enterprize and ambition actuates all classes.

classes. The *Bibliotheca Lusitana* is rich as well as extensive. No other modern kingdom so limited in its extent and population has borne so conspicuous a part in the history of the world as Portugal; and during the age of its greatness the impulse was as great in arts as in arms. Its literature survived its power. The civil, and still more the religious, tyranny which degraded the nation, debased but did not destroy it. A great revival had taken place, and it was flourishing, when the invasion of the French brought on troubles, which yet continue to agitate the kingdom, but from which it may be hoped a happier order of things will arise.

Mrs. Baillie was there during an interesting time. She witnessed the triumph of the liberal party; the arrival of the King; the subjection to which he was reduced; the abuse and the overthrow of their power. Her first feelings were those which were natural to an Englishwoman—she was disposed to rejoice in a revolution which promised to remedy the evils of inveterate misgovernment. Soon, however, she learnt that the change had been from one evil to another, ‘for, (these are her words,) although the present ruling power is more liberal in some points than the former, it is equally ignorant and arrogant in others: indeed it appears to us to be quite as despotic in its way, and is only worthy to be considered as the lesser evil of the two. When we consider some of its late proceedings, evincing as much absurdity of judgment as want of faith and integrity, it is impossible to feel either a respect for its character, or any strong persuasion of its duration.’ Her sympathy was for the time rekindled when the Cortes threw open the Inquisition to the free inspection of the public; and Mrs. Baillie visited its dungeons, where the name of an Englishman was engraved on one of the walls; where, in one dungeon, there were human skulls and bones, and where more were said to have been discovered between the walls of the cells. The authoress says of the Englishman in question, that ‘he is now at rest from the rage of his merciless persecutors, in a land where no inquisitor is permitted to enter.’ We are not sure that we understand this sentence; it may only mean that the person is dead—but if it means that Mrs. Baillie knows him and his history, we should be somewhat surprized, for we certainly did not imagine that any Englishman had been imprisoned for the last hundred years within the walls of the Inquisition. With regard to the skulls and bones, the slightest reflection will show that they must have been laid there for the purpose of producing effect. No language can sufficiently express our abhorrence of the most atrocious institution that the world has ever witnessed. But to suppose that they should

should have left the dead to rot in their dungeons is what we should have thought nothing but a mob could have believed.

It is most humiliating to perceive to what vile artifices all parties will have recourse when a political purpose is to be served. Our own warming-pan story might almost make an Englishman ashamed of a revolution which was promoted by a falsehood so palpable and so foul. The Cortes made a successful display of these bones; their adversaries succeeded still better, with a trick which is as stale as the ring-dropping of a London sharper. We give it in Mrs. Baillie's words. It will show that the Romish Church may still boast of its miracles, and still possesses its miracle-mongers.

'In proof of the gross superstition of the lower classes, I will relate a circumstance that has just occurred, and which occasions an excitement and an interest in Lisbon, which are almost incredible. At the distance of a few miles from hence is a certain field, in which a peasant boy was chasing a rabbit; the animal crept into an aperture in the side of a bank, closely followed by a dog; the boy, surprised to find that the latter did not return, determined to ascertain what had happened to prevent it, and, accordingly, groped his way into the bank, through the same narrow entrance; what was his astonishment, upon finding himself in a sort of cave, or hermitage, at the upper end of which he beheld an image of the Virgin! The discovery was soon made public, and the miracles affirmed to be worked by this image go on daily increasing; all ranks of persons are hastening to the spot, and it is asserted, among other popular tales, that when the boy first entered the cave, he found both the rabbit and dog upon their knees, in devout adoration of the image. A few days after the opening of the shrine, this treasure unaccountably disappeared, and an active search immediately commenced, which was happily terminated in the following manner.

'A peasant was ploughing in the neighbouring fields, when suddenly the oxen stood still; nor would the sharpest application of the goad induce them to move; the peasant, after vainly puzzling himself to account for their obstinacy, chanced to cast his eyes upon a tree overhead, whereon hung the identical image, for whose recovery all hearts were anxious. No sooner had he beheld the phenomenon, than the animals began to turn round and around the tree, in mystic dance, and completed the ceremony by falling upon their knees, like the rabbit and the dog! —vol. ii. p. 112.

'Every creature in Lisbon and its environs is hastening to pay due adoration at the shrine of the newly discovered virgin, who is about four inches long, and being found, as I before mentioned, in a cave near this place, is consequently denominated "*Nossa Senhora da Barracca*," (our lady of the cave.) Here, every evening, a friar descants upon the miracles said to have been performed by her; and a small book, descriptive of them, has been published by *authority*. The image is already covered with costly ornaments, among which are, a crown set with brilliants, and

and numerous gold chains ; the gifts of those votaries who are able to afford such demonstration of their faith. An aged fidalga, and somewhat fanciful withal, living in this neighbourhood, and who has been bed-ridden for years past, has caused herself to be carried to the cave, and has in consequence, (as she declares,) recovered the use of her limbs ; the circumstance being well authenticated, affords additional proof of the extraordinary power of the imagination in nervous and hypochondriac complaints. The Queen goes in grand state this evening, and makes an offering of a silver lamp. The field resembles an immense fair, and restaurateurs regularly attend in their booths, to provide for the refreshment of the company. Last night, there were no less than thirty carriages upon the ground, and it is common to see more than a thousand of the peasantry and townspeople upon their knees, at one time, surrounding the mouth of the cave. The friars have thought proper to declare, that a balsamic fragrance flows constantly from the image ; and though there is always a strong smell of garlic and oil in the grotto, it is the fashion, upon entering, to exclaim, "What a delicious odour !" I ought to tell you, that the Senhora is not very easy of access, as the entrance of her cave is so narrow, that persons are under the necessity of squeezing themselves in, creeping upon the hands and knees, and the heat of the interior is so insupportable, that several women have fainted. All our household have, of course, been to pay their devotions here.—p. 128.

Since I wrote the above, one of the principal leaders of the constitution has made an attempt to open the eyes of the multitude to the delusion of Nossa Senhora da Barracca, and the *Astro* newspaper has written against it, but in vain ; the leader in question, notwithstanding his high official situation, actually received a box on the ear from the vigorous arm of one of the fish-wives, who took offence at his having uttered some expressions of contempt, when he beheld the crowd kneeling before the door of the cave. An unfortunate wag has also found reason to repent the indulgence of his sarcastic humour ; a few days since, he tied an artificial hump upon his shoulders, and going into the miraculous grotto, pretended to come out again "a straight and proper man ;" the circumstance was loudly celebrated, but upon his imprudently showing the trick he had played, he was nearly torn to pieces by the populace, and concluded by finding himself safely lodged in the public prison. "Our Lady," in the mean time, has been removed from the barracca, and conveyed in solemn procession to one of the churches in Lisbon, where she is henceforth to take up her residence. She went by water, and was received upon the quay by a magnificent procession of priests, and a guard of honour. The concourse of people was immense. The government, it is said, have attempted to appropriate to their own use the treasures lavished by the devout upon this image. If so, it will only furnish an additional proof of their rash and incompetent judgment ; true policy would never hazard a sudden overthrow of those superstitions which have been cherished as the realities of religion by the great mass of the people for so many ages past, and to which they are still so blindly prone.—p. 132.

A counter-

A counter-revolution was soon afterwards effected, and then the King, Queen, and Royal Family, accompanied by the ministers of state, paid their devotions at the shrine of Nossa Senhora da Barracca, the newly found image, to whose benign interference the happy change was attributed. Great is Diana of the Ephesians!

That the government should have sanctioned (and not improbably believed) so gross an imposture as this, proves but too plainly how besotted the great body of the nation still are with that baneful superstition which has so long degraded Portugal and Spain. While the people are in this state, those persons who feel their understandings insulted by the fables and fooleries which are palmed upon honest credulity, and whose hearts the Inquisition has alienated from religion itself, are driven into infidelity by their contempt and abhorrence of this system of delusion. Men in this state of mind acquire a hatred of Christianity, and hate the Reformed church even more than their own, partly because they retain the prejudices concerning it in which they have been trained up, and partly because they cannot bear that a system which they believe to be altogether false and abominable should be supported by nations, whose other institutions they regard with admiration. Difficult as it will be for any government, however enlightened, to remedy the existing evils of that poor kingdom, the evils which superstition has caused will be of all others the most difficult to eradicate.

The course of political reform would be plain if Portugal had not lost its main source of revenue, a loss which no possible arrangement with Brazil can remedy. Hence the difficulty of supporting its civil and military establishments, and that at a time when so much depends upon the army, and where an armed police is required every where to repress the predatory spirit which the war and the devastation of the country have produced. If revenue could be raised for this (and without it no government can stand), all the reformation which the sober part of the nation desires might be effected by three measures: the restoration of the ancient Cortes, the enactment of a Habeas Corpus act, and the regular administration of justice. Under a king whose intentions are so good, and with a people who are so well disposed, this might be granted with safety to the crown and advantage to the state, and it would effect for the general good all, that under present circumstances can be effected.

ART. VII.—1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and 6th Reports, from the Select Committee on Artizans and Machinery.

WE have been induced, by the importance of the subjects which engaged the committee, whose reports stand prefixed to this Article, to devote some of our pages to questions so deeply affecting the manufacturing interests of Great Britain. The committee is, we understand, reappointed this session; and we are desirous of drawing as much of the public attention to this question as possible, in order that it may be fully investigated before the House of Commons shall come to any final decision.

There were three points submitted for consideration in the last session: 1st, The state of the combination laws; 2dly, the propriety of legalizing the emigration of artizans; and 3dly, that of permitting the exportation of machinery. Much evidence was heard; and after a laborious investigation, the committee proposed such a modification of the combination laws as obviated almost all the objections which had been raised against them; and a total repeal of those acts, which prohibited artizans from leaving this kingdom to exercise their callings in foreign countries. With regard to the third point, perhaps the most important, the committee declined giving any opinion, but recommended the inquiry to be renewed in this present session.

The combination laws had certainly been found quite inefficient in repressing those associations of workmen which had so often dictated the rate of wages, the hours and manner of working, and many other particulars, to their masters. It was clearly proved that there was hardly a trade in the three kingdoms (the type-founders in London excepted) in which the journeymen were not regularly organized, and prepared to assist with money, to a great extent, any body of workmen who chose to stand out against their employers. Of these it may raise a smile to hear that the tailors are by far the most numerous and best organized: the whole body of journeymen is divided into two classes, absurdly called *Flints* and *Dungs*; the former work by the day and receive all the same wages; the latter work generally by the piece: there are a number of *Flint* houses of call, each of which elects a delegate, and these elect five others, called the *Town*, who rule the whole trade with almost military discipline and unlimited power. It is whispered among the body that there is to be a strike, but they never discuss the subject; they strike when bid. Systems of a similar kind extend throughout the country, and with few exceptions their combinations have been successful in attaining their objects.

Sometimes the workmen have proceeded to the most outrageous excesses, and several examples were adduced to the committee, of murder having been committed without scruple, in order to obtain their purpose, which in those instances, at Liverpool and at Dublin, seems to have been not so much a desire to augment their wages, as to prevent 'strangers,' that is workmen who had not served a regular apprenticeship in those towns, from finding employment there.

Yet although these laws seem to have completely failed in their object, the terror they inspired from being sometimes, though but rarely, enforced, produced in the workmen a feeling of personal hostility towards the masters, and a growing dissatisfaction with the laws of their country. It certainly therefore became advisable to try whether a more lenient and liberal system might not be productive of better effects, and with that view a general assent was given to the bill; which, while it abolished what are usually called the combination laws, denounced severe punishment against those who attempted to carry their objects into effect by violence or intimidation.

The second point was, perhaps, even more easy to decide than the former. The law to prevent artizans from emigrating, notwithstanding its severity, was habitually violated; nor was it indeed very easy to put it in force, as there was no provision, by which the individual about to emigrate could be compelled to make a disclosure of his trade or profession. Very erroneous ideas seemed to be entertained of the number of English artizans abroad. Some of the witnesses, who were examined before the committee, rated the number very high; one in particular declared that he knew that 16,000 had emigrated in the years 1822 and 1823. Others stated that there were from 500 to 1200 English workmen at each of the two great iron works at Charenton and Chaillot. At the first there were in fact about 250, but at the last there were only 14.

We have taken some pains to ascertain the total number of English workmen in France, and we are satisfied not only that the number of artizans there employed has been grossly exaggerated, but that the whole number of English of every class in France, whether travellers or residents, has always been greatly inferior to what it has been usually rated at. A calculation of this nature cannot of course be perfectly correct, as the numbers must continually vary; but after making every allowance for inaccurate returns, the English in France may be estimated under 15,000, dispersed in different towns: we know that the French police does not reckon them higher: of these there are usually about 1800 at Paris. In the summer months this number is augmented,

but

but there have not been at Paris for several* years above 2400 at one time. Many of these 15,000 have taken up their residence in France from economy—many from curiosity—and but a few, in proportion, (not more than 1300 or 1400,) are employed as artizans. Of these there are at

Charenton	250
Iron manufactures in Paris	70 to 80
Engaged in other trades, perhaps from	160 to 200

480 to 530.

Out of Paris there is no establishment, in which any very considerable number of English are engaged, though a good many are scattered in different departments. We have lying before us lists, from various quarters, of those employed in the iron works on the Allier—the bobbin-net manufactures at Calais and Lisle—the cotton mills at S. Quentin, Rouen, and in Alsace, amounting in all to less than 500; and after making due allowance for inaccurate information, we cannot estimate the English artizans in France at more than 1300 or 1400 at the very utmost.

Though this number may be enough to superintend the different manufactories, it cannot be sufficient to instruct the cotton and wool spinners in France to emulate the English, as a great many of them are engaged in other pursuits, especially in heavy mill-work. Besides, as we know from personal communication with many of the workmen, it frequently happens that after the French proprietor has incurred very considerable expense in inducing an English workman to emigrate for the purpose of instructing the French, he compels him to give up his own system of working, and to adopt the inferior plan which the French have previously been pursuing. This curious perversion of reason and sense, in thus giving up the only object for which these artizans were seduced from England, would seem almost incredible, were not the fact admitted by the foreign manufacturers themselves.

It thus appearing that little injury accrued to England from the emigration of her artizans, it seemed unjust, by restricting the field of his employment, to deprive the workman of the power of obtaining such remuneration as he could for his skill, which skill was, perhaps, the only property he possessed. These considerations, added to the impossibility of enforcing the existing laws, were deemed sufficient reasons for authorizing an alteration, and accordingly a bill for repealing the old acts was passed without the slightest opposition.

* In 1814 there were 12,000 English at Paris at the same moment. Since that time the number has annually diminished: on the 15th March, 1824, there were 1101 resident in the different hotels garnis.

The consideration of the last point—the exportation of machinery—was, as we have already mentioned, postponed to the following session. Before it is possible to decide upon this important question, it is necessary to examine into the state of the foreign manufactures, and what advantages the foreign and the English manufacturer may respectively possess over each other. Nearly the whole of the evidence on this point, taken before the committee, related to France; and as France, from her situation, her manufactures, and her commerce, is, and probably will long be, our principal rival, the chief part of the remarks we shall make on this subject will be directed to that country.

The three manufactures, in respect of which the question principally arises, are cotton, wool, and silk, of which the first is the most important, and most likely to interfere with ours. Forty years ago the system of spinning by machinery was almost entirely unknown in France. What cotton was then spun, was spun by hand, principally in those mountainous districts where the price of labour was very low; but the greater part was imported from England, and some from Switzerland. In the three years ending 1789, the average value of cotton goods imported was 25,831,233 francs (£1,033,500), of which a very large proportion was of the finer kinds; as the French manufactures of that day were for the most part confined to the coarser goods, such as the handkerchiefs furnished by Rouen and Montpellier, principally for the use of the lower classes. Since that time the English improvements in machinery have been adopted in France, though slowly and partially. New manufactories have sprung up, and the long war, which cut off all communication with Great Britain, compelled them to exert themselves in order to supply, in some degree, the demand for those cotton goods for which formerly they had recourse to England. Buonaparte, pursuing a system which, in his own view of it, promised at once to ruin his great enemy, and to add éclat to his reign, attempted, by prohibitions and premiums, to give new activity to the manufactures. He so far succeeded, that machinery of an imperfect description is now generally used, and the French manufacturers are at present able to supply to their countrymen most of the articles of which they stand in need. There are some, however, which they have found themselves incapable of making. Real India nankeens, for instance, have at length (since 28th April, 1816) been admitted on paying a duty of 5 francs per kilo.* and the consequence has been that the departments de l'Ain, de la Seine Inférieure, de la

* The kilogramme, or as it is commonly called the kilo, is equal to 2½. See, *Sûr.* 15grs. 755 avoirdupois weight.

Somme, and du Nord, which formerly made about 1,500,000 piéces annually, have almost abandoned the manufacture.

The other branches of it are carried on to a very considerable extent, particularly in the departments

du Nord	}	in the north.
Pas de Calais		
Aisne		
Somme		
Seine and Oise		
Seine Inférieure		
Seine		
Calvados	}	in the north-east.
Haut Rhin		
Bas Rhin		
Aube	}	in the south-east.
Rhone		
Loire, and some other places	}	in the south.
Gard		
Herault, and some others		

The most extensive manufactories are those situated at and near St. Quentin and Lisle. In 1812 the two departments de l'Aisne and du Nord produced more than half* the cotton yarn spun in France; and though the same proportion no longer exists, still Lisle and the neighbouring villages of Roubaix and Tourcoing are among the most important manufacturing districts of France.

Neither at St. Quentin, nor at Lisle, however, is much of the cotton yarn woven into goods. From St. Quentin it is sent to the neighbouring peasantry, as it is also from Lisle, Aubenton, St. Michel, and other towns in the departments de l'Aisne, and du Pas de Calais. There is a loom in almost every cottage; and the peasantry, when prevented by the severity of the weather or any other reason from pursuing their agricultural labours, weave those coarse stuffs which are the principal products of that department. At Lisle part is woven in the town, and part, the finest, is sent to Tarare, near Lyons, for the manufacture of muslins.

Rouen is also celebrated for the coarse stuffs which are known by the name of Rouanneries. This town enjoys the great advantage of being near the Havre, at which port the greater part of the cotton consumed in France is imported.

That branch of the cotton trade which is carried on in Paris and its vicinity has of late much diminished, except at Jouy, where the manufactory of printed goods is still flourishing. It was

* Total kiles of yarn spun in France 10,446,339
 In the departments de l'Aisne and du Nord 5,6 60

originally established by M. Oberkamf, who was almost the first individual in France who pursued this particular line. Of later years M. Widmer has greatly increased the sale of these articles, by his chemical discoveries in dyes. The elegance of the patterns and the beauty of the colours have rendered them in appearance second only to the cottons of Alsace, while in price they are considerably lower. In Paris itself the diminution both of spinning mills and of looms has been very considerable within these few years.

The exports of cotton goods from Paris were in value in

1819	. 708,108 francs, of which in printed goods	489,701
1820	. 476,987	306,226
1821	. 255,830	173,200

Many of the mills have been abandoned—hardly any have been able to continue where a steam-engine is not employed, and but few proprietors have had either spirit or capital to avail themselves of this advantage.

In Alsace, however, the situation of the manufacturers is far different. There they are highly prosperous, and though the trade, perhaps, is no longer increasing so rapidly as formerly, yet it is still not stationary. Nor is its progress surprising when the excellence of the goods is taken into consideration. In some points, indeed, they surpass those of British manufacture, especially in the dyes. It is admitted that they are inferior in the blues, but they have a great superiority in the Andrinoplex (Turkey reds), which colour the English dyer has never been able to produce as brilliant and stable, as either the Oriental or the Alsatian artizan.

Round Lyons, the cotton trade has much fallen off, being injured by the progress of the silk manufactories. At Tarare, however, from peculiar circumstances, one branch, the weaving of fine muslins, still prospers; and as it is almost the only place in France where that particular article is made, the trade there must flourish so long as the existing restrictions remain. The principal product of the cotton factories in the south of France is hosiery, of which Nismes and Montpellier used formerly to export a very large quantity.

Beside the departments just enumerated, in which the greater part of the cotton manufactories of France are situated, there are many others, in which the inhabitants make part of what is wanted for their own consumption. M. Chaptal mentions forty-five departments in which there are spinning-mills, besides much cotton-spinning in the cottages of the peasantry. To what extent this is carried, it would be very difficult to ascertain, as no official returns can be procured of the quantity so consumed.

It is equally difficult to obtain very precise information as to the number of spinning-mills in France, and the number of spindles they contain. In 1812, there were 1,028,642 spindles producing annually 10,446,329 kilos of yarn. No return has been since made, so that no calculations of what now exist can pretend to minute accuracy. We have reason however to believe, that there are at present from 80 to 100 considerable mills, besides many of less consequence, from 80,000 to 90,000 looms, besides from about 12,000 to 15,000 looms for hosiery. The return of 1812 was drawn up by the orders, and under the especial superintendence of M. Chaptal, the minister of the interior, and published by him as official, so that it may be considered as nearly accurate as possible. As the imports of raw cotton have increased since that time, it is probable that there is also an increase in the number of spindles, though perhaps the improvements in the machinery may account for some additional consumption of cotton.

Notwithstanding, however, the late improvements, and notwithstanding the pains which the government has taken, the cotton machinery in France is still very imperfect. We can safely state, that the best cotton machinery throughout France, with the exception possibly of a few mills of recent establishment, is much inferior to what in England would be reckoned very insufficient. The French manufacturers, too, are singularly negligent in keeping their machinery in proper repair; if any part becomes deranged or defective, they usually persevere in working with it, till it becomes so thoroughly out of order, that it is unable to perform the work even in an imperfect manner, and repair becomes either impossible or amounts in cost nearly to the original price. They are also equally injudicious in their selection of a moving power. Steam is comparatively but seldom used: water-wheels, wherever currents can be obtained, are established; in level districts horses are constantly employed, and occasionally even manual labour. In the department de la Seine Inférieure there are 109 spinning-mills situated on the small streams. In Alsace, where those cottons are manufactured which are most likely to rival the English, the streams of water are equally sought after to set the wheels in motion; hardly any steam-engines are known, and even their most extensive manufactories have been built upon the mountain torrents, which descend from the Vosges, and are thus exposed to all the inconveniences which arise from the alternate overflowing and failure of these streams.

The country round Lisle is a dead flat, and here recourse is had to horse-power, or the more uncertain action of wind; sixty wind-mills, principally used for expressing oil from poppies, rape, and trefoil, may be seen at one time on leaving Lisle by one gate; but

The woollen manufactories, which are next in importance to the cotton, differ from them in one material circumstance, the facility with which the raw article can be procured. As upwards of three-fourths of the wool consumed in France is of native growth, a very considerable proportion of the woollen goods, especially of the coarser kinds, is made by the peasantry for their own use, and sometimes for sale. The public manufactures, if such a term be allowable, are also very extensive, principally situated at Louviers, Sedan, and Abbeville, for the finer cloths; Elbœuf, Carcassonne, and Lodeve (department de l'Herault) for the coarser, and Rheims and Paris in addition to the other branches are distinguished for the veils, shawls, and other articles, which are there made of Merino wool.

It was at Elbœuf that almost the first attempts were made in France to establish the manufacture of woollen goods. Some old painted glass, which escaped the ravages of the revolution, still remains in the church of St. Etienne, which was built in the year 1248. There are yet visible upon it, figures representing weavers, a loom, and beam; and on another window in the church of St. Jean, which was given by the company of clothiers of Elbœuf, in the year* 1466, may be seen a machine for shearing the cloth, and another, with teazle heads, for raising the knap.

The machinery is very defective. It was only in 1804 that the carding machines were introduced. The greater part of the spinning-mills too, are moved by water, or by horses. In Elbœuf and its vicinity there are several situated on the small streams—upwards of twenty turned by horses; and only eleven steam-engines.

The greatest woollen manufacturer in France is M. Ternaux, late deputy of Paris, who leaves all competitors far behind, both as to capital and enterprize. He has twenty-two different manufactories, situated in different towns:—four at Rheims, two at Sedan, two at Louviers, at Liege, &c. &c. Although possessed of the capital, which such manufactories must require, he has not thought fit to concentrate his establishments, nor even to have any one of sufficient extent to repay the expense of a steam-engine.

	EXPORTS.			
	Kilos manufactured.	Value.	Kilos raw.	Value.
1820	1,430,490	26,383,210	10,868	38,000
1821	1,168,346	19,788,514	15,797	55,290
1822	1,168,119	20,668,338	13,996	49,884
1823	1,581,477	24,890,740	24,489	85,710
Average	1,287,108	22,927,705	16,287	57,221

Thus leaving nearly the whole for home consumption.

* Long previous to this epoch, Elbœuf was renowned for its tapestry, a branch of trade which has disappeared, not only there, but almost in every other town in France, except in Paris, where the Gobelins still continue.

He

He now employs near 6,000 men, and twenty years ago he had upwards of 12,000 in his pay; the 6,000 now producing probably as much as the 12,000 then, owing to the use of improved machinery. Besides his general trade as a clothier, M. Ternaux has pursued with great eagerness one particular branch, which, till his time, was quite unknown in Europe—the making of Cashmere shawls. He has imported with great difficulty, and at a considerable expense, a certain number of the Thibet, Angola, and other oriental goats, from whose *duvet* those celebrated shawls are made. They have bred in France, and he has been very successful in increasing the number of his flock. The climate seems to suit them perfectly, and as their food is for the most part what other animals reject—such as horse-chesnuts, of which they are particularly fond, weeds, and similar trash—the expense of keeping them is but very small. He has a flock of upwards of 100 at his country-house at St. Ouen, near Paris; another somewhat larger in the Pyrenees; and one or two more of less extent in different parts of France. He sells besides, from seventy to eighty goats annually. As the quantity of *duvet* which each animal produces is not above three ounces and a half, he is trying whether by a cross between the Thibet and Angola goats he may not be able to obtain a greater quantity, as at present he is of course unable to make many shawls of the pure *duvet*. Nor would the speculation have succeeded, if indeed it has succeeded in a pecuniary point of view, were it not for the reputation his shawls enjoy; as it is an idea generally received that they are made precisely of the same materials as the Cashmere shawls, which bear so high a price, and are so much esteemed in France.*

Indifferent as the greater part of the machinery used in the woollen manufactories still is, some years ago it was even worse. While M. Chaptal was occupied in promoting the cotton trade, he endeavoured equally to sustain the woollen manufactories, which he found a more easy task, as the raw material was in great part to be found in France, while the cotton could only be obtained at a great additional price, and with very considerable difficulty. M. Chaptal's first object was the improvement of the machinery, for which purpose he induced a very intelligent Scotchman, a Mr. Douglas, to come over to France, where he introduced many machines, which were before almost, if not completely, unknown. These improvements, which were eagerly adopted by MM. Decretot and Ternaux, were afterwards fol-

* The fashion for real Cashmere shawls has now lasted very long, and by no means seems to diminish. It has not been uncommon to pay from £500 to £1000 for a single shawl.

lowed by others, of less consequence indeed, due to the skill of MM. Dobo and Richard. Here, however, the stream of improvement almost stopped. Little has since been done, and the French artizans, satisfied with what has been already effected, appear but little desirous of seeking for, or adopting, those numerous improvements in machinery, which every day produces in England. In great measure protected from foreign competition, both in the woollen and cotton trade, by almost total prohibitions, they seem contented to supply the market for home consumption only, and hardly even attempt to enter into competition with the English manufacturer in foreign markets.*

The

* During the years 1822 and 1823 the imports and exports of wool have been as follows:—

		Kilos.	Value.
1822.	Imports.—Raw . . .	9,127,656 . .	24,305,807
	Manufactured . . .	70,949 . .	575,987
		9,198,605	24,881,794
1823.	Imports.—Raw . . .	5,490,876 . .	12,729,339
	Manufactured . . .	47,215 . .	369,014
		5,538,091	13,098,353
1822.	Exports.—Raw . . .	522,522 . .	1,965,196
	Manufactured . . .	1,098,625 . .	20,156,380
		1,621,147	22,121,576
1823.	Exports.—Raw . . .	489,342 . .	2,080,150
	Manufactured . . .	996,493 . .	18,598,040
		1,485,937	20,678,190
Average Imports.—Raw . . .		7,309,266 . .	18,517,573
	Manufactured . . .	59,082 . .	472,500
		7,368,348	18,990,073
Average Exports.—Raw . . .		505,932 . .	2,022,673
	Manufactured . . .	1,047,560 . .	19,377,210
		1,553,492	21,399,883

Besides these importations it is calculated that France annually produces about 30,000,000 kilos of unwashed wool—of which

800,000 Merinos,	at 4 frs. per kilo.
4,000,000 Metis, cross between Merino and common	3
30,000,000 Common,	2

It is reckoned that wool loses two-fifths of its weight on washing, which would leave 22,800,000 kilos of native wool to be added to about 7,500,000, the annual importation—thus furnishing in all about 30,000,000 kilos of wool to the manufacturer. The value of the raw material is about 100,000,000 frs. (£4,000,000), which is considerably more than doubled before it leaves the manufacturer's hands, who, it is calculated, sells the goods for 260,000,000 frs. (£10,000,000.) Of this not one-thirteenth is sent abroad, the average value of the manufactured goods exported being only 19,377,210 francs.

Of these exports the greater part are of the finer species of cloth, as they cannot stand

The silk manufactures of France are less extensive, and more confined to particular districts, than either the cotton or the woollen trade. They originated at Tours, under Louis XI., in the fifteenth century, whence they gradually spread over the south of France. Henri IV. conceiving the warm climate of Provence more suitable to the silk-worm than the colder atmosphere of Touraine, encouraged by every means in his power the cultivation of the mulberry-tree in the former province. His exertions were successful, and now a large part of the population of the ten departments on the banks of the Rhone, and the departanents de l'Herault, de l'Indre, and Loire, in different proportions, are occupied in different branches of this manufacture. There are, on an average of many years, about 5,150,000 kilos of cocoons produced in the eleven first-mentioned departments, and about 30,000 in that of the Indre and Loire, making altogether something under 5,200,000, valued at 15,600,000 francs. This produces, when washed and spun, about

280,000 kilos of raw silk,

160,000 kilos of organzimed silk,

valued at 23,600,000 francs. About an equal value is imported from foreign countries, making about 47,000,000 frs. (in value) of silk, in thread, furnished to the manufactories.

The most important of these are situated at Lyons, where almost every species of silk goods is made. That town, however, is more particularly celebrated for its *étoffes*, especially those intended for furniture.* In its neighbourhood however, at the villages of St. Etienne and St. Chumand, and the vicinity, almost all the silk ribbands consumed in France are woven.

At Avignon they make principally satins, levantines, and tafetas; at Nîmes, stockings, gauzes, crapes, mixed goods, &c.; and at Gauges, and the other towns in the Cevennes, they are

stand the competition of the English manufacturer in the coarser kinds. The principal exports of 1822 and 1823 were—

	1822.	1823.
Cloth	12,390,260 francs	13,643,420 francs.
Casimirs and Merinos	1,138,905	187,800
Serge	804,535	1,124,320
Shawls	4,674,250	2,763,000

* The trade of Lyons has undergone great fluctuations, and it is somewhat curious to observe how, at different epochs, the number of individuals employed there in this manufacture has varied.

	Looms.	Workmen.
In 1786	15,000	
1789	7,500	12,700
Omitting the Revolution.		
1800	3,500	5,800
1812	10,720	15,506
In the whole Department. 1824	24,000	

principally

principally occupied with hosiery. The manufacture of Tours, where, as we have already mentioned, the silk trade began, is confined to stuffs for furniture, and some few other articles of little importance.

Next to Lyons, Paris is the town in which the greatest variety of silk goods is made, though the larger part of the products of that capital are objects of luxury. Out of about 18,600,000 francs worth of silk annually exported from Paris, nearly 8,000,000 come under the class of *objets de luxe*. The total value of the silk goods made in France does not exceed 110,000,000 frs. (£4,200,000,) of which about 30,000,000 (£1,200,000) is exported—the trade having, if there is any variation, rather diminished.

The French have long been supposed to be unrivalled in the silk manufacture. Obvious causes have contributed to give them a superiority in this respect over England; for, besides the other disadvantages under which the English manufacturer labours, of a high rate of wages and high taxation, he has to import the raw material, much of it either from France itself, or from its immediate neighbourhood—the north of Italy; while the duty imposed upon silk, 5s. 8d. per lb. upon raw, and 13s. 8d. upon organzined, was so heavy as to put the price of manufactured articles beyond the reach of that class of persons who, in France, are among the principal consumers. Yet, even under these disadvantages, by our superior skill and superior machinery, our manufacturers contrived to produce articles which, in appearance, were equal to the French goods, though inferior in quality, thus in some measure compensating for the larger quantity of silk which the French manufacturer could afford to put into his goods. And those heavy duties being now removed, there cannot be a doubt but that we shall be able in this, as in every other trade, to drive the foreign manufacturer out of the market.

Though the manufactories of flax and hemp are considerable, yet, as they enter into no competition with ours, and we are already in danger of exceeding our limits, we shall pass them over each in a single sentence.

Flax to the value of 20,000,000 frs. (19 home and 1 foreign) is given to the weaver, which sells manufactured for about 75,000,000; and goods to the value of about 25,000,000 more are worked up in their cottages by the peasantry.

They estimate that about 390,000 quintals of hemp are grown in France, valued at 30,000,000 frs. Five millions more in value are imported; and, when manufactured, the whole is estimated at 110,000,000 frs.; to which must again be added the cottage products, which are 35,000,000 frs. more.

The

The principal manufactures for these two articles are in Normandy, Brittany, Dauphiné, Mayenne; and also in Picardy—départemens de l'Aisne and du Nord.

We have now, with a minuteness which may appear tedious, but in which we have thought ourselves warranted by the importance of the subject, and the authenticity of our materials, presented our readers with the state and products of the French manufactures under the unfavourable circumstances in which their very indifferent machinery places them. There can be no doubt but that the heads of the different establishments are very desirous to import from England those machines to which our superiority is in some measure owing; but they find impediments thrown in their way, first, by the restrictive laws of this country, and next, by the heavy duties in France, which they in general despair of overcoming. Instead of showing any disposition to diminish these duties, the French government has lately increased them upon steam-engines, almost the only machine which may legally be exported from Great Britain, from 15 to 30 per cent.; and the last* law imposes upon all other machinery an *ad valorem* duty of 15 per cent. on the declared value, both liable to be subsequently increased should the 'Comité Consultatif des Arts et Manufactures' think either that it has been stated too low, or that it can afford a higher duty. Notwithstanding these very heavy duties, many steam-engines have been brought over from England, as the French importer can calculate the precise sum he is to pay, and the time that must elapse before the order can be executed. The other machines are on a totally different footing. A high premium must be paid in order to have them smuggled out of England—one year, and sometimes two, elapse after the maker has delivered them to the agent here and received the price, before an opportunity of exportation occurs. The article is frequently sent over to France piecemeal, and parts are lost, or much damaged, so that they are obliged to be replaced by inferior work. We have repeatedly conversed with many French manufacturers, who have uniformly expressed their anxiety to obtain English machinery, and their expectation of great improvement in the manufactures should they obtain it. They have also unanimously declared that hardly any machinery except steam-engines are exported from England, and that they were unacquainted with any mills in which there were more than one or two English machines, which were used as models. With all these impediments, it is not wonderful that the French manufacturers remain contented with the very indifferent machinery furnished them by the native workmen, or endeavour to obtain English

* 27th March, 1817—21st April, 1818.

artizans to make the machinery on the spot. This plan, however, is seldom successful. There is at St. Denis an establishment for weaving by power looms, of which there are 102, all originally made by English workmen. We saw them in less than ten months after they had been finished, and then almost every wheel in every loom was damaged—there was scarcely one in which several cogs were not broken, and these were generally replaced by wood, either because the French were unable neatly to solder fresh iron cogs, or because they found wood less expensive.

Notwithstanding, however, these disadvantages, and the anxiety on the part of the manufacturers, it is not believed that any encouragement will readily be given, either by the government or by the chambers, to the importation of machinery. The proprietors of the iron mines are throughout France almost all Royalists, and as by far the greatest part of the ore is smelted with wood instead of coal, they are combined in interest with the possessors of all the woods and forests. Among these are to be found every emigrant who has recovered any property, and there are few who did not find on their return, either in 1802 or 1814, some portion of their ancient possessions in the hands of the government, by whom it was restored to them. During the reign of anarchy in France, as neither the National Assembly, the Convention, nor the Directory ever obtained a price at all approaching to the real value for the confiscated properties, they were unwilling to sell the woods, which they were able to manage with less difficulty than arable land.* Thus there remained in the hands of the imperial government some portion of the property of almost every individual who had emigrated during the Revolution. Unwilling as the present government in France must necessarily be to propose any measure which might tend to the injury of this class, the chamber of deputies, of which a very large proportion consists of landed proprietors, is of course much more reluctant to adopt a plan which, while it might improve the situation of the manufacturers, would injure themselves. Besides, throughout France, the inhabitants of the towns and manufacturing districts have generally been, and are still, more inclined to favour revolutionary principles than the peasantry and

* The forests in France are extremely extensive. They are estimated at	
Bois de taillis (underwood)	5,126,900
Bois de futaie (forest trees)	460,000
Bois de l'état (crown lands)	1,486,000

7,072,900 hectares;

the whole extent of France being 52,000,000, excluding Corsica. The annual cut is about 353,600—one-twentieth per annum. The hectare is equal to two acres, one rood, and a fraction.

their

their landlords, who compose, however, the large majority of the population of France. Lyons, especially since the siege it underwent in 1793, when it was more actuated by a spirit of opposition to the Convention than by any Royalist feeling, Rouen, and St. Quentin have always been distinguished for their adherence to the *liberal* party. A great part of the population of Alsace, Nismes and Montpellier is Protestant, and indisposed towards the reigning dynasty; in Paris many of the capitalists and most of the manufacturers are actuated by the same political principles. The same remark does not apply to Lisle. In that town, and in all the surrounding country, the spirit of royalism has always been displayed, and never more strongly than in 1815, when Louis XVIII. passed through that country on his retreat to Ghent.

These political considerations (considerations which are not likely soon to disappear) will probably prevent any arrangement which would admit manufactured iron at a low duty, and thus diminish the demand for the produce of the national mines. Even in 1817 and 1818, when the royalist interest did not predominate in the Chamber of Deputies, the duties on steam-engines were doubled, and no exertions of the manufacturers since have been able to obtain any diminution.

Thus prevented from having recourse to foreign nations for the machinery of which they stand in need, the French manufacturers are obliged to depend upon their own artizans for the necessary supply. In most instances the machinery is made on the spot, and put up by workmen employed by the manufacturer, as there are scarcely any individuals in France who make either cotton or woollen machines to any great extent. Some of the witnesses examined before the committee spoke of M. Calla's manufactory at Paris as being of great importance—at that time he did not employ fifty men. The other establishments, and they are very few in number, are in general even smaller.

Of those out of Paris, the largest is Mr. Dixon's, department du Haut Rhin, where there are nearly 300 workmen employed, about twenty of whom are English. His machinery is greatly inferior to English, and his prices are double.

We have already alluded to the two great manufactories of steam-engines at Charenton and Chaillot. At the first, (MM. Manby, Wilson, and Co.) there are 400 workmen employed, 250 of whom are English. Most of the iron is imported from Great Britain, consequently the engines and rolling mills (the only two articles they make), though double in price, may be equal in quality to those made in England. At Chaillot there are not above fourteen English workmen, and 250 French. The machines, which are of the same nature as those at Charenton, partake of all the defects which lower the value of French ma-

chinery—a fact allowed by Messrs. Edwards and Jennings, the two Englishmen who conduct the establishment. There are no other manufactories in France of a similar nature which can compete with these.*

The difficulties under which the French engineers labour are very considerable—none perhaps greater than the high price and inferior quality both of coal and iron. This high price arises, not so much from the deficiency of either, as from the unskilful manner in which the mines are worked and the expense attendant on the transport of the minerals.

France is very rich in iron mines. Her mountains, the Ardennes, Vosges, Jura, Puy de Dome, Pyrenees, &c. &c., all abound with this mineral; and numerous forges, estimated in all at about 250, have been built, principally in the departments des Ardennes, du Cher, du Côté d'Or, de la Dordogne, de la Haute Maine, du Nievre, de la Haute Saône. There are besides 100 forges à la Catalane, and about 900 feux d'affinerie, for refining the metal, producing nearly 75,000,000 kilos per annum. But, with the exception of that found near Belfort (Bas Rhin), the quality is very inferior to that of English iron. It is in general too brittle to be employed in machinery.

For copper, lead, and tin, France must be almost entirely dependent on foreign nations. Copper is only found in any considerable quantities at Baygorri (Basses Pyrénées), and at Chessy and St. Bel, near Lyons. A small supply is also derived from a few mines in the departments des Hautes Alpes and du Haut Rhin. Lead is found in the departments de l'Arriège, de la Haute Loire, and du Finistère; and tin is found near St. Omer, but the whole product of these mines is quite insufficient to answer the demand in France, and zinc is frequently substituted for copper, especially for sheathing ships.† The fields of coal in France are inexhaustible,

* Mr. Cockerell, at Liege, has established a very extensive manufactory, both of woollen machinery and of steam-engines. The latter are made at Seraing, a few miles from Liege, on the banks of the Mense. The former palace of the Prince Bishop has been converted into a manufactory, and Mr. Cockerell employs between 600 and 700 men there. In the town of Liege he has about 200 men, who are principally engaged in making woollen machinery and hydraulic presses. In this latter branch Mr. Cockerell has felt a most important falling off in the demand. He now makes twenty sets of woollen machines, where he formerly (before the peace) made 350 or 400. During the war, France was open to him, and nearly one half of his supply went to that country; the remainder was sent to Saxony, Prussia, and other parts of Germany. He attributes this great diminution in the demand for his machines, partly to the high import duties imposed by France, partly to Russia having prohibited all foreign cloth from entering her territories; but principally to the introduction of British cloth into Germany, of such qualities and at such prices as completely to baffle the competition of the German manufacturers.

† Besides the mines that are actually worked, there are many others which exist, but which, owing to the impediments thrown in the way of speculators by the government, have not yet been opened. By the French law, all minerals of every kind belong to the

inexhaustible, and the collieries very numerous. They are to be found in the north near Valenciennes and Lisle—near the banks of the Allier—in the department du Puy de Dome, de l'Aveyron, du Cantal, and in many other places. Many of them, however, are not worked, in great measure owing to the difficulty of carrying the coal away when brought to the surface.

The difficulty of transport, which occasions such injury to the commercial and manufacturing interests of France, is so great, that much time must elapse, and much expense be incurred, before it can possibly be remedied. The advantage of water-carriage has been so long and so fully recognized in England, that canals have now been cut in every direction. In France, the want of commercial intercourse and of capital, the ruin entailed upon multitudes by the Revolution and the furious contest which ensued, when the arts of peace were abandoned for those of war, to the utter destruction both of private and public wealth, checked, if not entirely extinguished, that spirit of enterprize, without which works of such national importance, and of such doubtful pecuniary advantage to the speculators, as canals have always proved to be in France, can never be undertaken.

If we except an abortive attempt by Francis I. to unite the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, and the Canal de Briare, which was begun by Henri IV. and finished by Louis XIII. the first canal cut in France was the canal de Languedoc, and as it was the first, so even now it is the most important. In the departments du Nord* and du Pas de Calais there are fourteen canals; in the other parts of France there are ten or eleven finished, but ill kept up, little frequented, and the tolls not sufficient for the ordinary repairs. In those two departments, how-

ever, and the only advantage the proprietor of the soil enjoys, is the having the refusal of the mine at the rent fixed upon it by the crown surveyors. There is great difficulty sometimes in even obtaining the leave of the crown to sink a shaft upon the property of the individual, who is anxious to undertake the speculation, and to pay the rent usually demanded, a certain portion of the gross product. The Comte Alexandre de B—— has been vainly seeking this permission for a lead mine on his estate in Brittany for upwards of ten years.

The imports of these metals, of course, are very considerable:—

IRON.					
Imports.			Exports.		
	Kilos.	Value.	Kilos.	Value.	
1822 . .	15,616,818	5,772,540	3,032,335	2,714,527	
1823 . .	14,806,880	5,328,222	3,558,451	3,601,207	
COFFER.					
1822 . .	5,023,904	10,265,944	231,886	1,075,277	
1823 . .	3,987,736	8,126,761	178,964	228,793	
TIN.					
1822 . .	784,156	1,550,848	24,784	93,676	
1823 . .	807,673	1,592,998	21,362	68,988	

* The length of the canals in this department is one-sixth of the length of all the canals in France.

ever, where they are sufficiently numerous to maintain a constant communication from one part of the country to another, they are much more used, and therefore much more productive. It is remarkable that those departments are highly flourishing, and that land there bears a higher value than in almost any other. In the department du Nord it is estimated at 69 fr. 56 c. per hectare, in that of la Seine (Paris) at 216, and in that of La Seine Inférieure (Rouen) at 67 fr. 85 c. while the general average through France is only 28.

Many difficulties conspire to prevent the French from making much use of their rivers for commercial purposes; in the summer the water is deficient, in the winter the current is too strong. The boats on the Rhone are about 150 tons burden, and it sometimes requires thirty-six horses for eighteen days to tow them from Marseilles to Lyons. They have been known to be even six weeks in their passage. All the other rivers, even the Garonne above Bourdeaux, and the Seine above Rouen, labour under similar disadvantages. We ourselves saw the latter river in the month of July last, when, five miles below Paris, there was not more than from eighteen inches to two feet of water. The want therefore of canals and navigable rivers in most parts of the kingdom compels the inhabitants generally to have recourse to the roads for the conveyance even of the more bulky articles of merchandize. The raw cotton is transported by land from the Havre to Alsace, a distance of 440 miles, and the manufactured article is sent in caravans to Paris, upwards of 400 miles.

The roads which are thus in such general use, are neither as numerous, nor kept in as good order as might reasonably be expected. The *routes royales*, which lead directly from Paris to the principal towns, are generally of great width, but the centre only is paved, and that seldom of a breadth sufficient to admit of two carriages passing each other, and being made with a very considerable curve, it frequently happens that a heavy laden diligence, or waggon, is overturned by one wheel remaining on the pavement, and the other sinking into the unpaved part on the side, which is almost totally neglected, and becomes quite impassable in wet weather, and during winter.

The other roads—*routes départementales* and *routes vicinales*, which are kept up, the first by the department, the second by the parishes, are in general in very bad order, and it is hardly ever possible to travel along the latter in a carriage.*

The French government is, however, anxious to improve the situation of the country, and has formed many plans for im-

* Dupin (Force Commerciale) states that France with a superficies three times as great as that of England, only allows one-third as much for the roads. The consequences must be evident.

proving the internal navigation. We have now lying before us a report drawn up by the 'Administration des Ponts et Chaussées,' for the information of the French ministry, in which are enumerated all the canals which are finished—all those on which they are at work, and all those which they recommend to be undertaken. As, however, they acknowledge that many of the canals are laid down merely on an inspection of the map, without considering what local difficulties may prevent the execution, and as the estimates amount to upwards of 1,000,000,000 francs, (£44,160,000) it is obvious that much encouragement for the present cannot be derived from their intentions.*

In this country we can hardly conceive how much France suffers by this want of internal navigation. There is at present a tract of country bounded on the north by the Loire, on the west by the great southern road, on the south by the canal de Languedoc, and on the east by the Rhone, from 200 to 215 miles wide, and from 220 to 290 long, through which there is only one road on which post-horses can be found, and across which no one canal, or large navigable river passes. Though rich in mineral and vegetable productions, all industry is checked for want of means of export, and by reason of its small internal consumption. As few of the proprietors reside habitually on their estates, the consumption of the products of the country is chiefly confined to the lower classes. This state of things is strikingly portrayed by an unsuspicious witness, M. Cordier, one of the most skilful of the French civil engineers, in his able work *Sur les Ponts et Chaussées*. After expatiating upon the superior advantages of England, derived from the enterprising spirit and real patriotism of its inhabitants, and then upon her internal communications, he says—

'Je parcours après une longue absence les départemens du Jura, de l'Ain, de Saône et Loire, du Rhone, et les provinces intérieures du royaume—je trouve les chemins vicinaux, les rivières, les fleuves dans l'ancien état de nature; on n'arrive d'une contrée à l'autre que par des directions forcées et difficiles. En s'écartant des grandes routes entre-

* Of the canals which are in progress, the most important are—

Canal de Monsieur,

Parallel with the Rhine, which will facilitate the exportation of the Alsace manufactures both to Paris and Marseilles.

Canal de Bourgogne,

Joining the Canal de Monsieur with the Seine by way of Dijon.

Canal latéral de la Loire.

Canal du Duc de Berry.

Striking off from the Loire near Tours, and passing by Bourges and joining the Loire again near Nevers.

Canal de Bretagne.

Canal du Nivernois.

To intersect the Nivernois, and give some means of communication to a district in which hitherto all goods have been carried on horseback.

tenues, on entre dans des espèces de déserts; on ne découvre plus que quelques traces des familles qui ont illustré ou enrichi la France; on n'apperçoit que les ruines de leurs demeures, ou des débris de domaines qui passent sans cesse de main en main, ou s'exploitent par procuration au détriment du maître et de la contrée. J'ai traversé plusieurs fois dans différens départemens vingt lieues carrées, sans rencontrer un canal, une route, une manufacture, et surtout une terre habitée. La campagne semble un exil abandonné aux malheureux; ses intérêts et ses besoins sont méconnus, et sa détresse toujours croissante par le bas prix des produits et la difficulté des transports.

Nor can the coasting trade supply the deficiency of the internal navigation. Divided as the different parts of the French coast are from each other by intervening nations, the productions of the south can be safely conveyed to the north only through the interior of the country. The coast of Dauphiné, Provence, Languedoc, and Roussillon, which abound with commodities not produced in other parts of France, is so completely separated by Spain from the rest of the French coast, that should internal communication fail, a war with Spain, or with England, would totally stop all export of their productions. Nor is the western shore well calculated to facilitate coasting voyages. The violent storms that prevail in the bay of Biscay, and its want of safe harbours, render that navigation extremely dangerous.* In the north-west are to be found, indeed, Rochefort, Nantes, and Brest; still farther north the Havre, where by far the greatest part of the cotton-wool used in France is imported. Beyond this the harbours are small, empty at low water, and calculated only for flat-bottomed vessels.

To these natural disadvantages, which can only be overcome by great exertions, the conduct of the French government adds others of a very serious nature. The principle of directing every, even the most unimportant, step in local administration from Paris, arose principally during the Revolution, and is now carried to such an excess that every alteration in every department must be referred to the central office at Paris, before it can be carried into effect.† In nothing is the injury arising from this system more visible than in the roads and canals. Excepting

* The mouth of the Adour is closed by a bar, which it is very difficult to cross in stormy weather; and there is no harbour of any size between that and the mouth of the Gironde.

† As a specimen of the absurd excess, to which this principle of referring every thing to Paris is carried, take the following:—

A reward of six francs is due to the person killing a wolf. The certificate must be signed by the mayor of the commune; thence transmitted to the sous-préfet—from him to the préfet—thence to the ministre de l'intérieur, by whom an order is obtained from the ministre des finances for the payment of the reward. It then returns by the same circuitous route; and we know an instance in which the reward was paid a year after it was due. The paper consumed in all the official letters on the subject was perhaps greater in value than the reward itself.

the most trivial repairs, hardly any work, however necessary, can be executed, and scarcely any new work can be commenced without permission of the board sitting at Paris. Nor are the sums provided for this purpose by any means sufficient for the objects to which they are destined. As the whole is voted at once by the Chambers, and is distributed through the minister, it may be conceived that a sum, which appears of considerable magnitude in the mass, becomes insignificant and inadequate for any great purpose, when shared among eighty-six departments.

The minute subdivision of authority is another evil connected with this, and productive of great delay, expense, and dissatisfaction. The 86 préfets, the 368 sous-préfets, and the 36,990 mayors, are all struggling for more authority, and discontented with that which they have; while the inhabitants, who of course expect and think that they are entitled to a larger share of the sum voted, than the minister thinks proper to allot to them, attribute their disappointment to the neglect of their interests, or the corrupt influence, which prevails at Paris. With these discordant elements little good can be expected to be done, and the exertions of the authorities are therefore much more directed towards preserving what exists, than the attempting any improvements. With regard to public works indeed, such as roads, bridges, and canals, engineers are named by government to reside in the different districts, and to superintend the whole. By this mode uniformity of system is indeed obtained, but it is dearly purchased at the expense of so great an establishment as the *Ponts et Chaussées*, and of the check which official interference gives to experiment, speculation, and enterprise.

Let us now consider some circumstances which combine to give France, in some respects, a most decided advantage over England: of these the most essential is the climate. Various as it is in various parts of the country, in general it is much more genial than in England. Much of the beauty of the colours of the cotton goods of Alsace, which we have already remarked, is attributed to the influence of the climate. Nor is this less advantageous at Lyons, where they consider the warm air as one of the principal causes, which improves the dyes of their silk goods.

To this superiority of climate, also, in great measure, is due the peculiar excellence of many of the productions of their soil. Corn of all species, and potatoes, are universally cultivated in such abundance, that France is able not only to supply itself, but to become an exporting country. Every species of cattle and of sheep is to be found in the different provinces, and even the Merinos, a breed which was long supposed to be almost pec-

culiar to Spain, are in considerable numbers. Wine, oil, and silk, are indigenous productions, and there is hardly a single article, except cotton, which either the wants of the labourer, or the skill of the manufacturer requires, that France does not produce. Fuel of every kind is in the greatest abundance. Coals in many places, and in inexhaustible quantities. Woods of great extent, and so scattered over the whole surface of the country, that there is no great expense in transporting it, except for the supply of large towns. Even hops, which in general are only grown in northern climates, are extensively cultivated in some parts of France. We do not mention, as important, their forced substitutes for the productions of hotter regions. From the beet-root they have extracted sugar, equal, if not superior in appearance, though inferior in quality, to the cane-sugar; and instead of indigo,* they, at one time, used the leaves of woad; which was cultivated to a great extent for that purpose in Languedoc and Provence, though for many subsequent years it was totally neglected.

To these natural advantages must be added the situation of France. Through the Low Countries she can with ease transmit her manufactures to the whole of Germany; and, placed upon the Mediterranean, the Bay of Biscay, and the English Channel, she has a ready intercourse with Italy, Naples, and Egypt for import of silk and cotton; with Spain, for that of the fine Merino wool; indeed with all parts of the world for every article of commerce.

The soil and climate of France render provisions very abundant;† and the lower classes can live for a sum which, in England, would be considered quite insufficient to support life. In some parts of France, especially on the banks of the Allier, where at present there are extensive collieries, the labourers can live comfortably for about four, or at the utmost, five sous a day. In the neighbourhood of Bourdeaux,‡ about the same sum, or

* Henri IV. prohibited, under pain of death, the use of indigo: during the late war, a successful attempt was made to restore the former dye. The experiment was, however, abandoned at the peace.

† M. Chaptal estimates the prices of provisions:—

			Frs. Cen.	Number killed per year.
Wheat, at 18 frs. per hectolitre.	Barley at	10	Oxen 350 0	575,000
Rye and Meslin, at 12 frs.	Peas, Beans, &c. 18		Cows 100 0	482,000
Maize, at 12 frs.	Potatoes 3		Calves 15 0	2,002,000
Sarrasin, 6 frs.			Sheep 7 0	39,023,000
			Pigs 56 0	3,515,000
			Fowls 1 0	
			Eggs 0 30 per dozen.	

The hectolitre is equal to 2 bush. 6 gall. 3 pints. *640.

‡ Near one-third of all the wine made in France costs to the maker about three centimes per quart—in English money three-tenths of a penny.

perhaps

perhaps a little more, is sufficient; and even at Lyons sixteen sous is reckoned an ample allowance. In many parts of the interior of the country, where there are no manufactories, and where the simple manners of the peasantry have not been corrupted, the price of provisions, of all kinds, is as low, if not lower, than on the Allier. In the manufacturing districts indeed, the increase of population has augmented the price. In general, however, fifteen sous is the usual sum expended. Within the towns it is sometimes a little more; and in Paris they require near twenty-five, as the octroi, or municipal duties, are extremely high.

The low price of provisions naturally occasions a low rate of wages. At Paris, where they are highest, the average rate may be about 2*f.* 50*c.* a day. In Rouen, and the neighbourhood, men earn from thirty to fifty sous a day for fourteen hours clear work,—women from twenty to twenty-five. At Lisle and St. Quentin, nearly the same, perhaps somewhat higher. In general the wages in manufacturing provinces near the towns are from thirty to forty,—women about one-half.

In the agricultural parts of France, there is great variety in the price of labour, according to the distance from Paris, or other large manufacturing towns. The highest is about twenty-five sous per day; in the interior hardly ever above twenty, and frequently as low as fifteen. It is evident, then, that were the internal communications such as they ought to be, and were the French manufacturers possessed of those advantages which the English derive from skill, industry, and experience, a great part of Europe would become tributary to France.

To counterbalance these advantages, there are others which England possesses, and to which her great superiority is principally owing. Among these the most important is her internal navigation. To enter into the detail would be as tedious as useless; it is sufficient to enumerate, among her rivers, the Thames, the Humber, the Mersey, and the Severn; all of which are more important than any river in France, except the Gironde. Among the canals, the Grand Trunk, with its branches, 180 miles; the Grand Junction, 150 miles; the Oxford, 100; besides these the whole of the country is intersected with different ramifications; and there is not a town where any considerable manufactory is carried on, nor a mine where any mineral can be extracted, which does not communicate by water with that point where those commodities can be disposed of with the greatest facility. If we take into our calculation the greater superficies of France, she has only one-twentieth of the canals which this country possesses.

Though

Though inferior in agricultural productions, England is infinitely superior to France in minerals. Iron, tin, copper, lead, are all more abundant than is necessary for the consumption of the country, and a considerable quantity is annually exported; and the abundance of coal, and the facility of transport, enable the proprietors of mines to smelt the ore at a very trifling expense, compared with the charges in France.

To the abundant capital existing in England, much of our prosperity may also be attributed. Whatever speculation is suggested—whatever plan is proposed—should it appear to afford any prospect of ultimate, though distant advantage, the necessary sum is immediately forthcoming to advance it, whether the subject matter be canals, docks, rail-roads, or mines.* Nor is there greater difficulty in obtaining the capital for carrying on the usual operations of trade. The large sums which are vested in some of the great manufactories, enabled the proprietors to produce goods in proportion to the capital engaged; and as a very trifling profit upon each of the many thousand bales which are annually made, is sufficient to ensure them extensive returns, they are enabled to furnish the goods almost at prime cost. The same causes allow each intermediate vendor to remain contented with a small profit on each article, so that even the consumer is not called upon to pay a large advance upon the original price.

Nor, in comparing the two countries, should the characters of the people be disregarded. In England, the workmen in manufactories are generally eager to discharge their duties attentively, in hopes either of mental improvement, or of augmented wages. Among them are to be found many, whose scientific knowledge is by no means despicable, and whose practical experience renders them capable of suggesting most useful inventions. Many, one might almost say most, of the improvements in the machinery used in Great Britain, have been introduced by mechanics, who, perceiving faults, have discovered the means of correcting them. The wish of many of the labouring mechanics in England, is to be able to set up in business for themselves, and in order to fulfil this wish, they must first acquire a high character as workmen.

* We have now lying before us, a list of the speculations at present afloat:

Rail Roads	22
Gas Companies	12
Foreign Mines	18
English ditto	8
Miscellaneous	83

having a subscribed capital of upwards of £120,000,000.

Two millions were required for the northern rail road—in two days sixteen were tendered.

The

The French, on the other hand, are deficient in perseverance, following the old plans which their predecessors left them, and not anxious to obtain new systems, or new machinery.

The moral character of the workmen produces most important results in the products of the manufactures. In England there is great anxiety to obtain distinction—the emulation of all is excited, and the workmen conceive their own character, as well as that of their master, implicated, if they do not endeavour to excel not only all foreign rivals, but also their own national competitors. Even according to the character which the French give of themselves and us, the foregoing remarks must be tolerably accurate: for while they claim the merit of ingenious inventions, they allow that their original ideas are perfected by the English.

This same disposition also produces another most important result, in the quantity of work done in the same time, by the workmen of the two countries. In England, almost all manufacturers work by the piece; in France, by the day. While the Frenchman rarely tries to exceed the least possible quantity which will obtain him his stipulated wages, the Englishman is always striving to do the greatest possible quantity in a given time. The masters in France, who have men of both nations in their employment, calculate that the Englishmen generally do from one-fourth to one-third more than the French. But the Englishmen abroad, though able workmen, are in general persons of extremely bad character, continually drunk,* constantly quarrelling and occasioning most serious complaints. If then, under these circumstances, they are able to execute so much more work than the foreigners, it is but reasonable to conclude that in England they must be much more efficient.

The Germans, in Alsace, in some measure resemble the English, and the cotton manufacturers there, Mr. Dixon (Haut Rhin) and Mr. Cockerell, at Liege, all unite in preferring them to any other continental workmen as to skill, but their conduct is in general so bad, that except at Charenton, no master manufacturer has ventured to keep many of them together.

We have reserved to the last, as the more immediate subject of this article, one other point in which the superiority of England over the continent is most manifest, and perhaps the most striking, we mean the machinery used in the different manufactories. Without entering into particulars, which might be tedious, it

* At Messrs. Manbys' works, at Charenton, where some of the workmen receive £12 a week, hardly one has ever saved a farthing. They drink nothing but the most expensive wines, Burgundy and Champagne, and never leave the cabarets till the whole of their wages are exhausted. Two men employed from Chailot, in setting up a steam-engine, drank eighteen bottles of wine in three hours, and a man and a boy drank 273 in a fortnight.

would be impossible for us to explain the peculiar merits of every different part of the English machinery. But the universal consent of all foreign manufacturers as to their own inferiority, and their desire of obtaining machines from England, or made upon English models, may be taken as good evidence of the truth of the assertion. It becomes then an object of serious consideration, whether such an alteration should be made in the existing laws, as would allow the foreign manufacturers to obtain at a reasonable rate, what they can scarcely now procure by any means, and without which it is impossible that in many branches of our manufactories, at least, they can rival us at all. Although possessing many of the raw articles wanted in the manufacture, with the advantage of low wages, and low taxes, the French have hitherto been completely undersold by the British manufacturer. Should machinery, however, be freely exported, this great advantage would be lost, and the two countries be put more nearly on the same footing. The benefit derived from this exportation would be principally confined to the London engineers, who alone, of the witnesses examined before the Committee, seemed anxious for the repeal of the prohibitory laws. The country engineers, who are engaged in providing machinery for all the great manufacturing towns, universally declared that they had more orders than they could possibly execute for several years, so that the proprietors of mines may be quite confident of a constant demand for their ore. Yet the price of machinery being so much higher on the continent, it would be the interest of the foreign manufacturer to offer such sums to the British engineer, as would induce him to give up his English orders to execute those from abroad.* The English manufacturer would thus receive this double injury—he would be delayed in receiving the machinery of which he stands in need, and the foreigner would obtain those machines which would enable him to rival the English goods.

That considerable injury would accrue to the English manufacturer, by extending this system of free trade to machinery, seems almost universally admitted; and the principal reason hitherto assigned for the repeal is, that by withholding these machines from the French, we compel them to make them for themselves, and that ultimately they will equal ours in excellence. In the first place, they have as yet only made a small quantity, and those of a very inferior quality. In the next place, supposing that in process of time they will gain skill and experience, that seems scarcely a reason for giving them *now*, what it must cost them

* The unanimous opinion of all the country engineers was, that it is impossible to make good machines from drawings or models. We know that Mr. Cockerell and many others abroad, perfectly coincide in this opinion.

much time to acquire, nor for enabling them at once to profit by the numerous experiments, and the many years labour of Great Britain, and by furnishing them with all our machinery, place them in a single day on that very elevation, to attain which has cost our manufacturers such an expense both of money and of time.

The question is most important and most difficult. On the one hand, we are pressed by those general principles of free trade on which the government has been so liberally acting, and to which we give our most cordial assent; on the other, a strong and particular instance is presented, in which restrictions seem to be palpably advantageous, and a removal of them, a mere gratuitous piece of generosity, for which no reciprocal boon can be hoped for or is possible. There may be cases wisely to be excepted from the wisest rule; at present, we will not enter into the argument, whether this be one of those cases; we are prepared for it, and intended to have expressed our opinion and supported it with our reasons. But we could only have done that satisfactorily at some length, and our limits compel us to abstain. We will not, therefore, express a mere opinion; the question will soon be settled by a more competent tribunal; but we shall not think we have mispent our time in a humbler department, if by the communication of authentic facts, we shall have contributed to supply evidence and premises upon which that tribunal may found its judgment.

That such of our readers as are not conversant with subjects of this nature, may see, at a glance, the importance of any question which affects these manufactures, we subjoin a few extracts from a Parliamentary Paper published only a few days since.

An Account of the Value, as calculated at the official Rates, of all British and Irish Produce and Manufactures exported from Great Britain in each of the Three Years ended 10th October, 1824.

	1822.	1823.	1824.
Sum Total	45,787,389	46,261,511	50,758,803
Cotton Manufactures	25,938,260	24,618,588	26,880,937
— Twist and Yarn	2,418,813	2,626,632	3,138,347
Silk Manufactures	212,355	183,752	189,313
Woollen Goods	6,393,177	5,977,424	6,880,200
	33,163,105	33,406,396	37,089,397

The total increase in three years being 4,971,419, the increase upon these items is 3,926,292, very nearly three-fourths of the whole.

ART. VIII.—*Histoire de la République de Venise.* Par P. Daru, de l'Académie Française. Seconde Edition, revue et corrigée. 8 vols. 8vo. Paris.

THE vicissitudes of empires offer to the imagination no subject of more intense interest, than the long grandeur and the fall of Venice. The origin of that celebrated republic must be dated from before the commencement of modern history; and its extinction has been numbered among the striking political events of our own times. Emerging from the bosom of the waves in the darkest ages of Italian misery, the queen of the Adriatic—herself immovable—became a mournful spectator of the long agony and dissolution of the Roman empire. For thirteen hundred years, she witnessed in security the subsequent ravages of continental wars, the rise and declension of nations, the change of dynasties, the whole awful drama of human fate; until 'the last surviving witness of antiquity, the common link between two periods of civilization,' she fell in her turn, and has reached the lowest depths of abasement.

The existence of Venice may be dimly traced even in the obscurity of the long night, which veiled the settlement of the northern tribes in Italy; her early liberty and commerce were the day-springs of modern civilization; and when the barons of Champagne and Flanders meditated the redemption of the Holy Sepulchre in the fourth crusade, they were fain to solicit the maritime co-operation of her, who was already become the mistress of the Adriatic. In the rudeness and fervour of their religious zeal, they prostrated themselves with tears and supplications before the haughty merchant-kings of Venice. Their gold purchased the aid which they sought; but their enthusiasm was succeeded by wonder at the resources of the city of the waves, which could equip five hundred vessels for their service. The memorable diversion of their sacred expedition against the Greek empire, and the conquest of Constantinople, poured the treasures of the east into the lap of Venice; and her division of the spoil justified her doges in assuming the proud and accurate title of 'dukes of three-eighths of the empire of Romania.' It was then that the trophies of Grecian art were transplanted to adorn her place of St. Mark, and that the banners of her patron saint floated over the fairest islands of the Grecian seas. It was then, too, that the republic began successfully to assert, with more unreserved and arrogant pretensions, her exclusive navigation and sovereignty of the Adriatic; and that her doges first observed the annual ceremony of dropping a consecrated ring into the waves, as a
symbol

symbol that, by such espousal, the sea should be subject to them, as a bride to her lord.

With the conquest of Constantinople, commenced the meridian splendour of Venice; and her star maintained its ascendant for three hundred years. The revival of the eastern empire deprived the republic of her portion of its capital; but she retained her possessions in the eastern seas; and a vast and increasing commerce swelled her enormous wealth. She held

‘— the gorgeous east in fee,
And was the safeguard of the west.’

As the Greek empire crumbled into dust before the power of the sultans, Venice became the maritime bulwark of Christendom against their ferocious hostility. The Ottoman grandeur had not yet passed its zenith, when the republic was already declining; she was often forced into unequal collision with the gigantic masses and furious energy of the Turkish power; but even weakened as she was, Venice nobly braved the tempests of war with the infidel; and by the constancy, with which she maintained a succession of these stupendous conflicts, broke the violence and exhausted the force of that storm, which had menaced Christian Europe with destruction.

The achievements of Venice in the east are as a silken thread of romance, continually interwoven in the long tissue of her annals. But her whole history is invested with a peculiar and striking character. Her deadly and protracted rivalry with Genoa; her heroic defence against that republic and other enemies in the desperate war of Chiozza; the singular career in which, with a native population composed only of marines, she extended her dominion over great part of Lombardy, and held the political balance of Italy; the envy and hatred which she excited in other nations; and the general coalition of Europe, which she provoked and repelled;—all these are circumstances of the highest historical attraction. But even these yield in interest to the fearful and imposing spectacle which is offered by the constitution and policy of her government:—the gloomiest fabric of real despotism ever erected for the pretended security of republican freedom. History has no parallel to that silent, mysterious, inexorable tyranny; a tyranny to its subjects,

‘— subtle, invisible,
And universal as the air they breathed;
A power that never slumbered, never pardoned,
All eye, all ear, no where and every where;
Entering the closet and the sanctuary,
Most present when least thought of—nothing dropt
In secret when the heart was on the lips;

Nothing

Nothing in feverish sleep, but instantly
Observed and judged—a power, that if but glanced at
In casual converse, be it where it might,
The speaker lowered at once his eyes, his voice,
And pointed upwards, as to God in heaven !”

Yet, under this dark and relentless administration, Venice was the throne of pleasure, the chosen seat not only of Italian but of European festivity. The imagination may now fondly linger over what was then the present source of pride and gratification to the ambitious, the busy, and the gay; her picturesque situation, throned on her hundred isles; the magnificence of her Palladian elevations; her churches and palaces of every style and decoration, slumbering on their shadows in the ‘long drawn aisles of her canals;’ her docks, and her arsenals, stored with all the furniture of war; her quays so strangely crowded with the mingled costumes of the eastern and western world; glittering with the pageant, or heaped with costly merchandize; echoing the stream of music, the peal of merriment, or the busy hum of commerce. But in so fair a city, all this splendour, festivity, and lively activity was consistent with scenes of secret, but excessive horror. Her palaces and her prisons were contiguous; and while the masque and the revel encircled the edifice of government, that ancient pile covered abodes of misery, from which mercy and hope were alike excluded. During the gayest hours of Venetian pleasure, in the throng of the casino, or in the mazes of the carnival, individuals disappeared from society, and were heard of no more: to breathe an inquiry after their fate, was a dangerous imprudence; even to mourn their loss, was an act of guilt. Before the secret council of government, the informer was never confronted with the accused; the victim was frequently denied a hearing, and hurried to death, or condemned to linger for life in the dungeons of state: his offence and its punishment untried and unknown. The influence of a secret police pervaded the city; there was no sweet privacy in domestic life, no confidence in familiar discourse, which was not chilled or violated by fears and suspicions, or a detestable treachery, against which there was no assurance, which no caution could guard against, and where no sharp-sightedness could point out the source of danger.

The jealousy of such a government as that of Venice, equally excluded the public eye from piercing the mystery of its constitution and of its proceedings; and as long as the republic existed, it was vain to expect the development of the system. The secret archives of the state were withheld from the inspection of its subjects. No Venetian dared to incur the resentment of the vindictive oligarchy; and the researches of foreigners could glean
only

only such details as the cautious subserviency or imperfect knowledge of native writers would permit or enable them to publish. From the beginning of the sixteenth century, the republic had always indeed a formal historiographer to minister to her pride; and this servile office was sometimes dignified by the talents of its holder. It was first filled by Marc' Antonio Sabellico, whose Venetian history is one of the most elegant specimens of modern latinity; his mantle descended upon Bembo; and Paolo Paruta and Battista Nani are names not unknown to the Italian scholar. But whatever might have been the intellectual powers of the Venetian historiographers, independence of spirit and upright sentiment were inconsistent with their task. In later times the Abbé Langier, whose history of Venice has been praised much above its deserts, only copies the republican chronicles, when he defends the murder of the three princes of Carrara in the fifteenth century by the council of ten; but the continuance of the attempt to justify that foul atrocity for three hundred years after its commission, is a proof of the abject spirit which the oligarchy demanded of their subjects. When Langier, though a foreigner, had the baseness to adopt the most infamous argument of their tyranny, he wrote in a temper perfectly agreeable to the existing administration of Venice. He was protected and favoured by the government, and yet it would appear that he was not permitted to investigate the most interesting portion of their records, the secret history of the oligarchical constitution. It might have been either from ignorance or wilful falsification, that he passes over the long course of gradual and silent usurpation, by which the Venetian aristocracy riveted their yoke on the people; and that he represents the insidious encroachments of twenty-three years as the sudden revolution of a day. But it must have been from ignorance alone, that he assigns at hazard a period for the establishment of the inquisitors of state, too recent by almost a whole century; and this error may prove that he was not allowed to consult state papers, that have since seen the light. Sometimes, however, with all his devotion to the oligarchy, the Abbé suffers strange admissions to escape him; as when, in speaking of the council of ten; (in his treatise on the magistracies of Venice,) he declares,—*‘ Lorsque l'accusé est manifestement convaincu, il est exécuté à la manière des criminels ordinaires; hors le cas d'une pleine conviction, l'exécution se fait secrètement, ou en jetant les criminels à la mer, ou en les faisant pendre la nuit.’*

But the Abbé was guiltless of the intentional betrayal of such fearful truths; and notwithstanding a few similar imprudences, he at least merited well of his patrons. They were as tender of his reputation as he had been of their ancestors' and their own; and

the senate, instead of proscribing his work, as they had done that of another foreigner, Amelot de la Houssaye (in 1700) gave it the protection of their state. The learned Sandi, who detected many historical errors in the Jesuit, published in 1769 a work entitled 'Estratti della Storia Veneziana del signor abbate Langier, ed osservazioni sopra egli stessi.' But the inquisitors of state immediately suppressed the book, 'ove di troppo offendevasi un uomo sempre bene merito della Veneta storia,' as too offensive against a man who had always deserved well of Venetian history.

But even Sandi himself, the latest, and beyond all comparison, the most learned and accurate of the native historians of Venice, knew less than he desired of the secret annals of the state, or perhaps more than he dared to publish. His civil history of Venice (*Storia Civile di Venezia*) surpassed all earlier compilations in value, and displayed in some respects a boldness of investigation, which the inquisitors of state would not have tolerated in the more vigorous epochs of their administration. Yet such was still the suspicious temper of that body, and so deep the awe which its detestable jurisdiction inspired almost to the last days of the republic, that Sandi appears to tremble, when he disclaims all endeavour to tear aside the veil from its proceedings. He declares, that it is the duty of a good citizen to preserve a sacred respect for so illustrious a magistracy, and to abstain from attempting to penetrate, still less to divulge, that which it was its pleasure to clothe in obscurity. The same prudence forbade him from attempting to trace the causes of that decline in the vital energies of the state, of which he was the living witness. Of the nine volumes of which his work is composed, the first six only are valuable; for the three last are devoted with very disproportionate prolixity to the affairs of Venice in the sixteenth century; and these three heavy quartos on the transactions of his own times are so cautious and meagre in observation, so spiritless in composition, and so totally uninteresting in their cumbrous details, that their perusal is a wearisome and unprofitable labour.

The efforts of the Venetian oligarchy to repress the boldness of historical investigation on the affairs of their republic, were generally successful. But this policy received one remarkable and mortifying defeat, and the circumstance altogether is too curious a piece of literary history, and too little known, to be passed over in this place—particularly as M. Daru has scarcely noticed it. Among the extravagant pretensions of the republic, was one, which the senate maintained with scarcely less vehemence than the boasted right of Venice to the sovereignty and exclusive navigation of the Adriatic, with which indeed it was closely connected. They attributed the foundation of their state

to the nobles of Aquileia, who, on the invasion of the Italian continent by the barbarians, preserved their liberty by retiring to the islets which became the seat of Venice. They thus claimed an origin for their republic prouder than that of Rome; for 'ebbe principio non da pastori come ebbe Roma,' says old Sanuto, 'ma da nobili e potenti;' and they boasted that she had never subsequently yielded submission to any yoke. For several centuries these haughty pretensions to original and continued independence were tacitly assented to by the world. But in the year 1612, a little volume in quarto was published (according to the title-page, at Mirandola), called '*Squittinio della libert  Veneta*,' which excited more political attention at the moment, than any book that had appeared since the revival of letters. Who the author was, still remains as much unknown as the identity of Junius. The French nation, deceived by the Abb  St. Real, attributed it to the Marquis of Bedemar, but dates and other facts contradict the supposition. The *Squittinio* was written with learning, spirit, and talent, and proved, by clear deduction from former documents, the early dependence of Venice upon the western empire, upon the Goths, and the German emperors. That a submission to the sovereignty of these last princes was recognized so late as the days of the Emperor Henry IV., is admitted even by Sabellico, the zealous vindicator of Venetian freedom. He acknowledges, that a cloth of gold and a tribute were delivered every year by the republic, but he endeavours to make the sum as small as possible; as if, says the author of the *Squittinio*, the amount of the tribute affected the confession of dependence:—*come se il poco o' assai in questo genere alterasse la confessione della soggettione.*—(p. 47.) The Venetians, alarmed at the effect of the treatise on the European mind, hired a Dutch civilian, one Theodore Graswinckel, to answer it. But this poor man of cases and subtilties could not beat down the facts, nor destroy the reasoning of the *Squittinio*; and the Venetian senate then resorted to the last argument, the argument of tyranny—the fire. They burnt the book—and the world of course laughed at their impotent vengeance. Some copies, however, escaped the flames, and from one of these a French translation was made, and was published in 1677. A new edition of the work in Italian was afterwards wanted; but such was the scarcity of the original, that no copy of it could be procured. The treatise was then translated back again into Italian from the French translation, and the new edition was a copy of the Italian-Frenchified-Italian book. Whether there was a third edition, we know not; and indeed the book, though one of the most curious in literature, has not been much noticed in bibliography. Peignot, who *does* mention it,

knew nothing of its contents; for, like a faithful bibliographer, he only read the title-page and colophon, and measured the margin of a volume.*

The intention of the Squitino was but to disturb the dream of Venetian pride: those ages are now past in which any inquiries into the constitution of that once famous republic could excite the tumult of human passion. Resembling no other political edifice of ancient or modern creation, it stood in the days of its grandeur an object of silent astonishment to the nations; and its ruins remain on the broad waste of time to attract the eye of philosophical research, or to kindle the splendid associations of romance. The period has arrived when all the fearful recesses of the Venetian despotism may be securely investigated. The most secret records of the extinguished state have been bared to the inspection of the curious; and even the dungeons of St. Mark have been opened to the traveller. The prisons, like the palaces of Venice, are crumbling to the shore; the whole city is fast sinking into the slime of her choaked canals; and whatever may be our opinion of the lawless spoliations of the French revolutionists, it cannot be regretted that the removal of the republican archives has furnished the means for the completion of Venetian history, before the monuments of the state shall have followed the fate of her independence.

In the volumes which are now before us, this important service to historical literature has been well performed; and we are induced to notice them, less from any idea of being able to afford so much as an outline of their contents in the compass of a few pages, than for the sake of directing the attention of the English reader to the general merits of the work, and the interest and curiosity of the subject. The author, Count Daru, has enjoyed opportunities of consulting a far greater number of authentic documents than any preceding writer on Venetian history. He had not only free access to the secret archives after their removal to Paris, but his efforts seem to have been indefatigable in collecting such further materials as the great libraries of the continent could afford. He has thus accumulated notices in his appendix on nearly four thousand manuscripts, above half of which he declares that he has personally inspected; while, for the account of the remainder, he stands indebted to different librarians. He has rendered his two last volumes an admirable catalogue raisonné of the authorities on which his labours have been founded; he has facilitated inquiry into his own accuracy;

* It is singular that Mr. Hallam (*Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 471) had not seen the *Squitino*, for there are copies of both the editions here referred to in the British Museum.

and the historical student is guided to various original sources of investigation.

But his best claims to praise must rest of course on the judgment and ability which he has displayed in the use of his materials. We have had occasion to subject his volumes to a rigid scrutiny, and we have risen from the comparison of his labours with those of earlier writers, under a strong conviction of his industry, accuracy, and good sense. The defects of the work are such as in general cannot materially impair its value. It must certainly be reckoned among the faults of an historian, to be seldom warned by his subject; for though coldness of spirit may seem to be a security for stern fidelity in the relation of facts, yet a warm feeling and enthusiasm are not necessarily inconsistent with it. But M. Daru's style is not pleasing: there is a plainness and a severity about it, which is seldom the praise or reproach of his nation, and particularly of the modern French school. The thread of his narrative is disagreeably broken by an abrupt division of paragraphs and sections; and we are often reminded of the staid precision of the Annalist, and the acid manner of Muratori. In one respect, in the conclusion of his work, M. Daru is open to some suspicion, and to heavier censure. He betrays the leaven of the revolutionary spirit. He loses the impartiality and cool judgment of his preceding reflections; and his reader might remain profoundly ignorant of the abandoned treachery and insolent aggression of the French rulers in the final catastrophe of Venetian independence. There may be little to regret in the extinction of a corrupt and cowardly oligarchy; but the perfidy that prepared its downfall, and the flagitious violation of the rights of nations which marked every stage of that memorable work of destruction, are not the more defensible; and M. Daru has descended from the dignity, nay respectability, of an honest historian, to become the weak apologist for the crimes of the French revolutionary government.

The most curious and valuable part of M. Daru's work is the full and able picture which it offers of the progress of the Venetian constitution; and it is needless to say that, by his superior information and opportunities of research, his authority has completely superseded even that of Sandi. The subject is so full of interest and worthy of attention, that we shall endeavour to find space for a few of the results of his investigation; referring our readers for an illustration of some of our passing remarks to the view which Mr. Hallam has taken, principally from Sismondi, of the same government in its earlier stages; and which, however abridged, is incomparably the best notice in our language of the state of that extraordinary despotism during the middle ages.

When, in the fifth century, the people of the neighbouring continent sought refuge and independence in the islets of the Venetian lagoons, the rude constitution of the new state which they formed was probably that of a federative democracy; for the earliest authentic documents which we possess of its condition, prove that it was governed by tribunes, of whom the people of each islet chose one, and who, administering the magistracy of their respective towns, met to deliberate upon the general interests of the whole commonwealth. This form of government lasted for two hundred and seventy years; until the frequent discords, and the jarring ambition of the tribunes, had exhausted the patience of the people, and created a general disgust at their administration. So divided an authority was perhaps, too, found inadequate to the conduct of the increasing powers of the state; and it was resolved to replace the tribunes by a duke—or *doge*, in the Venetian dialect. He was chosen for life by a general assembly, the exact composition of which is no where clearly marked. His powers were restrained for some centuries by no legal provisions, but the existence of general assemblies preserved in some measure the balance of the republic. Yet several of the early doges abused their authority, and lost their lives in popular commotions; and while the commercial activity, the wealth, and the warlike spirit of the republic were still rapidly increasing, its annals present a long train of obscure revolutions and disorders.

The Venetians had, for above four hundred years, experienced the evils of a form of government which was regulated by no specific limitations, before they attempted to fix the bounds and controul the exercise of the sovereign authority. General assemblies were found to be in practice tumultuary and incapable of business: in effect, not the people, but contending factions prevailed in turn in the nomination of the doges. These magistrates, once elected, were restrained by no specific forms, and punishable by no process but the blind fury of a mob. It was a natural consequence of this absence of all constitutional order, that Venice was torn and distracted by the rancorous hostility of party, and that her doges were murdered by the unreasonable and ferocious populace, almost as often as any calamity befel the state. From the ambition, too, of her sovereign magistrates, the republic had every thing to dread; and, considering that their authority was unshackled, we may wonder how the state was preserved from hereditary obedience to a ducal family. The doges, indeed, did frequently associate their sons in their dignity, and the antiquity of this custom was, in the eleventh century, already beginning to give it the air of a right, when the first change was effected in the republican constitution.

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The audacious attempt of a member of the family of Urseolo to seat himself, without even the form of popular suffrage, on the throne which several of his illustrious house had occupied with honour, awakened the jealousy of the Venetians, and produced, in 1032, a fundamental law of the state, that the reigning doge should never associate a son in the administration. It was likewise provided that he should not determine on affairs of government without the consent of two counsellors who were given to him. He was required also on extraordinary occasions not to act without the approbation of some of the principal citizens, whom, however, he might himself select, to advise him. These latter, termed *pregadi*, 'the requested,' from being solicited by the doge to render him their assistance, were the foundation of the Venetian senate of after-times.

One hundred and forty years were suffered to elapse before any further alteration was attempted in the Venetian constitution; and it was at length, in the anarchy which followed the murder of a doge, that the council of justice, the only permanent deliberative body of the state, persuaded the people to adopt a political system, which at once offered security against the exercise of arbitrary power by the doge, and obviated the inconvenience of the general and tumultuary assemblies of the people. We are not informed by what skilful address the council of justice prevailed upon the people to consent to an innovation which in a great measure deprived the democracy of its influence; but from this period (1112) may certainly be dated the foundation of the oligarchical government of Venice. Without entirely abolishing the general assemblies of the nation, which were still to be convened upon extraordinary occasions, it was decreed that the supreme powers of the state should thenceforward be seated, conjointly in the doge, and a representative council of four hundred and eighty members. But the election of this great council, as it was termed, was not to be vested immediately in the people. The citizens of each of the six districts of Venice annually chose two tribunes; and every one of these twelve magistrates nominated forty members of the representative body. The natural weight of birth and wealth filled the great council almost exclusively with men of the first families of Venice; and, though the general assemblies of the people continued sometimes to meet and exercise certain functions for nearly two centuries longer, their real authority had already expired.

But the great council was still too large an assembly for the steady and secret dispatch of affairs, or the effectual controul of the doge. Two lesser bodies were therefore deputed from its numbers.—The one, of six members, forming the little council of

the doge, composed with him the signiory or visible representation of the state, and discharged all the duties of executive administration. But even the authority of the signiory was shared in all important affairs by another body, the college of *savi*, as it was termed, composed of sixteen members. Except in conjunction with these counsellors, the doge was bound by his inaugural oath to transact no business with foreign states.—The other deputed body was the senate, or assembly of *pregadi*, who, from being originally chosen at the pleasure of the doge, now came to be nominated instead, by the great council. Their number was originally sixty, but two centuries later it was doubled; and as various magistrates sat in the senate by virtue of their offices, the members at last exceeded altogether three hundred. The senate was gifted with such authority as rendered it in effect, within a smaller compass, the depository of all the sovereignty which lay in the great council itself. The legislative functions remained indeed with the latter body; but the right of imposing taxes, and of making peace and war was vested in the senate.

The establishment of the great council and the enactments which had proceeded from that body, had effected a remarkable revolution; and the unlimited prerogative of the doges was at once reduced to a powerless dignity. But the precautions of the aristocracy were carried even farther. The administration of criminal justice was formally placed in a council called 'the forty,' beyond the controul of the first magistrate; and the terms of his initiative oath were a virtual renunciation not only of all substantial authority, but even of personal liberty. The form of the ducal election, primarily seated in the whole of the great council, was reduced to such a mixture of ballot and free nomination among the members, as totally prevented any scheme for the aggrandizement of particular families or parties by the choice of improper persons for the dogeship. This wholesome jealousy of undue bias in the balloted electors was at subsequent periods carried to such a height, that a curious complication of chances entirely prevented its being foreseen on what members of this great council the duty of appointing a doge could by probability fall.

By this course of gradual and silent innovation the great council of Venice became vested with the appointment of the executive government. The rights of the people lapsed into the hands of their representatives almost without their perceiving the loss; and the nobles who, by the usual influence of high birth, had always obtained the great majority of seats in the legislative body, were, in fact, the sovereign citizens of the state. When the jealousy of the people was at length awakened, ages of insensible usurpation
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and unsuspecting submission had riveted their chains. An hereditary aristocracy had in effect been created; and it was manifest that the firm and vigorous government which this order composed, was more than a match for the people, who had so long been habituated to its sway.

On the death of a doge in 1289, while the committee of the great council, which had been formed by the admixture of ballot and suffrage in the usual manner, were deliberating on the choice of a successor, the people assembled in the place of St. Mark, and proclaimed Jacopo Tiepolo, a man of ancient lineage and irreproachable virtue, doge of Venice by their own election. But this nobleman was firmly attached to the aristocratic party, and immediately withdrew from the city to avoid the proffered dignity; and the committee of the great council, after suffering the popular ferment to subside, elevated Pietro Gradenigo to the vacant dignity. This choice was peculiarly odious to the people from the violent character of Gradenigo, and the intemperate zeal which he had always evinced in favour of the aristocracy. Yet, notwithstanding the hatred of the commons towards him, no opposition was made to his reign; and he even successfully commenced and perfected the series of enactments which, in three and twenty years, completed the triumph and perpetuated the tyranny of the oligarchy.

It was while the public attention was occupied in a war against Genoa, that the doge carried in the legislative body that celebrated decree which has since been distinguished as the closing of the great council (*serrar del consiglio*). As the selection of the members for the great council had generally revolved upon persons who had sat before, or at least on individuals of the same families, the annual nomination was abolished by this law as an useless ceremony; the council of justice, or 'forty,' balloted upon the name of each member who already sat, and whoever gained twelve approving suffrages out of forty, preserved his seat. Vacancies by death or rejection were supplied by a similar ballot, from a list of eligible citizens, which was annually prepared by three chosen counsellors. The artful construction of this decree prevented its full tendency from being discovered, since it appeared to leave the prospect of admission open by successive vacancies to all citizens of merit. But subsequent enactments, within three years, forbade the three counsellors from inserting any citizen on their list, whose ancestors had not been members of the great council; and at length the exclusive aristocracy of birth, which these laws had established, was freed from all elective restraint. By the crowning statute of hereditary rights, every Venetian noble, whose paternal ancestors had been of the great council, became himself entitled to the

the same dignity on completing his twenty-fifth year. On proof of these qualifications of descent and age, his name was inscribed in the golden book of nobility, and he assumed his seat in the great council, whose numbers were no longer limited. This sovereign body of nobility numbered in the sequel about twelve hundred individuals.

These usurpations were not accomplished without discontent, resistance, and effusion of blood. Insidiously as they were prosecuted by Gradenigo, the people were no longer blinded to the servitude to which they had been reduced, and their indignation was shared by the wealthy commoners, and even by some men of ancient birth, who found themselves, by the operation of the first laws which followed the closing of the great council, deprived of participation in its dignities. Two remarkable conspiracies were organised for the overthrow of the oligarchy, while these innovations were in progress. The first, which was headed by three commoners, was discovered by the vigilance of Gradenigo, before its explosion, and its leaders executed within a few hours: the second, which was formed ten years later, was of a more formidable nature. Boemond Tiepolo, the son of the nobleman who had formerly rejected the popular favour, and the chiefs of two other of the most ancient families of Venice, who had all causes of animosity against the doge, were the principal conspirators: they associated themselves with the people and with the nobles who had been excluded from the great council, in a plot to assassinate Gradenigo, and restore the old forms of election. So well concealed was their project, that the doge had only reason for suspicion on the evening before its execution, by the intelligence of an unusual assemblage at the palace of Tiepolo. But Gradenigo passed the night in active preparations for defence; and when the conspirators, after raising the populace, marched at day-light to the place of St. Mark, from different quarters, they found it barricaded and occupied by the doge and the partizans of the oligarchy. The peculiar construction of the city opposed every obstacle to the attack of the insurgents: they were repulsed with loss, some of their leaders were slain, and, on the arrival of troops from the garrisons of the neighbouring islets, the victory of the government became complete. Tiepolo escaped, but several of his principal associates were beheaded, and the rest sentenced to exile.

The terror, with which this conspiracy inspired the oligarchy, even after the immediate danger was past, gave rise to the establishment of the most singular and odious part of the Venetian government. To observe the movements of the conspirators, who, after their flight or banishment, still hovered on the shores of the neighbouring continent, and to watch over the machinations of the

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the numerous malcontents in the city, the great council erected ten of its members into a secret tribunal of despotic though temporary authority; and this institution, which was originally intended only for these special purposes, became at once an integral and most formidable portion of the executive administration. Its existence, after a few successive renewals, was confirmed by a statute of annual election; it was associated with the doge and signiory of six; and the consolidated body was vested with unlimited and dictatorial power over the doge himself, the senate of sixty, the great council, and all the magistracy of the state. The famous council of ten, therefore, was in reality composed of sixteen members besides the doge, who was president for life. The ten black counsellors, as they were termed, from the colour of their gown of office, were chosen annually by four different deliberations of the great council; but the six members of the signiory, who were known by their robes as the red counsellors, were renewed, half at a time, every four months.

The creation of the council of ten certainly strengthened the executive government of Venice, and gifted it with a vigour and constancy of purpose which could never have distinguished the foreign or domestic policy of so numerous a body as the great council or even the senate. The entire controul of affairs abroad and at home passed into its hands. From the æra of its establishment the conduct of the republic towards other states was for several centuries marked by a vigilance and firmness in the execution of her projects, by an impenetrable secrecy and a shameless perfidy, which rendered her at once formidable and hateful. But it was in the gloomy tranquillity which reigned in the populous streets of Venice, while every other republican city of Italy was disturbed by the incessant ebullition of popular feeling, that the mysterious tyranny of the council of ten wore its appalling distinction. No dignity was a protection against its resistless authority, no spot was sacred from its inquisitorial intrusion. The nobles themselves, who yearly created it, were the trembling slaves of its immeasurable jurisdiction; the rights of the highest and the lowest citizen were alike prostrate before it. The innocent and the guilty were equally exposed to the stroke of an invisible power, whose jealousy never slumbered, whose presence was universal, whose proceedings were veiled in profound and fearful obscurity.

To such a state of servitude had the aristocracy of Venice reduced themselves and the people, in the effort to guard the privileges of hereditary descent: privileges, which were held only on terms, that might seem to render life itself as worthless as it was insecure. Yet though, at the annual elections of the council of ten, the nobles had only to withhold their suffrages from its destined

tinued members, to suppress this execrable tyranny at once, it was still renewed until the extinction of the republic. The hope of sharing in its functions, reconciled the nobles to its continuance; the increasing grandeur of the state under its government, gratified an unworthy ambition with lucrative employments; and when, in later times, some disposition was shown in the great council to suffer an institution to expire, which had become yearly more oppressive, a conviction that centuries of degradation had rendered its power essential to the existence of the vicious constitution insured its perpetuity.

In less than half a century after its establishment, the council of ten gave a memorable instance of its firmness and severity. Marin Falieri, a nobleman who had honourably filled many of the principal offices of state, had been raised in 1354, to the ducal throne, at the age of seventy-six. He was married to a young and beautiful woman; but the dæmon of jealousy violated his repose. At a masqued ball in the ducal palace, during the first carnival after his accession, he observed some sighs and glances of love between a young nobleman, Michael Steno, and one of the ladies of the duchess's train, and immediately commanded the gallant to quit the assembly. Steno, under the momentary irritation excited by this insult, indulged his pique, as he passed through the adjoining council chamber, by writing on the ducal throne two lines, which reflected on the honour of the doge and the purity of his wife. This pasquinade, of which Steno was easily discovered to be the author, filled the old doge with unaccountable indignation. He viewed it as an insult of offensive and deadly poignancy, and endeavoured to make it a crime of state; but the council of ten contented itself with leaving the cause to the decision of the forty of justice, of which council Steno was himself a member, and he was sentenced only to a short imprisonment. This lenity so exasperated the irascible and jealous old man against the whole aristocracy, that, availing himself of the discontent of several plebeians, who had been personally insulted by the arrogant nobles, he engaged them in a conspiracy to raise the city and massacre the whole oligarchical order. The general existence of a plot was discovered; the manner in which the doge treated the information excited the suspicion of the council of ten; they privately arrested several of the accused, and put them to the torture; and they then learned from their confessions that Falieri himself was implicated. The sequel is characteristic of the decision and vigour of that stern and mysterious tribunal. After taking instant and effectual measures for the security of the city, the ten summoned twenty of the principal nobles to assist their deliberations at so momentous a crisis. They secured the person of their chief magistrate, confronted

fronted him with his accomplices, heard his avowal of guilt, and condemned him to die. He was privately beheaded before them on the great staircase of the ducal palace; the spot where the loges were wont to take their initiatory oath of fidelity to the republic. One of the ten, the reeking sword of vengeance in his hand, immediately presented himself at the balcony to the people, and proclaimed aloud that 'justice had been executed on a great offender;' and, at the same moment, the gates of the palace were thrown open, and the populace admitted to view the head of Faleri weltering in its gore. Between the detection of the conspiracy and the consummation of this tragedy, there had elapsed only two days; and the election of a new doge was peaceably conducted under the usual forms.

The decapitation of Faleri deserves to be regarded only as an example of firm and vigorous justice; but the real character of the council of ten is to be learnt from several of those dark episodes in the Venetian annals, which marked the fearful despotism and phlegmatic cruelty of that body, and threw so peculiar and sombre a colouring over the domestic history of the republic. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Francesco da Carrara, prince of Padua, maintained an unsuccessful war against the superior strength of Venice, with equal heroism and ability. From a long series of mutual injuries, the oligarchy bore to him and his whole family an irreconcilable hatred. Carrara, after a brilliant defence, was compelled to surrender in his capital to the republican arms. The Venetian proveditori, or commissaries, who, according to the practice of their republic, attended her armies to controul the military commanders, declared that they had no power to treat with the signor of Padua; but they invited him to deliver the city into their hands, and to proceed to negotiate in person, with the senate himself. Upon the faith of a safe-conduct, Carrara, with one of his sons, obeyed their counsel and embarked for Venice. On their arrival in that city, they were admitted to an audience of the senate, and threw themselves on their knees before the doge, to entreat the mercy of the republic. The doge, raising the suplicants, seated them on either side of his throne, and addressed a discourse to them, in which he recounted the benefits that the republic had, at former periods, conferred on their house, and reproached them, but without bitterness, with the ingratitude by which they had repaid her. The Carrara replied only by imploring the clemency of the senate; and they were then conducted to the prisons of St. Mark, where they were suffered to see Giacomo, another of the sons of Francesco, who was already a prisoner. Since his captivity he had remained in ignorance of their fate, and little expected to meet them in that abode of misery.

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The interview between these unhappy relatives could draw tears even from Venetian gaolers.

While the senate seemed to hesitate on their fate, and had appointed a commission to determine the place of their confinement, the council of ten adopted the atrocious maxim that, for enemies so dangerous by their valour and restless talents, there was no secure prison but the tomb. They removed the case before their own tribunal, and the signor of Padua was suddenly desired, by the mouth of a friar, to prepare for death. After he had confessed, the priest left him, and two of the council of ten entered his prison, attended by a body of their myrmidons. The indignant prince, who acknowledged no submission to the state of Venice, met his end as fearlessly as he had lived: seizing a wooden stool, the only article of furniture in his dungeon, he rushed upon his murderers, and in the effort to sell his life dearly, was at last overpowered and strangled with the strings of a cross-bow. The next day his two brave sons shared the same fate.

These foul murders of independent and fallen princes were, as it has been truly observed, perfectly characteristic of the government of Venice, and would not have been avowedly perpetrated, even in the fifteenth century, by any other state in Europe. But they were followed, within a few years, by an act of national ingratitude yet more flagrant and odious. To Francesco Carmagnola, one of the most celebrated Italian captains of the middle ages, Venice had been indebted for a brilliant course of victory, which extended her sceptre over some of the fairest portions of the Lombard plains. But his successes were no sooner chequered by some partial reverses, than the council of ten began to entertain suspicions of his fidelity, and secretly resolved on his destruction. He was invited to Venice to confer with the senate on the restoration of peace, and welcomed, both on his route and when he arrived at the capital, with studied and flattering honours. He was introduced into the ducal palace; but his suite was advised to retire, as he would be detained in long conference with the doge and the assembled senate, and it was already late in the day. As soon as the palace was cleared of his attendants, the gates were closed; he was then told that the doge was indisposed and could not see him until the next morning; and as he crossed the palace court to withdraw, he was suddenly seized. A door which led to his destined prison was opened, and he had only time to exclaim that he was lost, when he was hurled down into his dungeon. A few days afterwards he was put to the torture; and during his sufferings, which were aggravated by a wound received in the service of this detestable oligarchy, a confession of guilt is said to have been extorted from him. No proof, however, was

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ever adduced against him; and he was conveyed to public execution with a gag over his mouth, as if his murderers could thus stifle the reproach of their enormous ingratitude.

The dominion which Venice established in Lombardy was fatal to the doge under whose reign it had been consummated. For thirty years Francesco Foscari had signalized his administration by a train of splendid conquests. His personal activity and talents had animated the warlike counsels of the state; he had acquired a dazzling reputation, and he enjoyed a greater credit than almost any of his predecessors. The influence and glory of the doge were alone sufficient to excite the watchful jealousy of the council of ten; a knowledge of his ambitious character had increased their distrust and suspicion; and they only waited for an opportunity to punish the chief magistrate of their state for his popularity and fame. If the desire of elevating his family had once inflamed Foscari, his pride had already been quenched in domestic sorrows, and chilled by age. He had lost three sons, the successive hopes of his house: only a fourth, Jacopo, survived; and it was by the infliction of frightful miseries on him that the council of ten, with cold and stern malignity, seized the occasion of embittering the last years of his father.

Upon a secret accusation of having, contrary to law, received presents of jewels from Filippo Maria, duke of Milan, Jacopo Foscari was in 1445 dragged before the council of ten. In the presence of that tribunal, at which his unhappy parent was compelled to preside, (such was the refinement of Venetian cruelty,) he was tortured into an avowal of the charge, and then condemned by a sentence, which the doge was obliged to pronounce from his own lips, to an eternal banishment from the city. For five years after this, Jacopo Foscari lived tranquilly in his exile at Treviso, until, in 1450, one of the council of ten was assassinated. From his causes of hatred to that body for their oppression of his father and himself, and from the accidental presence of his servant at Venice, Jacopo was suspected of the murder. He was brought to the capital, and again put to the question before the council. But the most frightful torments could wring no confessions from him; the doge was still the agonized spectator of his sufferings; and still they were prolonged by his inhuman tyrants to an extent, which unsettled the reason of the victim. He was now sent to a distant banishment in the colonies; and the real author of the assassination, with which he had been charged, was discovered by a dying confession.

The innocence, the fearful wretchedness of Jacopo Foscari made no impression on his enemies; his longing fits for home became a madness; and finding that all hope of restoration to his family was past, he contrived, in the wildness of his despair, the
means

means of at least embracing them before he died. He wrote from his exile to the duke of Milan, imploring his interference with the senate; and knowing that this application to a foreign prince would in itself be construed into a crime, he purposely suffered the letter to fall into the hands of the spies who surrounded him. It was forwarded to the council of ten, and Jacopo, as he had expected, was immediately summoned a prisoner to Venice. For the third time was he tortured before the eyes of his father; the touching declaration that he had written the letter merely to gain a last sight of his aged parents and his wife, moved not the compassion of his enemies; and his frame was mangled and dislocated anew. In this state, his distracted family were permitted to visit him in prison, and his heart thus received its last sad satisfaction. The sentence of banishment was confirmed with increased severity, but his eternal release from earthly oppressors was at hand; and he had scarcely dragged his agonized limbs to the shore of his exile, when death terminated his sufferings.

The unhappy doge had twice solicited permission to abdicate a dignity, which had proved so fatal to his family and to himself, and by the resignation of which he hoped to satiate the hatred of his enemies, and to stop the persecution of his son. But the council of ten had as often forcibly retained him on the throne. He was now eighty-six years of age, and after the death of Jacopo, oppressed with years and grief, was no longer capable of discharging the vain ceremonial of his office. But his enemies could not suffer him to die in peace. Among them the most implacable was Jacopo Loredano, who bore an hereditary enmity to the house of Foscari, and attributed to Francesco, apparently without any proof, the sudden death of his father and uncle. At the instigation of this bitter foe, who was now chief of the council of ten, it was resolved by that tribunal to finish the humiliation of the doge, whose abdication they had before refused to accept. They now required him to resign his dignity; but an oath which they had themselves extorted from him forbade him to do so; and they then passed a sentence of deposition against him. They would have induced him to leave the palace of government privately; but he insisted on quitting it by the great staircase on which, thirty-four years before, he had solemnly been installed in his dignity. Leaning on his staff, the old man descended from the palace amidst the indignant sympathy of the assembled multitude, and retired to his private house; but his heart was broken. The sound of the great bell of St. Mark, which tolled to announce the election of his successor, struck on his ear as a death-knell. His agitation produced the rupture of a blood-vessel and instantaneous

instantaneous suffocation. The people had dared to regret his fate; and we may learn their feeling and the tyranny of their rulers, from a decree of the council of ten, which forbade them, on pain of death, to speak of the affair of Francesco Foscari.

So much, indeed, had the suspicious temper of the Venetian government increased, that the council of ten now appeared too numerous a body for the purposes of vigilance, secrecy, and severity; and by a decree of the great council of 1454, a permanent committee was selected from among the ten of three inquisitors of state, whose despotic authority was to be paramount even over that of their colleagues. The inquisitors of state rendered no account whatever of their magistracy. Their public power over the state was unbounded—their secret jurisdiction universal. Their sentences were restrained by no forms, and their executions so buried in oblivion, that the blood which they shed was without a trace.

The establishment of the inquisition of state completed the fabric of the Venetian government, as it endured to the last days of the republic. The operations of that committee of the council of ten, the innermost wheel of an infernal machinery, may exhibit the perfection of the most iniquitous political system which, under the vain forms of republican freedom, was ever contrived for the delusion of mankind. To the researches of M. Daru, the world is now first indebted for the full exposure of the principles of a tyranny, of which the nature and attributes were previously known only by their terrific results. Every published history of Venice had assigned a doubtful and erroneous period for its creation; and in no one were the statutes which regulated its functions even noticed. When we observe the profound mystery in which the whole subject was studiously veiled, it will indeed rather excite our surprise how the records of the inquisition of state could in any manner transpire, than that they so long remained in obscurity. M. Daru, however, has not only discovered the existence of these documents, but completely proved their authenticity. In the Bibliothèque du Roi at Paris, he has found two MS. copies of a treatise on the best mode of governing the republic of Venice, (*Opinione in qual modo debba governarsi la repubblica di Venezia*) by Frà Paolo Sarpi, the celebrated historian of the Council of Trent. That monk, the bold champion of the republic against the cause of his own church and the pretensions of the Holy See, was held in equal estimation at Venice for his theological learning and his political talents. Even the wily oligarchy condescended to seek instruction in affairs of state, from his audacious and unscrupulous spirit; and he was commanded to deliver his opinions on the means of perpetuating the duration

of the government. His treatise, in which he inculcates maxims more atrocious, if possible, than those of Machiavelli's Prince, found its way into print, and is sufficiently known. The MS. copies of it, contained in the royal library at Paris, possess in themselves, therefore, no curiosity, and had provoked no examination, until M. Daru discovered, appended to them both, perfect transcripts of the statutes of the Inquisition of state.

How these were originally acquired, it is useless to conjecture; though, as one of them formerly belonged to the valuable collection of Le Tellier de Louvois, archbishop of Rheims, it is not improbable, as suggested by our author, that it may have been discovered in Italy by some French agent, and sent to the minister Louvois; and that the archbishop, his brother, thus received either the gift of the MS. or the permission to take a copy of it. By whatever means, however, the transcript of the statutes was clandestinely obtained, there appears to us not a shadow of reason to doubt that it is authentic. For M. Daru afterwards found another MS. copy of the statutes in the Riccardi library at Florence; imperfect, indeed, in some respects, as he observes, but proving by its very inaccuracies, as he might have added, the authenticity of an instrument, which must have been surreptitiously and hastily copied at the hazard of life. And farther, the library of Monsieur at Paris contains a MS. of the seventeenth century, by the learned Soranzo, a noble Venetian of a ducal family, on the government of his country, wherein he has ventured to introduce some fragments of the statutes which he must have seen. They agree perfectly, as far as they go, with the statutes found annexed to the MS. copies of Father Paul's treatise, but Soranzo dared not cite his extracts by name, and his work was never published. To sum up the proofs of the identity of these curious documents, M. Daru shall speak for himself.

¹ Dans les recueils de la correspondance de la légation de France à Venise, existans aux archives des Affaires Etrangères, on trouve de temps en temps, parmi les pièces envoyées par les ambassadeurs, des extraits du règlement de l'inquisition d'état. Ces extraits sont fort incomplets, mais, dans ce qu'ils contiennent, ils sont conformes aux statuts que nous publions. Tous ces extraits, toutes ces copies ont déjà plus d'un siècle d'existence; et cette conformité entre des copies qui n'ont pu être faites l'une sur l'autre, entre les citations du cavalier Soranzo et les extraits envoyés en divers temps par nos ambassadeurs, paraît démontrer l'authenticité de ces statuts. — (vol. vi. p. 387.)

We have only space to notice a few of the most striking enactments of this frightful tribunal. The decree of the great council, which established it in 1454, provided that the inquisitors of state should retain their office as long as they sat in the council of ten, by whom and from among whom they were chosen; and that

that body was directed to determine the functions, once for all, of the new magistracy. Accordingly, the council of ten declared the committee of inquisition invested with all the authority which appertained to itself, and with the absolute disposal of its special treasury. The jurisdiction of the inquisitors extended over all individuals; plebeians, ecclesiastics, and nobles, without excepting even the doge and the council of ten. Unanimity only among the three was required in all their acts. They were empowered to issue their orders to the governors and magistrates, the naval and military officers, and the ambassadors of the state; and it was discretionary with them to modify and to extend their own statutes.

The inquisition of state proceeded to shroud itself under the absence of all ostensible organization. Except by the council of ten, even the individuals, to whom the office was confided, were never known. Their proceedings were enveloped in profound mystery; the persons of the inquisitors were concealed from prisoners and witnesses; and the arrests of the tribunal and the summons to appear before it, were issued not by its members, but in the name of the president of the council of ten. The inquisitors were empowered to use torture for the purpose of extracting evidence and confessions of guilt. It was provided that their executions should be made privately and under cover of night, by drowning criminals in the canal of Orfano; and we may gather the spirit of their jurisdiction from another decree, that if any noble presumed to censure the measures of government, he should be admonished on the two first occasions, and if he persisted in a third attempt, drowned as incorrigible. No spot in Venice afforded safety for the man who fell under the displeasure of the inquisition; for a statute provided, that if a criminal should take refuge in the palace of an ambassador, under circumstances which rendered it imprudent to arrest him, means should be taken for his assassination. In the same spirit the use of poison was authorized and frequent.

The secret statutes of the inquisitors were always written in the hand of one of the three, and deposited in a chest, of which each member kept the key in rotation. These regulations were contained originally in forty-eight articles; but they were in the sequel swollen at different periods to one hundred and three. The inquisitors had only recourse to a secretary for the promulgation of their orders; and that officer was never present at their deliberations, or initiated into their secrets. Such were the precautions which long preserved their statutes from being divulged; for they, who were admitted to a knowledge of them, had terrible experience of the danger of falling under their penalties.

At the corner of every street in Venice, 'lions mouths' of iron yawned to receive anonymous informations for the inquisitors of state. But so jealous a tribunal was not contented with these voluntary and detestable accusations. Its universal vigilance was maintained by a multitude of spies in all the public places of the city: under the piazzas of St. Mark the favourite walk of the nobles, on the exchange, the quays, the markets, in every resort of the people. There was not a church, or a religious meeting, a ball, or a convivial party, even a den of prostitution, or an abode of infamy, into which some of its emissaries did not penetrate. Every nobleman or citizen who incurred the suspicion of the inquisitors was constantly watched; and one statute directs that two spies, unknown to each other, should be employed to dog every step of a person so suspected. These spies of the inquisition were chosen from among all classes of the state: nobles, commercial citizens, jews, and particularly priests, because the practice of confessing gave them a facility in acquiring the secrets, and betraying the sacred confidence of their penitents. It appears from good authority that the maintenance of this atrocious system cost the republic annually above 200,000 ducats in money; and it was further supported by the distribution of commercial privileges, of the honours and employments of the state, and of pardon to criminals as the price of such services.

One of the points which appears to have engaged the special attention of the inquisitors, and which produced new enactments at various periods, was to prevent the possibility of all intercourse between foreign ambassadors and the subjects of the state, particularly the nobles. The palaces of the different embassies were watched with perpetual vigilance. The inquisition made it a rule to maintain four spies at least about each; and to corrupt, if possible, the secretaries, the attendants, and the servants of all classes, of foreign ministers. If an ambassador wished to hire a house, the proprietor was obliged to give instant intelligence to the inquisitors. The house was visited to ascertain that it could have no communication with neighbouring dwellings, and to learn how it could be observed from without. If a nobleman occupied any house near it, he received orders to remove, to avoid the suspicion to which so dangerous a vicinity might expose him. A Venetian nobleman could hold no intercourse, direct or indirect, with a foreign minister, on pain of death; and even so late as the year 1755, Count Capucefalo, who had formerly been consul at Zante, was put to death by the Inquisition on the bare suspicion of having maintained a correspondence with the Austrian ambassador. One statute of that tribunal

tribunal directed that snares should be laid to try the fidelity of suspected nobles; and they, who were cleared by this atrocious proof, continued not the less subject to the observation of the police.

The habitual jealousy with which the republic regarded the motions, and repelled the encroachments of the papal court, is visible throughout the statutes of the inquisition of state. The Venetian clergy were placed under rigorous controul; and the nobles were cut off from all intercourse through ecclesiastical preferment with the see of Rome, and prevented from falling under its influence. Indeed it may be collected from numerous enactments, that the noble order were especially exposed to the jealous vigilance and iron yoke of the state inquisition; and the lower classes were probably the more reconciled to the existence of its tyranny, from observing that rank was no protection against its severity. All classes were reduced to an equality of servitude before its tremendous jurisdiction. Neither the doge, nor the council of ten itself, were more exempted from the despotism and vengeance of the Inquisition, than the rest of the nobility and the people. But in the event of delinquency in any of these members of the government itself, the use of poison was recommended in preference to any other mode of execution: *più di tutto col veleno se si potrà*. The most remarkable enactment remains; for the same procedure could reach even an inquisitor himself. If any one of the three betrayed his duties, his colleagues were empowered to deliberate in secret with the doge on his fate; and if the agreement of the first magistrate with them maintained the unanimity of three voices, which was a principle in all their measures, they were to punish their offending brother, and, if necessary, to take his life by poison.

Such were the maxims which regulated the Venetian government as they may be gathered from the enactments of the inquisitors of state; and abundant proof might be adduced that the practice was consonant to the principle. And yet it has lately become fashionable with writers of the *liberal* school to pour forth their lamentations over the lost independence of Venice. Such a charm, then, has the empty name of a republican constitution for some minds, that it can blind the judgment to the horrors of the foulest system of assassination and tyranny, the most deliberate violation of the laws of God and the obligations of morality, that ever assumed the shape of human government! For ages before the subversion of the republic, her glories had utterly withered, her commerce and maritime enterprise had perished; even the energies which had marked the foreign policy

of her rulers were extinct; and there remained only to excite our abhorrence, the iniquity of their domestic administration, and that corruption of private morals, which they had encouraged in their subjects to divert their attention from affairs of state.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the rapid decline of the Venetian grandeur had already commenced. The progress of maritime discovery in the east had diverted the commerce of the world, which Venice had once engrossed, into other channels; the conduits of her wealth and prosperity were dried up; and the war of the league of Cambray fatally aggravated her losses and consumed her treasures. During the remainder of that age, she was only dragged from the repose and oblivion, in which her senate studiously enveloped her, to sustain two ruinous struggles with the Porte, in the last of which, after a defence worthy indeed of her better days, she lost the valuable island of Cyprus. After that subject kingdom was torn from her sceptre, she relapsed into the languid slumber, which endured beyond the close of the sixteenth century. In the following age, we find her rallying her strength to curb the Spanish power in Italy, and to oppose the pretensions of the Roman see. In the decline of the house of Austria, she succeeded in maintaining her sovereignty over the Adriatic; but new wars with the Ottoman empire completed the exhaustion of her forces. The island of Candia, almost the only remaining relic of her greatness, followed the fate of Cyprus, after one of the most sanguinary contests on record; and though, while the Turkish arms were distracted by contests with the empire in the last years of the century, she acquired a brief possession of the Morea, this was absolutely her last achievement. The peninsula was won with difficulty: it was lost, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, without an effort;—and Venice then fell from her place in history.

During the last seventy years of her career, the republic was reduced to a passive existence. Her name ceased to be heard in the discussions, the alliances, and the wars of the other states of Europe. Her commerce was annihilated; her manufactures had dwindled in one branch alone, in the annual fabrication of cloths, from 120,000 to 5000 pieces; and her revenues, during a long peace, fell far short of the expenses of her corrupt government. Her claim to the sovereignty of the Adriatic was now contemptuously violated; her naval force was reduced to eight or ten sail of the line; and when the French entered her capital, they found vessels on the stocks, which had remained unfinished for want of materials for above half a century. In the higher classes all feelings of honour and patriotism had long been extinct; debauched, unprincipled, and needy, the aristocracy united only

in desiring the removal of every restraint upon their peculations and vices. In promoting dissoluteness of private life, the tyrants of Venice had trusted perhaps to their vigour to supply the place of morality and its attendant public spirit in the people; but their own vigour had fled, and the depravity of all classes continued to increase with frightful rapidity. It was then too late and in vain that the government made a feeble effort to stem the general profligacy in a city, where patricians in their robes of office presided at the public gaming tables; where mothers made a traffic of their daughters' honour, and the laws recognized their contracts; where the miserable children of prostitution were employed as political agents in ruining men, whose wealth might render them dangerous; and where, by the facility of divorce, the court of the patriarch was besieged at the same moment with nine hundred petitions for the privileges of legalized adultery. If the state had not been perfidiously overthrown by the French, the epoch had arrived when it must have sunk under the weight of its own corruption; and our detestation at the treachery of its betrayers is mingled with the conviction, that humanity has at least nothing to regret in the catastrophe.

ART. IX.—*Travels through the Timannee, Kooranko, and Soolima Countries, to the Sources of the Rokelle and Niger, in the year 1822.* By Captain A. Gordon Laing. With a Map and Plates. 8vo.

THE death of the late Sir Charles M'Carthy is to be lamented as one of the greatest misfortunes that could have happened to the inhabitants of Sierra Leone and the native tribes bordering on that settlement. To improve their condition, by enlightening their minds and turning their thoughts to industrious pursuits, and thus gradually to put an end to the great, and perhaps only, obstacle that opposed itself to his views—the traffic in human beings,—were the objects nearest his heart; and the missions of Lieutenant (now Major) Laing were chiefly directed to that end; 'to ascertain' (as his instructions direct) 'the state of the country; the disposition of the inhabitants for trade and industry; and to know their sentiments and conduct as to the abolition of the slave trade.' Of the Soolimas, it seems, little more than the name was known at Sierra Leone, when he set out on his mission; they were said to be distant 300 or 400 miles to the eastward, though, as it afterwards appeared, the capital, Falaba, is only 200 miles; they were represented as a powerful nation, and supposed to possess large quantities of gold and ivory; but this also turned out not to be the fact; in brief, little or nothing was known about them, which

was the case indeed with regard to other tribes much nearer to the coast.

Major Laing found on his arrival at Toma, in the Timannee country, that, although only sixty miles from Sierra Leone, no white man had ever preceded him. 'The first appearance of surprise,' he says, 'was in a woman, who stood fixed like a statue, gazing at the party as they entered the town, and did not stir a muscle till the whole had passed, when she gave a loud halloo of astonishment, and covered her mouth with both her hands.' Of the Timannees Captain Laing gives by no means a favourable character. As far as his knowledge of them extended, he found them depraved, licentious, indolent, and avaricious. They had, besides, such a desire for the continuance of that detestable traffic, which strikes at the root of all industry, destroys the bonds of social order, and extinguishes the most powerful natural feelings, that he was abused even by two mothers for refusing to buy their own children, who raised a clamour against him as being one of those white men, who prevented the sale of slaves, and thus injured the prosperity of their country. The fair, or rather the black, sex of Timannee were, by their bad conduct, particularly obnoxious to the travelling party. They are accused of dishonesty, and of a total want of decency, of which indeed they would seem to have no idea: 'I have actually,' says Major Laing, 'in some few instances, seen great overgrown women, mothers of families, as naked as when born, and unconscious of the disgust which their appearance excited.' The country is thickly covered with forests, which conceal gangs of slave-catchers and robbers, known by the name of Purrah. These ruffians rush out from their lurking-places upon unarmed travellers, whom they carry off and who are never more heard of. They are also said to make frequent irruptions into towns and villages in the night-time, similar to those of the *Decoits* of Hindostan, carrying off the natives, together with whatever property they can lay their hands upon. The existence of these numerous gangs, and the general dissolute habits of the people, created in our traveller no small degree of surprise, that a country, situated so near to Sierra Leone, had gained so little by its vicinity.

His entrance into the Kooranko country was somewhat more promising.

'On entering it [the first town] the eye is immediately struck by the conspicuous change; the small miserably-constructed gable-ended hut gives place to the large, circular, conical roofed edifice, neatly studded with ornaments of clay; and the dirty space, in front of the solitary house of each individual, is superseded by the clean and tastily-stocked yard: the frame work of the doors is made of bamboo, and the panelling of neatly-interwoven cane. I entered the town about sun-set, and received

ceived a first impression, highly favourable to its inhabitants, who were returning from their respective labours of the day, every individual bearing about him proofs of his industrious occupation: some had been engaged in preparing the fields for the crops, which the approaching rains were to mature; others were penning up a few cattle, whose sleek sides, and unconcerned looks, denoted the richness of their pasturages; the last clink of the blacksmith's hammer was sounding, the weaver was measuring the quantity of cloth he had woven during the day, and the gaurange, or worker in leather, was tying up his neatly-stained pouches, shoes, knife-scabbards, &c. (the work of his handicraft,) in a large katakoo or bag, while the crier at the mosque, with the melancholy call of "Alla Akbar," uttered at measured intervals, summoned the decorous Moslems to their evening devotions; the whole scene, both in appearance and sentiment, forming an agreeable contrast to the noise, confusion, and levity, which pervades a Timannee town at the same hour; a contrast which strongly prepossessed me in favour of the inhabitants; but I regret to add, that their subsequent conduct was not such as to confirm the good opinion which I was disposed to form."—p. 108.

Numbers of Mandingo families are scattered over this part of the country, a people of whom Park has given many interesting details, and of whose neatness in dress, engaging appearance, well-formed and comely persons, with their regular and open features, Major Laing speaks in most favourable terms. Dispersed as they are, and separated from their own country, they rigidly adhere to the customs of their tribe, and are particularly observant of the respective ranks of their society; of which the first in order comes the chief, then the teacher of the Koran, then the head-men; after these are the four professions—the orator or lawyer, the minstrel, the shoemaker, and the blacksmith; then follow the freemen, and last of all the slaves, who, however, if natives of the country, are not allowed to be sold. The inhabitants generally are in possession of ample means of subsistence. Rice and honey are their favourite food, but they have plenty of cassada, yams, ground-nuts, and the nutritive plantain, which is said to grow wild in the woods.

On approaching the hilly country, or those buttresses that stand in advance of the great cluster of mountains, which now began to show their blue tops to the eastward, nothing could be more beautiful and animating than the well-clothed rising grounds, the cultivated valleys, and the meadows smiling with verdure, over which were carelessly grazing numerous herds of large red cattle and flocks of sheep. The people in the different towns all appeared to be happy, contented, and extremely good-humoured. They received our travellers with great kindness, feasted and entertained the whole party with singing and dancing wherever they halted. The burden of the song of one of the minstrels was, 'The white man who lived on the water and ate nothing but fish,

fish, which made him so thin; but that black men would give him cows and sheep to eat, and milk to drink, and then he would grow fat.' A little trait like this shows the kindly disposition of the people.

The beauty of the scenery continued to increase as our traveller approached the rugged country near the base of the great cluster of mountains. Large masses of granite were observed in the ravines scattered over the surface; iron-stone abounded, which strongly attracted the needle, and the people were smelting it in furnaces of that simple kind, which are described by Lyon, and are common in most parts of Africa. The country was well cultivated; the gardens neat and much superior to those of the Timannees; the men were all employed at the farms, so that none but women could be engaged to carry the baggage of the party. Major Laing describes the Koorankos as inferior to the Mandingos, whom they resemble in their dress, their manners and language, but as advanced many degrees beyond the Timannees in civilization. A portion of the natives has been converted into a sort of half Mohammedans, but the bulk of the people are pagans. Both sects, if they may be so called, feast and howl for the dead, and pass the evening of the funeral with music and dancing. The women are chiefly employed in spinning cotton, and weaving it in a simple but ingenious manner: it is then dyed with indigo. Though by disposition they are evidently a civil and kind-hearted people, yet, like most of the African tribes, they are not to be depended upon, when the temptation of procuring booty is thrown in their way.

At Komato, the last town of the Koorankos, Major Laing found a messenger from the king of Soolimana, with horses and carriers, waiting to conduct him to Falaba, the capital of that nation. At a short distance from the town, they had to cross the river Rokelle, about 100 yards broad, by means of two well-twisted ropes of twigs, suspended from the branches of two immense trees, which leaned favourably for the purpose towards each other from the opposite banks of the river. This bridge of suspension is called a *nyankata*; which, rude as it is, the Major says, 'was the first indication I had met with since I had left Sierra Leone, of co-operation in works of public utility, and I hailed it with pleasure, as a symptom of progressive improvement.'

Our travellers were received throughout the whole of their journey in the Soolima country, with the greatest hospitality. Every one was studious of rendering them service; they passed through town after town, from all of which parties came out to meet them with singing and music, and supplies of eggs, milk and fowls. 'Old and young,' says the Major, 'took part in the lively and sweet

sweet music of the ballafoo; the airs were soft and wild, and excited within me so strong a remembrance of early days, that I wanted but a very trifling inducement to join the merry throng."

At the last town on this side of the capital, our traveller was met by the king's son, on a fine prancing steed, attended by several war-men well mounted; he stated the king's anxious wishes to see him at his capital, but desired that he might not make himself sick with travelling too fast; he ordered a bull to be slain for the use of the carriers. For several miles round this town, the Major informs us,

'The ground is in a very high state of cultivation, and exhibits a knowledge of agriculture superior to that possessed by the inhabitants of the country I had hitherto passed through. I was particularly struck with the clean appearance of the ground, and the great care bestowed by the husbandmen in freeing it from weeds, at the large plantations of young sprouting rice and ground-nuts, and the regularity and the beauty of the beds of alternate yams, cassada, and corn; large flocks of sheep and numerous herds of cattle were grazing in the fertile pasturages.'—pp. 224, 225.

His entrance into Falaba is thus described:

'About ten o'clock we came in sight of this long-looked for town, which covered a large extent of ground in a beautiful valley, hemmed in on all sides by gentle acclivities. We descended upon it by the S., but were conducted along to the northern gate, through which we were ushered into the capital of the Soolima nation. We passed along a street, or defile, of about half a mile in length, to a spacious piece of open ground, which stands nearly in the centre of the town, in one corner of which we found seated upwards of 2,000 men, armed with muskets, bows, and spears; on my entrance I was saluted by a heavy and irregular discharge of musketry, which, unfortunately, put my horse on his mettle, and as I had neither whip nor spur to teach him good manners, I was obliged to resort to jerking him with the curb, of the severity of which I was as yet ignorant; in consequence he backed among the armed assemblage, who were, by this retrograde movement, thrown into some confusion, and certainly not impressed with much opinion of my horsemanship. Being recovered from the awkwardness of my first appearance, I ordered the salute to be returned with three rounds from my party, and then alighting, shook hands with his majesty, who put into my hand two massive rings of gold, and made a motion for me to sit down beside him. I found him a good-looking man, about sixty years of age; his countenance mild, agreeable, and inoffensive in its expression; he is rather taller than the generality of Soosoos, being about five feet eleven inches in height; and his plain loose garment of black country cloth became him well. I was scarcely seated when my old friend, Yarradee, (habited in rather a more costly manner than when I first beheld him at the camp in the Mandingo country,) mounted on a fiery charger, crossed the parade at a full gallop, followed by about thirty warriors on horseback and 2,000 on foot, the latter making a precipitous rush, and firing in all directions. After a lapse of a few minutes the party on horseback returned,

returned, and performed various movements and evolutions for about half an hour, much to the amusement and admiration of my party, several of whom had been with the late unfortunate Major Peddie, and subsequently with Major Gray in Boondon; and who declared it to be a shew passing any thing, they had ever before witnessed. Yarradee now alighted from his horse, and seizing his bow, pulled the string to the full extent, affecting to shoot an arrow at some distant object; he appeared to watch it on tiptoe with eager expectation till it reached its destination, when he gave a leap and a smile of satisfaction; then striking his breast with his right hand, and distorting his naturally ugly visage into a most hideous grin, he beckoned his war-men to follow, which they did, with a shout that rent the skies; after advancing a few paces they stopt short, and watching Yarradee, who, with the eye of a hawk, was intent on the motions of the supposed enemy, waited his direction to discharge their arrows; and having done so, each individual appeared to trace the flight of his own arrow, and betrayed signs of satisfaction or disappointment at its supposed execution or failure; a discharge of musketry followed the flight of arrows, after which the spears and cutlasses were put in requisition to hack and cut to pieces the discomfited foe: while those warlike movements were going forward, another set of people were by no means idle; there were above one hundred musicians, who playing upon divers instruments, drums, flutes, ballafoos, harps of rude workmanship, with many other kinds, which it would be tedious to enumerate, kept up a din sufficient almost to crack the tympanum of ordinary ears, and which compelled me to fortify mine with a little cotton; two fellows, in particular, with crooked sticks, kept hammering with provoking perseverance, and with the violence of blacksmiths at the anvil, upon two large drums which stood about four feet high, in shape similar to a chess-castle turned upside down; their only desire appeared to be that of making a noise, and in that I suppose the chief art consisted, for the harder they beat, the more applause they obtained. A nod from the king at length put a stop to this clang of steel and din of drums, and I was flattering myself with the hope of being permitted to retire to the apartment allotted for me, but my motion was interrupted by the king, who said I must hear something more. Being again seated, a Jelle, or singing man, elegantly attired in the Mandingo costume; his wrist and elbows ornamented with bells, and beating on a sweet-toned ballafoo, the notes of which he ran over with taste and velocity, stepped out, and after playing a sort of symphony, or prelude, commenced a dialogue in song with some persons who were to be invisible at first, but who afterwards joined him.—pp. 228—233.

The Major has given us literal translations of the songs and dialogues of the Jelle men or bards, in praise of the white men, in which ten women, fancifully dressed, joined towards the conclusion, who, we are told, bawled till every vein in their throats was distended with blood. ‘In my life,’ says Major Laing, ‘I never heard the female voice raised to such a pitch; it was absolutely terrific; I expected every moment that a blood-vessel would burst, especially when the measure was long; and the attempt to

continue

continue vociferous to the last without drawing breath, brought blood enough into the throat to have almost created suffocation.

We have been very much struck with a remarkable similarity in many of the customs of the Mandingos, Koorankos and the Soolimanans with those of the orientals, which existed, in all probability, among them, long before the irruption of the Arabs into Africa. The four ranks or professions confined to Mandingo families, their share of the produce, and the certain distribution of the parts of an animal when killed, are a near approach to what happens in Hindostan. The following recital might have been written from observation on the coast of Malabar.

'As soon as the Amazons had finished their song, a droll-looking man, who played upon a sort of guitar, the body of which was a calabash, commenced a sweet air, and accompanied it with a tolerably fair voice. He boasted, that by his music, he could cure disease; that he could make wild beasts tame and snakes dance; if the white man did not believe him, he would give him a specimen; with that, changing to a more lively air, a large snake crept from beneath part of the stockading in the yard, and was crossing it rapidly, when he again changed his tune, and playing a little slower, sung: "Snake, you must stop; you run too fast, stop at my command, and give the white man service." The snake was obedient, and the musician continued: "Snake, you must dance, for a white man has come to Falaba; dance, snake, for this is indeed a happy day." The snake twisted itself about, raised its head, curled, leaped, and performed various feats, of which I should not have supposed a snake capable; at the conclusion of which, the musician walked out of the yard, followed by the reptile, leaving me in no small degree astonished, and the rest of the company not a little pleased, that a black man had been able to excite the surprise of a white one.'—p. 245, 246.

Major Laing witnessed another custom which, though less pompous and much more efficient, bears some relation to the ploughing ceremony observed by the Emperor of China. It seems that the inhabitants of Falaba are bound by custom to give to the king three days' labour in the year, one to sow his rice, another to weed, and a third to reap it. On the morning of the sowing day, the king sent for Major Laing, who found him in the midst of his headmen, mounted, in the palace yard, on their neighing steeds, pawing the ground, as if impatient of restraint; the horsemen were all dressed in their best attire, the king only being habited in a plain brown shirt, trowsers and cap. He presented our traveller with a fine horse, and desired him to join the train. Upon this the Jellé sung the extravagant praise of the generosity of their sovereign, whom they made out to be the greatest potentate on earth, except the king of the white men, who, they admitted, had more money, but not so many horses, nor so fine a country. The cavalcade now proceeded, and having gone
beyond

beyond the town about a mile, arrived at an extensive plain, where every thing had been previously prepared for the ceremony and the labour of the day, which our traveller thus describes :

'The bushes had been lately burned, and the kale produced from their ashes was strewed far and wide, indicating a surface ready prepared for the reception of grain. Groups of people, in number about three thousand, marshalled under flags of various device, were parading about like recruiting parties at a fair; drums, ballas, flutes, guitars, horns made from the tusks of elephants, saluted the ear in savage melody, while parties of dancers, first keeping time to one and then another tune, as their exertion and the wildness of the motion hurried them into their different attractions, presented a scene of extravagance which is equally the delight of an African and the surprise of an European. The king's arrival on the spot was marked by repeated discharges of musketry, shouting, blowing of horns, and beating of drums, and by parties of horsemen galloping at full speed, and exhibiting feats of almost matchless dexterity. On a signal from the king, silence and order were restored, when the king's fumo stepping forth harangued the multitude at considerable length; he exhorted them all to work hard, and to water the ground with the sweat of their brows, as their king was so good to them; he pointed to Falaba, the town in which they were all protected; that town was built by the present king's father; he then pointed to three fat bulls, which were tied under the shade of a cotton tree, and were to be killed by the king for his people; therefore, said he, those, who can eat beef, let them work. At the conclusion of the fumo's speech the parties broke off, and in less than a quarter of an hour were arranged in order of work, and with a degree of method, which actually astonished me; they were drawn up in two lines, the first consisting of about 500 people, and the second of perhaps more than 2,000; the duty of the first line was to scatter the seed, and of the second to cover it with the hoe; in this manner they advanced regularly, and with such rapidity, that the work appeared more like magic than human performance; the music of the Jelle men, without whose presence and cheering song nothing is effected, either in work, festivity, or war, accompanied the labourers in their toil.'—p. 251—253

Soon after this Major Laing was seized with a fever, which brought on delirium for several days; and while in this state he was cupped in the temples by one of the Soolima doctors, and so effectually as to satisfy him, that it was the means of saving his life. The operation differed in no respect from ours, except that the skin was scarified with a razor, and the cup was a small calabash gourd. During his illness, and indeed on all occasions, the kindness of the inhabitants was unbounded. 'I am both satisfied and proud,' says Major Laing, 'in acknowledging that I spent with those uncultivated people and their neighbours many happy days, without casting a longing thought towards more refined society.'

Yet

Yet these kind-hearted and, as it would seem, peaceable and industrious people are not exempt from the horrors of war; the pretexts for which are pretty much of the same character as those in more civilized states. Thus the Major tells us that, while resident at Falaba, some Mandingos brought presents to the king, which were to be acknowledged by presents on his side of slaves and palm-oil; and as Soolimana had neither, and the neighbouring state of Limba produced both, it was deemed at a palaver, or assembly of the chiefs and elders, to be both just and necessary that Limba should supply what Soolimana had occasion for; and to enforce the demand, 9000 men were gotten together with great despatch, and marched out with the utmost regularity to prosecute this just and necessary war. The arguments used by the war-party were to the following effect, and, after a long debate, were deemed to be irresistible.

‘They extolled at great length the peculiar virtues of the palm-oil, its nutritious and excellent qualities in cooking, its inestimable value in affording light at all times when even the sun refused his; but, above all, its wonderful efficacy in preserving and softening the skin; it possessed the quality of removing the dry and withered appearance of old age; it beautified their wives, whose skins without it would crack like the plastering of a wall. They appealed to all around whether they would wish to see their wives handsome or not; if they did, the means lay within their reach, for in Limba there was plenty of palm-oil. God had not, indeed, allowed palm-trees to grow in the Soolima country; but he had made the Soolimas powerful, so that they might walk to the place where the trees did grow, and take as much of the oil as they pleased.’—pp. 284, 285.

The position of Falaba on a rising eminence in the midst of an extensive plain, its being encompassed with a ditch twenty feet deep by as many broad, and surrounded by a strong, thick stock-ading of hard wood, all prove the hostile attacks to which it is considered liable; but the Major says it is of sufficient strength to offer effectual resistance to any warlike engine less powerful than artillery. It is said to contain only about 6000 inhabitants, though the number of houses are stated to be about 4000—it should probably be 6000 full-grown *male* inhabitants. ‘These houses,’ he says, ‘are circular, and though built of clay, and covered with pyramidal roofs of thatch, are extremely neat, clean, and, in many instances, elegant.’ They resemble, in a very remarkable manner, the houses of the Boshuanas in southern Africa.

Major Laing enters into some detail of the manners and habits of the Soolimas, collected during his three months residence in Falaba, to which we can safely refer our readers for information and amusement. The main object of the mission, however, seems to have failed. The king all along promised to send back with him

him a company of traders; but when the time came none were found to proceed; and the reason, which, in the Major's opinion, prevented them, was, that the king himself, having the monopoly of all trade in his own country, did not chuse to give his subjects the advantage of a free trade with others. It appears, however, to us that the country, in its present state, produces nothing that could be considered valuable at Sierra Leone.—But we must close our remarks on Major Laing, in order to appropriate a larger space for a glance which we mean to take into the very heart of Africa.

It is not surprizing, after the importance which has been assigned to the Niger, that a traveller who advances within a two days, three days, or even six days' journey (for it is still doubtful which of them it may be from Falaba) of its source, should find himself most anxious to visit it; but Major Laing dwells too much on the hopeless solicitude which it cost him; and in the total state of uncertainty as to its direction and distance, with the immense cluster of mountains before him, which give rise to the Gambia and the Senegal, as well as to the Niger, it is rather too bold a conjecture, we had almost said assertion, to set down the elevation of its source as being 'between fifteen and sixteen hundred feet above the level of the Atlantic.' The source of the Rokelle, which he says he measured, but we are not told how, is stated to be 1441 feet. This river springs from the very base of the great granite cluster, which presents its bold fronts to the westward, but whose eastern side is said to slope gradually from the summit, near which the fountains of the Niger issue, and to continue in one almost unbroken surface of considerable elevation to the plains of Sennaar, forming an intermediate step between the Zahara or great desert and the granite chain, of which it may be considered as the base, whose extremities are the Kong mountains on the west, and those of Abyssinia on the east. Major Laing is now on his route from Tripoli, by the caravan, to Timbuctoo, accompanied by a Tuaric chief, well known to Lyon, and highly esteemed by all our English travellers. Should he happily succeed in reaching this long aimed at spot, and our consul at Tripoli says, (as he pronounced with regard to the far more formidable journey to Bornou,) that the road is as open and safe as from London to Edinburgh, his next object, we understand, will be to fall down one of the streams, (for we are persuaded there are two, as we shall presently show,) as far as the Tsad of Bornou, where he will either meet with our countrymen, who have now for two years been domiciliated at Kouka, or, in their absence, be received with kindness by the Sheik and the natives.

Two of those countrymen, Dr. Oudney and Lieutenant Toole, we

we are concerned to state, have paid the debt of nature. The latter fell a victim to exertions which, in an African climate, were too severe for his youth, immediately after performing a fatiguing journey across the desert from Mourzouk; the other, to a complaint which, we understand, he carried out with him, but to which he firmly persuaded himself an African climate would prove friendly—a disease of the lungs. We have still to regret the absence of their journals, itineraries, geographical observations, and other documents, which we trust, however, are safe; but various letters to the consul at Tripoli and to their friends in England supply, in some degree, the deficiency of these details by the general outline they give of their proceedings; and from these, which have been put into our possession, we shall be able to shew that they have not been unmindful of the objects of their mission, but have eagerly availed themselves of every possible occasion to fulfil their instructions to the utmost.

Our readers will remember that in the 58th No. of this Journal we laid before them some notices of transactions in Bornou up to the month of May, 1823; we can now continue them down for a year later. On the 21st of that month Doctor Oudney, accompanied by Lieutenant Clapperton and a confidential slave of the Sheik's as a guide, set out on a journey into Soudan. Proceeding a little to the northward of west, in four days they reached the ruins of Old Birnie, the former capital of Bornou, situated four miles from the south bank of the Yeou; of whose sultans, the wealth, power, and grandeur are still the subjects of conversation, wonder, and regret. Their palace had obviously covered a vast extent of ground, entirely built of handsome red brick, so smooth and solid, as to be pronounced in quality superior to the brick of this country. The walls of the city were also of brick, mixed with clay, of an oblong square, and eight or nine miles in circumference, thirty feet high, and ten or twelve feet thick; all, however, was now a mass of ruin; and numerous elephants, lions, and other beasts of prey were the only inhabitants. Its lat. is $13^{\circ}4'$ N. and long. about $1\frac{1}{2}$ degree west of Kouka, distant about 75 or 80 miles. Four miles beyond this, and near a bend of the river, were the remains of Gambarroo, in a similar state to those of Birnie; and the number of ruined towns and villages shewed that this part of Bornou had once been extremely well peopled.

Here the Sheik overtook our travellers, and invited them to follow him on an expedition against a small tribe of the name of Munga. His army consisted of about 6000 horse, mostly Shua Arabs, and 2000 foot. Ten miles farther to the westward, they crossed the Yeou at a town named Kubshara. The next

town that occurred was Biskour, to which a party of the Bournou army, that had been sent forward, returned next day, with a great number of captives, bullocks, and sheep. The Sheik, with his usual humanity, set all the prisoners free: for, though he has domestic slaves, he is no slave-dealer. Soon afterwards the principal inhabitants of the conquered tribe came and prostrated themselves before him, sprinkled their heads with dust, and swore on the Koran they would never again take up arms against him. Eight miles farther on, the travellers reached Surgum, and five beyond that, Balley, both of them considerable towns; the latter close to the Yeou. From Balley to Kano, the capital of Houssa, and the grand resort of merchants, is eight days' journey, probably about 120 miles. From this place our travellers returned to Kouka; but on the 14th December following, they again set out with an intention, if possible, to proceed as far as Nyffé. In twelve days, by easy journeys, they reached the western frontier of Bornou; on entering the Beder territory, the weather was so intensely cold on the night of the 26th December, and on the morning of the 27th, that the water was frozen in the dishes, and the water-skins were as hard as boards. This sudden change gave Dr. Oudney so severe a cold that, from this time, he became sensibly weaker every day. He proceeded, however, slowly, and on the 2d January reached a large town named Kattagum, where they halted till the 10th, and then continued their journey two days longer, making, on the first, ten miles to a town on the banks of the Yeou, which was here of considerable breadth, and on the next five miles, to a place called Murmur. The melancholy event that here occurred we extract from a letter of Lieutenant Clapperton.

'On the morning of the 12th, when the camels were loaded, Doctor Oudney came out of his tent. I then saw but too plainly that the hand of death was upon him, and that he had not an hour to live. I prevailed on him to return to his tent, and I sat down beside him: he expired about an hour afterwards. The only request he made was, that I would forward his papers to Lord Bathurst, and to say, that he wished Mr. Barrow might have the arrangement of them, if agreeable to his Lordship. I sent immediately to the governor of the town to acquaint him with what had happened, and to request that he would point out a spot where I might be allowed to bury the remains of my friend, to hire some of his people to wash the body, and to dig a grave; all of which was immediately complied with; and as we travelled in the character and habits of Englishmen, I considered it an indispensable duty to read the funeral service over the body in the tent and at the grave side, according to the rites of the Church of England; and so far from meeting with the least interruption, the natives, on the contrary, took pains to show me every possible respect for having so done. Having killed two sheep to be distributed among the poor, I caused a wall of clay to be built

built round the grave, and the next morning, being extremely unwell from exposure to the sun, and grief for the loss of my friend and companion, to whose good and amiable qualities no language of mine can do justice, I left Murrur with a heavy heart, and on the 20th at noon arrived at the city of Kano.

The immediate cause of Dr. Oudney's death was, unquestionably, the intense cold, which it is difficult to reconcile with the low latitude of this part of Africa, and the uniform flat surface of the country, broken merely by a few detached hills of sand and the debris of sandstone, with nothing like a mountain to be seen in any direction.* We know how rapid is the abstraction or radiation of heat from the ground, when there is a clear deep blue sky overhead; and unless it be owing to this, or to excessive evaporation from a soil loaded with carbonate of soda, we can offer no explanation, or solution, of a fact which is, however, unquestionable.

The sultan of Kano being with his army at a short distance, Lieutenant Clapperton, at his request, proceeded to him, and delivered the Sheik's letter and a small present, with both of which he was much pleased, and said he would forward him in safety to his master Bello, the Sultan of all the Fellatas at Sakatoo, fifteen days journey from Kano, and situated on the banks of the Yeou, which is there called Quolla or Quorra.

This is the last direct intelligence received from Lieutenant Clapperton; but Major Denham writes from Kouka on the 23d May, 1824, that, a few days before, some Bornou traders had come in from the westward, and reported that they had seen him at Sakatoo, where he had deposited all his property and papers in the hands of Hat Salah, the chief of Kano, with directions to forward every thing to the Sheik of Bornou, should any accident befall him. His object undoubtedly would be to push forward for Timbuctoo, as he would have heard from Major Denham that Belzoni was on his way for that place from Benin.†

This Bello, to whom Lieutenant Clapperton was proceeding, is a

* A Glasgow newspaper describes the vast height of the mountains that occasioned this degree of cold, and concludes that the Niger *must* necessarily be turned by them into the Bight of Benin; and a Frenchman, following the same track, undertakes to prove, that these mountains must be exactly 14,000 feet high; so dangerous is it to theorize on hypothetical data! The neighbourhood of Kano is, in fact, another Wangara, or, probably, the Wangara. We would recommend this writer, and also M. Jomard, not to falsify the geographical information which they take from this and other English journals respecting Africa, (and they have no other source of information,) but to give it as it is, and not as it *ought to be* according to their fancies.

† On the 2d of June, 1824, Major Denham writes to Lieutenant Clapperton thus: 'You will see, by an extract from the *Quarterly Review*, which I send you, how probable it is that you may fall in with Belzoni, who I think may succeed in getting to Timbuctoo.' This number of the *Quarterly* was published in December, 1823!

celebrated chief, who some years ago had conquered all Soudan, from D'Jennie as far as the lake Tsad, and laid Old Birnie in ruins, as seen and described by Dr. Oudney. Captain Lyon says, that 'reverence for his religion, and for those who are eminent in it, are among his virtues,' and the same thing is said of the Bornou Sheik by Major Denham; for by his character alone for virtue, and religion, he was enabled, with about 400 Kanem men, nearly unarmed, not only to recover Bornou for the sultan, but to make his peace with Bello, who also calls himself 'Sheik of the Koran,' but declares that, whenever the Sheik of Bornou dies, he will again possess himself of Bornou. 'The latter is an extraordinary (if not a solitary) instance,' says Major Denham, 'in the history of the world, of a man raising himself to sovereign power from a humble station, without shedding blood by the assassin's knife, or removing those who stood in his way by the bowstring or the poisoned cup.' The benevolence and liberality of his disposition strongly appear in his excellent letter to Bello, given to Oudney and Clapperton.*

We

* In this admirable production, after the usual salutations, he says, 'Some distinguished persons, Englishmen and Christians, between whom and Musselmén an ancient friendship and brotherhood has existed, as is no secret but known to all the world, are about to visit your country. The love between these people and the followers of the true faith has continued for ages, and descends from one generation to another, even as the wealth of a father descends to his children; and by this friendship, frequent amicable intercourse is kept up between them and Musselmén. But this love is most observable in the case with which Musselmén now visit their countries, which are rich and extensive, going and returning without danger or molestation. And now these Christians have visited us, through the medium and love of our master Yussuff, Bashaw of Tripoli, at their own desire, to see the country, which is by God's mercy ours, and what is wonderful in the land, its rivers, lakes, and people, all of which may differ from those of their own country. We have enabled them to see all the country of Bornou, even in the way they wished, with freedom; and they ask of us a passage to yours, in order that the wonders which are not here, may be seen by them there. We have granted their request, and have furnished them with letters of kindness and greeting, which letters will tell you how we esteem them:—

'We remind you, but it is needless, for your great knowledge will inform you, that it is written, that even our prophet himself, our interposer and advocate, (praise be to God and his angels!) ordered, that these should not be molested nor injured when they came in peace, and did no harm. We throw them upon your care and protection. You know that there are believers who strike down and trample upon the weak and unprotected. You know, also, that justice is not always done to the good by the wicked. We trust therefore to you, and beg that you will support and protect these Englishmen and Christians; that you will not permit them to be buffeted or abused, nor allow them to be pained either by privations or blows, or even regarded with disdain, until such time as it shall please God that they shall return to their native land.

'They are people of a pure heart and true tongue; such we have found them: be you their supporter, and cause them to rejoice in our recommendation; so may God reward you, and grant you what you hope for and desire! and by his blessing may we together proceed on the road to heavenly bliss! May all health, and happiness, and virtue, and faith, be to you and to those near you, and all that belong to you, and not to yourself alone! Dated the evening, &c.

(Signed)

SLAMEEN BEN KANERRY, Sheikh of the Koran.

While

We must now advert to another victim to African discoveries. Lieutenant Ernest Stuart Toole volunteered from Malta to join the party in Bornou, and arrived at Kouka towards the end of December, having crossed the desert from Tripoli alone, (that is, without any other Europeans,) in 108 days, after several vexatious delays and obstructions on the part of the Arabs who accompanied him, and the wandering tribes of the desert. Major Denham proposed a second visit to the noble river Shary, for the purpose of examining its course more extensively than had been done by Oudney and Clapperton on a former occasion. On the 23d January, accompanied by Mr. Toole, he left Kouka, and on the 30th they arrived at Showey, a small town situated on its bank, in lat. $12^{\circ} 47'$. The river was, at this place, an exceedingly fine stream, more than 600 yards in width, and running at the rate of five miles an hour to the N. E.

The Kaid, who governed the town, proposed that they should embark on the river, and proceed down the stream to the lake *Tsad*; and accordingly, on the 2d February, this officer accompanied them with eight canoes, each carrying ten and eleven men. Having proceeded about thirty-five miles, they halted at an island called Joggabah. The river is described as having a highly interesting appearance, one noble reach succeeding another, alternately varying their courses by beautiful sweeps, some of them two or three miles in length; the banks thickly clothed with trees rich in foliage, and all hung over with creeping plants bearing a great variety of beautiful and aromatic blossoms. Numbers of crocodiles were basking on the banks.

The Shary was found to empty itself into the great lake by two branches formed by the island. Descending the western branch the following morning, for about two hours, our travellers found themselves 'on that sea of *fresh water* which,' says Major Denham, 'we called the Lake of Waterloo.' They had not proceeded however beyond two miles on the open lake, when the heavy swell from the N. E. caused the canoes to ship so much water, and the paddling became so laborious to the men, that they were obliged to return. They understood that the nearest of the Beddoumy islands was a voyage of three days from the mouth of the Shary (about ninety miles) in the direction of N. E., during two of which they lose sight of land. These people, as we stated on a former occasion, carry on a piratical war with the borderers of the lake. It is said that they frequently muster from sixty to one hundred

While such men as this rule in the heart of Africa, let us no longer consider the people as uncivilized barbarians; it is impossible, if there be any truth in the adage, "*qualis rex, talis grex*." We trust we shall never more hear of Englishmen endeavouring to make themselves Mahomedans, by which they only make themselves appear to be impostors.

canoes. They make no slaves, but demand ransom for their prisoners, who, if it be refused, become islanders, take wives, and remain among them. The whole of the islands are said to be able to muster a thousand canoes, with fifteen to twenty men in each. In every other respect, but that of plundering, they are said to be a mild and inoffensive people, not given to cruelty, and never known to murder their prisoners. They say of themselves that 'they have a strong arm and a cunning head, a small country and poor in cattle, and that they must take from those who are richer than themselves.'

In returning up the river they were astonished at the numbers and beauty of the waterfowl and others of the feathered race; fish abounded in the river, and the huge hippopotami came so near as to be struck with the paddles. Leaving Showey they continued up the stream as far as Dagheia, where the river is fordable and there is a ferry; the water however is up to the shoulders, and though the infantry wade over with their shields on their heads, on which are placed a bag of corn and their spears, the cavalry men are rowed over in canoes, the horses swimming at their sterns. In two days they returned to Showey; a hostile tribe rendering it prudent not to ascend farther up the stream.

They therefore determined to proceed by land to the southward, nearly parallel to the river, as far as Loggun, though that route was seldom followed, being a continued succession of marshes, swamps, and stagnant waters, covered with useless and rank vegetation; 'where,' says Major Denham, 'flies, bees, mosquitoes, and immense black toads, vie with each other in displaying their peace-destroying powers.' For several hours in the day the inhabitants shut themselves up in their houses, which are nests of cells one within another, to the number sometimes of five or six, so constructed expressly as retreats from the attacks of these insects.

At a place called Kissery, in the midst of these swamps, Mr. Toole was so unwell that they were obliged to halt. It was however impossible to remain there long; they attempted to proceed, but before they had gone a couple of miles, Mr. Toole's sufferings were so great that he twice fainted, and became so helpless that it was necessary to lift him on and off his horse. Their situation may partly be conceived from the circumstance of their being obliged to light fires at the entrance of the tents, and constantly to supply them with weeds and wet straw, in order to procure a temporary relief from the millions of insects that hovered round them, by keeping up a thick suffocating smoke. Their horses refused all food, and, naturally averse from flame and smoke, rushed to the fire and suffered their heads to be actually scorched in order to obtain a little respite from the stings of their persecutors.

Painful

Painful as their condition was, the Shua Arabs, who guarded the frontier of the Loggun territory, refused to let them pass, until they had received permission from the Sultan. On the 16th February this permission came, but poor Mr. Toole was now quite insensible, and was obliged to be lashed upon a camel. In this state they entered the town, and took possession of a decent hut which had been assigned to them. The next morning Major Denham was summoned before the sultan, who, like him of Bornou, was caged up in a box, the front of which was lattice work of cane. This being removed, the major says, 'something alive was discovered on a carpet, wrapped up in silken robes with the head enveloped in shawls, nothing but the eyes being visible; the whole court prostrated themselves and threw sand on their heads, while eight trumfrums and as many horns blew a loud and most tremendous blast.' On receiving a small present he *whispered* 'welcome!' for speaking out, it seems, is considered extremely ill bred in a Loggun gentleman.

This old gentleman in the box, on being asked for his permission to proceed up the Shary, inquired particularly if the major wished to purchase any *sirahs*, or handsome female slaves, 'for if you do,' he gently *whispered*, 'you need go no farther; I have some hundreds, and will let you have them cheap.' Finding however that he was not likely to gain a customer, the shade was drawn and the audience finished.

The name of this capital of Loggun is Kurnuck, and it is situated on the banks of the Shary in lat. $11^{\circ} 7'$, and contains about fifteen thousand inhabitants, who speak a language half Arabic and half Baghermie. They have a considerable trade with the Shua Arabs, from whom they receive bullocks, milk and fat, in exchange for blue striped cottons, which they manufacture well, and dye of a very clear and beautiful colour. The people are described as much handsomer than those of Bornou, and more intelligent; the women particularly so, possessing a superior carriage and manner to those of any black nation that Major Denham had ever seen. He was visited by the ladies of some of the principal persons of the country, who examined every thing about his person, begged every thing, and stole every thing they could secrete, and when discovered, only laughed heartily, clapped their hands together, and exclaimed, 'why, how sharp he is! only think, he has caught us!' They have no pretensions, it would seem, to modesty. Major Denham gives them the credit of being the cleverest and the most immoral race he had ever met with, though they call themselves Moslem.

The major next day discovered that there were 'two kings of Brentford' at Loggun, father and son, at the head of two parties,
H H 4
fearing

fearing and hating each other. 'Notwithstanding their consanguinity, I had pretty good proofs,' says he, 'of the terms on which they lived, by their both sending to me for poison, in secret, "that would not lie," to use their own expression, and as an inducement the son sent me three female slaves.'

There was no difficulty in getting permission to proceed up the river, which was here about 400 yards wide; and as the major's colleague seemed a little better, he embarked for the purpose of exploring it higher up. The canoes were here better than those lower down, measuring about fifty feet in length, and capable of carrying from twenty to twenty-five persons, built of a fine-grained red wood which grows plentifully on the banks of the Shary; the planks were from two to three feet wide. He had only proceeded a few miles when a boat was seen rowing after them as quickly as possible, and on its coming up, the whole seven, that were with him, made to the shore at once in the utmost confusion. He soon discovered that the Baghermie were advancing towards Loggun, and the sultan had sent word that the Sheik of Bornou's people should instantly quit the city. It was in vain for the major to plead the sickness of his friend and of his servant;—'go,' said he, 'go while you can, I can give you no protection.' Finding there was no alternative, poor Mr. Toole, unable to assist himself, was again lashed on a camel, and they quitted the walls of Kurnuk, when the three gates were shut upon them one after the other, with great satisfaction, by an immense crowd of people.

It was the fourth day before they reached Angala, in Bornou, having enjoyed very little rest, and scarcely any food; the poor sick traveller being delirious the greater part of the time, lashed on a camel, and exposed to the scorching rays of the sun. On being told that they had reached Angala, he said, 'thank God, then I shall not die!' Every hope, however, vanished two days afterwards. A cold shivering seized him, and his extremities were like ice; in this state he continued a few hours, and expired without a struggle or a groan, being completely worn out and exhausted. 'The same afternoon,' says Major Denham, 'I followed his remains to their last lodging place, where six of the sultan of Angala's slaves lowered them into a deep grave they had dug, overhung by a clump of mimosas in full blossom,—and a silent prayer breathed over them was the best funeral service which circumstances allowed me to perform.'

Mr. Toole had not completed his twenty-second year, and was in every sense a most amiable and promising young officer. His manners are said to have been extremely pleasing, and his disposition kind, gentle, and obliging. The friendly Sheik had entertained a strong affection for him, and they used to spend many hours

hours walking and conversing together in his garden. He was perfectly resigned to his fate, and when Major Denham, the day before his death, spoke of their return to Kouka, he smiled, shook his head, and said, 'No, no, it is all over;' and shortly after begged, as his last dying request, that Lord Bathurst would recommend his next brother to succeed to the ensigncy in the 80th regiment, which would become vacant by his death. It is needless to say, that this was no sooner known in England than done.

Nothing could be more kind than the reception given to Major Denham by the friendly Sheik, whom he met with his army at Angornou proceeding against the Baghermie; he even offered to attend him back to Kouka. The two armies, it seems, after looking at each other for several weeks in the neighbourhood of the Shary, had at last fought a grand battle, in which two old guns, mounted on carriages by Hillman the carpenter, though only fired once, did immense service by the alarm, if not destruction, they caused to the enemy; the alarm, indeed, was participated by those who fired them off, and who had rammed them full of ball cartridges. The Baghermie were routed: seven out of the nine sons of the sultan were slain, one made prisoner, and considerable booty fell into the hands of the Sheik's army, among which were five hundred horses and about fifty of the wives and female slaves of the chiefs.

The next journey undertaken by Major Denham was with the Sheik's army, on an expedition towards Fittre, round the northern end of the lake; but they made little progress on account of the Rhamadan, as it was said, but chiefly, as it afterwards appeared, of some hostile movements on the part of the people of Waday. The Major was most anxious to proceed to Kanem on the northern side, and from thence along the eastern shore of the lake, but the Sheik gave almost a positive refusal from anxiety for his safety. He at length, however, consented that he should go to the southward, cross the Shary below Showey, and take with him twenty horsemen, with some of his best Arabs, all armed with guns, while he (the Major) was only to have a couple of the fastest going maharies, the fleetest animal that is known; his route to be quite close to the banks of the Tsad, while the armed force was to take a more inland direction, and nearly parallel with him. He stipulated with the Sheik, that he should encompass the lake and return by Laree on the northern extremity, to Kouka. 'The Sheik smiles,' he says, 'at my pertinacity in pressing to visit spots that he himself can see so little interest in; but usually ends by saying, "Well, it is wonderful; it would be much less trouble to come back by the same road, but you will have it and it must be done."' Never, certainly, was there a more kind-hearted creature

creature than this chief has shewn himself to be to our countrymen. Two of Lieutenant Toole's horses died from the fatigues of the journey over the desert, which he immediately replaced; and Major Denham says, 'that having purchased and paid for a horse after losing several that the Sheik had made me a present of, he sent me word, on hearing of it, that if I thought of him, as he did of me, the first person to be made acquainted with my wants would be himself.'

We deeply lament the sacrifice of life by which our knowledge of Africa is purchased, but it is with honest pride we reflect, a pride which is full of gratitude to the memory of those who have fallen, that, by the dauntless spirit and the honourable conduct of our countrymen, the name of Englishman has been made known and respected, from the Gambia to the Nile, and from the Mediterranean to the Mountains of the Moon, among millions of people, not one of whom have ever yet learnt even the name of any other European nation but that of England.

The letter announcing this intended expedition of Major Denham round the Tsad, the last that has been received, is dated the 18th June, 1824. He was to be accompanied by a young gentleman of the name of Tyrwhitt, who had arrived at Kouka from Tripoli on the 20th of the preceding month, with presents of swords, pistols, watches, &c. for the friendly Sheik, which, Major Denham says, 'were received with all that satisfaction, I might say ecstasy, with which it may be supposed a person so intelligent and highly gifted by nature with extensive penetration and taste, would view the best productions of our superior artists in sword cutlery and watch-making. The dagger, and the watch with a second movement, appeared most to gratify him; and when it was mentioned that the rockets also had arrived, he exclaimed, 'What, so soon! and all these riches besides! There are no friends like these! the Englishmen are all truth! and I see by the Book, that had the prophet lived only a short time longer, they would all have been moslem!'

As we have said before, the detailed accounts of the travellers, which these journeys and a long residence must have enabled them to collect, are not yet arrived, but a few scattered remarks relating to Bornou may be extracted from their private correspondence. The climate is not considered as being worse than that of other tropical countries; though from February to May the thermometer ranges from 104° to 108° at two in the afternoon, and is generally at 84° to 86° a little before sunrise. From June to October rain continues; then winter commences, when the air is mild, the sky serene and clear, with breezes from the north-west. December and January are cold, with the thermometer at 70°, and in the mornings

mornings 60°, and sometimes lower. In May and June the natives scratch the ground and sow their gossib or millet, (apparently *holcus sorghum*,) Indian corn, barley, several sorts of kidney-beans, cotton, hemp, and indigo. The holcus is the principal article of food, which they frequently eat parched in the sun.

Major Denham enumerates, by name, thirty-six towns and cities in Bornou, and reckons it to contain two millions of people. He describes the natives as having large unmeaning faces, flat negro noses, mouths of great dimensions, good regular white teeth, and high foreheads; as being peaceable, quiet, timid, good-natured and civil. Being of a phlegmatic disposition, and extremely temperate and regular in their habits, they are easily kept in order. Murders are hardly heard of; theft is punished by loss of hand, or burying the young Spartans up to the neck in the earth, which is the most dreadful punishment that can be inflicted, as they are almost devoured alive by the flies. They are extremely simple in their diet. Flour made into paste, mixed with fat, and sweetened with honey, is a dish for the sultan; their only beverage is water, and a little barley is mixed with it to take off the brackish taste. The women turn up their hair to the top of the head, and plaster it with indigo and bees-wax. Of this latter article there can be no scarcity, for bees are so numerous that they frequently stop a traveller on his journey. The females are the most humble of their sex, approaching their husbands with their faces covered and going down on their knees.

Bornou produces few vegetables except onions. Fruits are scarcely known, with the exception of a scanty supply of lemons, or rather limes, and figs; mangoes are found on the Yeou, and in the valleys of the southern mountains. The last date trees are distant a four days journey to the north of Kouka, and there the fruit is very indifferent. They have plenty of fish in the lake and rivers, and the common fowls are so abundant that forty may be had for a dollar. Their domestic animals are dogs, sheep, oxen, camels, horses, buffaloes, and asses. This last and the buffalo are the common beasts of burden. The wild animals seem to differ in no respect from those in other parts of northern and southern Africa; elephants go in troops, near the great lake, of eighty or a hundred together.

If it be the will of Providence that Denham should succeed in encompassing the shores of the lake Tsad, and Clapperton in returning safe from Soudan, our charts of northern Africa will no longer disgrace the geography of the nineteenth century. The notices, which have already been received from Major Denham, are of no mean importance towards settling a point which has
long

long created a considerable degree of interest, and to which we shall presently advert. In his expedition to Mandara and the Southern Mountains, (No. LVIII.) he observes, that the inclination or slope of the country ascends gradually to the southward, and that at Mandara, where it rises into hills, the nature of the surface is changed, the ground being covered with a micaceous sand, and the soil being principally decomposed granite. Beyond this, masses or systems of hills spread themselves out in every direction and picturesque form that can be imagined, those nearest the eye being about fifteen hundred feet, and the peaks appearing in the distance at least a thousand feet higher. They are composed of enormous masses and blocks of granite, presenting the most rugged faces and sides. In the chasms are trees of very considerable size. On the flat places of the hills are clusters of huts, one above another, to their very summit. In the valleys Major Denham observed the tamarind, a gigantic wild fig-tree, and the mango, flourishing in great numbers and beauty. 'The leaves spread a bright and luxuriant verdure; and flowers from a profusion of climbing plants wound round the trunks of the trees, leaving the imagination in doubt to which stem the fair aromatic blossoms, by which the air was perfumed, were indebted for their nourishment.' Of the extent of these groups of mountains the Mandara people could give him no satisfactory information.

In appearance the people of Mandara differ from those of Bornou, and this difference is all in favour of the former. The men are intelligent and lively, with high, though rather flat, foreheads, large eyes, wiry curled hair, good sized noses, and well formed in their limbs. Their features are altogether less flattened than those of the Bornouese. The women are described as exceedingly good looking; so that their beauty is proverbial in Africa, particularly for that much-admired quality of being singularly gifted with the Hottentot *post-tuberance*—a peculiarity of form which makes them highly estimable in the eyes of a Turkish or Moorish merchant. The Major seems to think them by no means destitute of charms 'when sporting in their native wilds without so much covering as one of Eve's fig-leaves.' They are brought to Kouka for sale, and so much depends on the degree in which they possess those bulky attractions, that, says the Major, 'I have known a man about to make a purchase out of several, regardless of the charms of feature, turn their faces from him, and looking at them behind, just above the hips, as we dress a line of soldiers, make choice of her whose person most projected out beyond that of her companions.'

This taste for *post-tuberance*, on the part of the males, is perhaps

haps less extraordinary than the natural tendency of the females, in almost every part of Africa, (for to them and to sheep it appears to be confined,) to acquire it. It is not, however, by any means universal in any part of this continent; among the Abyssinians, it is confined to the branches of the ruling family, at least it is considered as a mark of distinction and high birth. 'There was,' says Mr. W. Bankes, 'when I first went to Jerusalem, an Abyssinian princess there upon a pilgrimage, the daughter of a deceased king, most remarkably formed in this respect, and who prided herself greatly upon it. I heard Lady Hester Stanhope say, that she could not believe the peculiarity to be natural, till she saw the lady in the bath.' About Sennaar and Meroë it is very common among the women; and Mr. Linant observed, and has accurately drawn, the figure of a female among the bas reliefs on the ancient temples, shaped differently from all the Egyptian figures by which she is surrounded, and quite in conformity with the present prejudices of that barbarous country. By the diadem round her head, and the homage she is receiving, she was undoubtedly meant to represent the queen of that country—one of the Candaces mentioned by Pliny, a word which, as Mr. Bankes plausibly conjectures, meant simply, in the Ethiopic language, *the Queen*. She is also represented with long nails on her fingers, like the talons of a bird, and her protuberances before as well as behind, appear to sanction the remark of Juvenal,

'In Meroë crasso majorem infante mamillam.'

We learn from Bowdich that a few of this thriving race are found among the Ashantees, where they are admired and courted; but it is most general, we believe, among the Hottentots, almost every woman at the age of thirty shewing more or less of this adipose excrescence, though in the same country no such appearance is ever met with among the Kaffre women; yet that great speculating philosopher Mons. Pauw seems to think it is produced by the climate and the water. In fact, we know as little about it as of the *goitres*, on which so much good paper has been wasted.

On his southern journey, Major Denham had a visit from a man who presented himself to him as the son of Hornemann by a Soudan slave. He bore the name which Hornemann took of Moussa ben Jussuff—was a clever intelligent person; but the Major thought him some ten years older than the date of that traveller's entrance into Houssa. A hot climate, however, frequently brings on a premature appearance of age. This man had journeyed twenty days south of Mandara, to a country called Adamouah, being an extensive plain in the centre of the great cluster of mountains, some of which he described as of enormous

enormous height, with milk-white tops. It is inhabited by the Fellatas, who eat the flesh of all animals, wild or domestic. None, except the sultan and his children, wear clothes, the rest of the nation going naked, except that the men sometimes wear a skin round the loins; but the women wear nothing. He described, with great clearness, a large river running between two high ridges of the mountains, which he crossed previous to arriving at Adamouah, but close to it. He distinctly stated it to come from the west, and to be the same as the Quorra at Nyffé and at Raka. He described it as branching off and passing through Loggun, and from thence into the Tsad, and he named it the Shary; and the main body of this water he said ran to the south of Baghermi, where he thought he had heard it called Bahr el Dago; but was quite sure it went to the Nile, to the southward of Darfur, where he had been.

A kofila from Soudan brought to Kouka a young Fighi from Timbuctoo, the son of a Fellata chief of D'Jennie, named Abdul Gassam ben Maliky. He was on his way to Mecca, and had left Timbuctoo, as is the custom, with only a shirt on his back, the rags of which he had exchanged on the road for a sheep's skin, subsisting all the way on charity for five months, which it had taken him to travel from D'Jennie, being much exhausted by fatigue and the want of nourishing food. The Sheik, with his usual benevolence, gave him a robe, but the young man said he thought it a sin to indulge in the luxury of putting it on. He was a very fine and intelligent lad, not more than sixteen years of age, of a deep copper colour, but with features extremely handsome and expressive. He was considered a sort of prodigy, and could repeat the Koran by heart from the beginning to the end. 'I repeatedly asked him,' says Major Denham, 'what they would do to us, if we were to go to Timbuctoo?' 'Why,' answered he, 'do by you as you now do by me—feed you.' He said that all communication between D'Jennie and Timbuctoo was by water, on a large river named Quolla; that it passed by Kabra, which is five hours from Timbuctoo; and he had always heard that this great river, which had many branches, had one which passed from Nyffé to the southward, and ran to the eastward between high mountains.

Abdul Gassam said that he could scarcely believe that such good people, as the English travellers were, could be any thing but Moslem. He had never seen, but had heard of, Christians before; and when Major Denham asked him how and where, he gave the following account, which accords in substance so well with the numerous accounts which have been told on every part of the coast of Africa, that there can be little doubt of its general truth. 'He had,' says the Major, 'never been questioned by any one
previous

previous to his answering my inquiries. He knew little else but Arabic, and had scarcely been noticed in his long journey, during which he had been handed over from one *koffila* to another.—

‘Many years ago, and before I was born, white men, Christians, came from Sego to D’Jennie in a large boat, as big as two of our boats; the natives went out to them in their canoes; they would not have done them any harm, but the Christians were afraid, and fired at them with guns, and killed several in the canoes that went near their boat. They proceeded to Timbuctoo, and there the sultan sent to them one of his chiefs, and they held a parley. The Christians complained that the people wanted to rob them. The sultan was kind to them and gave them supplies; notwithstanding this they went off suddenly in the night, which vexed the sultan, as he would have sent people with them if they had not been afraid of them a little; and he now sent boats after them to warn them of their danger, as there were many rocks in the belly of the river, all pointed; however, the Christians went on, and would not suffer the sultan’s people to come near them, and they all perished.’

The narrator stated, that he remembered seeing a man often with his father, who was in one of the canoes which pursued them, and who carried the news to Timbuctoo of their having struck against the rocks. The appearance of these white men caused a great sensation among the people; he had often heard men talk of the Christians and the large boat for a whole day at his father’s house, and to this day they talk about them: they had guns fixed to the side of the boat, a thing never seen before at Timbuctoo, and they alarmed the people greatly. This poor youth left Kouka in company with an old Fighi for Waday with a small leather bag of parched corn and a bottle for his water. Major Denham gave him a dollar to pay his passage across the Red Sea, which he sewed up in his sheep’s skin; but he heard afterwards that he had been drowned in crossing an arm of the Tsad.

There can now no longer be any question that the waters which rise out of the mountains on the western side of Africa, which for want of a better name we shall call the Kong Mountains, fall to the eastward and empty themselves into the great lake of Bornou; and we are inclined to think, from the testimony of those with whom Major Denham conversed, and from other authorities, that the Shary either has its origin in the same mountains, or becomes in the early part of its course the main branch of that river which we call the Niger.

We have long been puzzled, in looking over the various itineraries that have been given by travellers, to reconcile the notion of the Joliba, and the Quolla, or Quorra, being one and the same river, which we are now satisfied they are not; but that, as we have said already, they are either two distinct streams, rising near the same source, or that they are two branches diverging to some distance

tance from each other after the river has reached the great plain of northern Africa. In the present charts we perceive the Joliba, on leaving the lake Debbi, parted by the island Jinbala into two streams, which are made to reunite a little before they reach the meridian of Timbuctoo. We know of no positive information that this is the case. Mr. Dupuis learned from a Mahomedan Sheik, who had formerly been a great trader and traveller, that the Joliba was a river quite distinct from the Quorra, both of them issuing out of a sea or lake, which he sometimes called Bahr Gimbala, and at others Bahr Deby, or Zeby; but he does not mention their reunion. It is, however, to the eastward of the meridian of Timbuctoo that we have certain information of the two streams, somewhere about Nyffé, where a great lake, named in some charts the Bahr el Soudan, is placed, on the eastern side of which the two branches appear to issue. The authorities for the two streams are as follow. In one of the several routes which Mr. Dupuis collected from Musselmen at Comassie, and which he prints in the Arabic language, the traveller, in going from that city, first reaches the river Ghulbi, and proceeding northerly for six days, says, 'there is a great sea or river (for *bahr* signifies either) the like of which is no where to be found; it is called Kourra (Quorra); and in one day from hence you will reach the city of Youri, which is a very great city'—which Youri, we know, is situated upon, and gives the name to, the Yeou.

Now this agrees in a very remarkable manner with the account given by Abou Bouker, (the native of Cashna, who was to have accompanied Belzoni to Timbuctoo,) of his journey with some Coola merchants, from his native city to the bight of Benin. He first crosses the Quorra, (the Yeou) running towards the rising sun; *five days* afterwards, proceeding to the south, he arrives at the Ghulbi, a larger river running in the same direction, which he understood passed through Nyffé, and joined the former river somewhere towards Bornou. The man who called himself a son of Hornemann, told Major Denham that the Quorra of Nyffé went off to the southward, ran between two chains of mountains, passed Loggun, where it was called the Shary, and fell into the lake Tsad; every part of which, with the exception of the first, has been confirmed. The young Fighi stated that at Kabra the name of the river was Quolla, and that *one of its branches* passed Nyffé, and ran to the southward between mountains. And lastly, we observe in the route of a Jennie Moor, who had travelled into Egypt, (procured at Comassie by Mr. Hutchinson,) that after leaving Youri and Bousa, on the Quolla, he branches off to the south, and in that route the names of Nofee, (Nyffé) Atagara, Shary river, and Chadee lake (Tsad) come in succession.

Now

Now we know from our travellers, that at the city of Youri, in Haoussa, the Quorra first changes its name to *Yeou*; and that on or near the banks of this river are situated, in succession, the cities or towns of Sockattoo, Kano, Murmur, Katagum, Old Birnie, Laree, and many others, not one of which occurs in the southern route of the Jennie traveller. We know also that the branch called the *Yeou* falls into the *Tsad* at its northern, as the *Shary* does at its southern, extremity. The intelligent Burckhardt was well aware of the *Yeou* which Hornemann called *Tsad*, but he strongly questioned its identity with the *Joliba*, which he supposed to take a more southerly direction. Dupuis understood that, as far as the city of Youri, the name of the river is *Quorra*; but that the name of *Joliba* never occurs in this line. On the whole, we are of opinion, that two rivers, or two branches of the same river, cross northern Africa from west to east; that the upper branch is distinguished by the names of *Quolla* and *Yeou*, and the lower by those of *Ghulbi* and *Shary*; and that the name *Joliba* (which is neither more nor less than the *Great River*) ceases at an early part of its course.

Major Denham, who was once incredulous that the *Yeou* could be the *Niger*, on account of its diminutive size, (which, in point of fact, is no objection,) is now so satisfied that it is at least a branch of that river, that he sends a bottle of its water to his friend the consul of Tripoli, as a specimen of 'the true *Niger* water.' He adds, 'I have a negro friend here, who has seen the river nearly the whole of its course.'

Having thus got the waters of the western side of Africa into the great lake of Bornou, into which they all flow in consequence of the general inclination or *dip* of the country from west to east, the next and most difficult question is, how to dispose of them; or, in other words, to ascertain whether this easterly inclination of the surface continues beyond the *Tsad*; for from this point we have, as yet, no information, except that the *Bahr el Abiad* (whose source is unknown) flows gently from the westward into the *Nile*, which is of itself a strong fact in favour of the continuance of the general easterly slope of the country. That the waters do not stop in the *Tsad* is now as certain as that they are there collected; to suppose the contrary would involve an anomaly in nature, if not a physical impossibility. We are perfectly ready to grant that evaporation, from the extensive surface of the *Tsad*, might carry off all the water which is brought down into it by the two rivers above mentioned, and other tributary streams formed during the rainy season; but then we are also prepared to contend that, after a constant succession of evaporations for many thousand years, and a constant influx of the washings of a saline soil, the water at

this day would necessarily be salt; as is the case with regard to several lakes between Mourzouk and Bornou, the salt of whose margins exhibits the appearance of snow, and whose waters are not less saline and bitter than those of the lake Asphaltites, or Dead Sea; but it is now beyond all question that the water of the Tsad is perfectly fresh; that is to say, as fresh as that of any of the rivers which fall into it. This lake must, therefore, necessarily, as we think, have an outlet.

Major Denham learnt from several intelligent Shua Arabs that a river runs from Wady to the S. E. and continues to flow in that direction till it joins the Bahr el Abiad; this is undoubtedly the Misselad, which Brown understood to run to the N. W.—the Arabs, as well as more intelligent people, reckoning the direction of the current of a river according to its bearing from the place from which they happen to look towards it at the time. No such river, nor any river running in that direction, was ever seen or heard of, yet, had it existed, it must have crossed various routes of caravans leading to Fezzan. The same Arabs assured the Major that the Bahr el Abiad flows out of the Tsad, which they described as having, in the first part of its course, terrific eddies and whirlpools, drawing the waters among rocks, and into subterraneous caverns, from whence, after a course of many miles, it rushes between two hills, and pursues its way eastward. This is certainly the common belief among the people of Bornou and its neighbourhood.

When we couple these notices with the information received by the lamented Burckhardt, that the river to the eastward of the lake of Bornou, which passed to the southward of Darfoor, was named the Shary,* we think that very little doubt can be entertained that the Joliba, the Quolla, the Shary, the Yeou, or, if we are so pleased to call it, the Niger of Africa, unite their waters in the great lake of Bornou, and finally terminate in the Abiad, which is in fact the Nile of Egypt, or at least its main branch, and without which that river would be dry for half the year. M. Linant saw the Azrek above the Abiad, when not

* Between Katakou and the Bahr el Ghazal (both to the eastward of the Lake of Bornou) flows the river called Shary. From the limits of Bornou to Bahr Shary is fifteen days slow march in the direction of the Kebly (Mecca).

* The river Shary was known to this man; (a native of Bornou) * he called it the river of Baghermi.—Burckhardt's Nubia, App. No. 1 and 2.

Lyon had distinct information of the lake Tsad, and was told that, beyond this lake, a large river runs through Baghermie, and is called Gambarroo and Kamadakeo.

* The river Shary, says Mr. Dupuis, 'is a great river, running easterly into the Nile at Sennaar.'

In one of Mr. Hutchinson's itineraries, written in Arabic, by a Houssa Moor, tracing the course of the Quolla, we find, in succession, the Shad or Shadda, Shar et Shan, Foor, Wadan, Sinnaar.—Appendix to Bowdich's Ashantee.

ankle deep, and he too understood that the latter came from the westward out of a large lake. Another Frenchman also, of the name of Hey, it seems, has been 180 miles up this stream in a westerly direction, but no account of his journey has yet appeared.

Two points only are now wanting, in default of actual inspection, to determine the probability of the aforesaid conclusion—the height of the Tsad, and the height of the point of junction of the Bahr el Abiad with the Nile, above the level of the sea. The former, indeed, would be sufficient—and it has been stated, but without data, in one of Dr. Oudney's letters, to be about 1,200 feet; that of the latter seems to have escaped the notice, or rather exceeded the means, of any traveller, Bruce excepted, who certainly has stated boldly the height of the plains of Sennaar; but on this subject, he would better have consulted his character for science by being silent. We have seen nothing in the recent accounts of the fall of the Nile, which militates against the assumption of 1,200 feet being sufficient to carry off the waters of the Tsad, and convey them to the Mediterranean; for if we suppose the distance from the eastern side of the lake to the mouth of the Abiad to be 1,100 miles, and from thence to the mouth of the Nile about the same, we have 2,200 miles with a fall of 1,200 feet, or about seven inches per mile, which will be found as much as is necessary to produce that lazy current of the Abiad, which induced Bruce to call it a *dead-flowing* river. The Amazons is very far from being a *dead-flowing* river, and yet, according to M. de la Condamine, its descent is somewhat *less* than seven inches per mile; and Major Rennell has stated, from experiment, that the Gauges has a descent across the plains of Hindostan (1,300 miles in extent from the feet of the mountains) of *nine* inches per mile, in a direct line; but that the slope of its channel, taken along its windings, is not more than *four* inches per mile; yet this descent, small as it is, gives to the river in the dry season, a current of three miles an hour. These facts may satisfy the most sceptical that, however they may dispute the *probability*, they have no grounds to deny the *possibility*, of the identity of the Niger and the Nile.

ART. X.—1. *Salmagundi*.

2. *Knickerbocker's Humorous History of New York*. 8vo. London. 1824.

3. *Bracebridge Hall*. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1822.

4. *Tales of a Traveller*. 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1824.

WE do not regret that the accumulation of graver matter obliged us to postpone our notice of the works, which now lie before us, till a period when they have lost the adventitious

charm of novelty. Since the publication of 'The Sketch Book,' the success of which placed Mr. Irving high in popular opinion, he has shared, perhaps to an undeserved degree, the fate of public favourites, and has experienced that there is an ebb, as well as a tide, in the affairs of men, more particularly literary men; we feel it, therefore, something of a pleasant duty to do him the justice he deserves. It is a favourable moment too, for forming a real estimate of his merits, when the first glowing sunshine of success has been sobered down by some clouds of neglect; and it is also probable, that friendly criticism may find in him now a more patient and tractable hearer, than he might have proved at the brilliant commencement of his career.

Mr. Irving is a writer of old standing in his own country, and had attained there to a certain degree of reputation, before he entered the lists of the British press. His first introduction to public notice was as a contributor to a periodical work published at New York, under the name of *Salmagundi*, and, as its title and motto import, dealing very largely in the whimsical and burlesque. In this work we are introduced to the watering-places, balls, elections, reviews, and coteries of the daughter-country, and particularly of New York the centre of its fashion, in a style of unsparing and broad humour, infinitely outdoing any liberties which Matthews thought fit to take with his hospitable entertainers, and reflecting some credit on the good temper which was shown by its reception. The gander-like solemnity of native exquisites, the ostentatious innovations on comfort dignified by the name of style, and the exclusive aristocracy of fashion, as well as other absurdities copied by the more privileged classes from those of the mother-country, are described in a manner divertingly illustrative of the force of blood; and the more serious offences of vice, meanness, and brutality, meet with their due chastisement. The scurrility of their hireling editors, (or in transatlantic tongue, '*slang-whangers*,') who, in the language of 'The Sketch Book,' 'concoct, secure in their closets, the venom that is to inflame the generous and the brave,' the pretensions of catamaran-projectors, and the manoeuvres of electioneering jobbers, are dealt with as they deserve; and even Mr. President Jefferson himself, with his windy proclamations, red breeches, and black sultana, does not escape the fire of these saucy freebooters in literature. While they treat native follies with so little ceremony, foreign importations of course come in for their share of ridicule. The ignorance and vulgarity of those British tourists, who, if they ever were really admitted into a New York drawing-room, seem to have sorely abused the privilege; and the assumptions of our beau supercar-

goes from Birmingham and Manchester, are very amusingly exposed; but the most unsparing share of burlesque falls upon the hosts of French in the shape of fortune-hunters and dancing-masters, 'who pass three-fifths of their time in the air' in capers and pirouettes. There is some very dull and scurrilous doggrel against an obscure author, who seems to have been the object of personal pique with the writer, which very much defaces the general merit of the book. Of any share in this we fully acquit Mr. Irving; and that 'Salmagundi' owes its principal pretensions to his exertions, we are the more inclined to conclude from the evidence of a work in which, not very long afterwards, he tried his strength single-handed, under the title of 'Knickerbocker's Humorous History of New York.' Of the point of many of the allusions contained in this political satire, partaking somewhat of the style of Swift's Tale of a Tub, and in which more than one President of the United States figures, we very much lament that we are not fully competent to judge. To us it is a tantalizing book, of which all that we understand is so good, and affords us so much pleasure, even through an imperfect acquaintance with it, that we cannot but conclude that a thorough knowledge of the whole point in every part would be a treat indeed. We may compare it now to a book of grotesque hieroglyphics, in a great measure unintelligible, but intrinsically diverting from the humour and imagination which their fantastical combinations display. Every thing, however, may be in the end over-done; and though for about two-thirds of the book the author fills 'the easy chair of Rabelais' with a chuckling naïveté extremely diverting, his situation there produces on him at last (and by sympathy on his readers) the effect generally attendant on the use of easy chairs.

Of the merits of the Sketch Book, a work which enrolled Mr. Irving among the corps littéraire of the mother-country, we need not now repeat our opinion. Bracebridge Hall is an amplification of a particular part of it, devoted to the illustration of old English manners and customs as they exist in the more primitive counties, and enlivened by just sufficient of narrative to impress it on the recollection as a whole. Mr. Irving has in the outset frankly disclaimed all intention of writing a novel. This appears to us judicious; for not to mention that a production, which is good of its kind, will always take place of an inferior specimen of a higher class, he is right not to run the chance of putting in peril, as a novelist, the fame which he has already acquired as an essayist. On the first perusal of a novel the attention is always directed to the interest of the story, and if disappointed in this respect is not easily renewed and recalled to those subordinate points which might of themselves have excited it agreeably. To follow the

author in one of his own metaphors, a traveller on interesting business disregards the beauties of his road, and if he should be disappointed in the main end of his journey, is not likely to recollect with pleasure the scenery through which it led him.

The groundwork, therefore, which Mr. Irving has adopted is a very simple one, a mere thread, in short, on which to string his scattered pearls. The family of Bracebridge Hall is represented in the discharge of much the same daily occupations as in 'The Sketch Book'; to break the monotony of which, sundry marriages, as well as abortive flirtations, occur among young and old, gentle and simple: the company being reinforced by several personages, who complete the *dramatis personæ* of 'Every Man in his Humour.' With the exception of these voluminous love-affairs, the incidents are detached and separate, and generally introduced, to give scope to a train of reflection, or a piece of humorous painting. The accuracy of his pictures of old English customs and sports, which he represents as flourishing under the influence of the benevolent Squire, has been questioned, we know, by suburban readers; in our opinion, and according to our experience, there is nothing too highly coloured in them. We have ourselves known that village palladium, the May-pole, become the object of a serious foray in Berks; and have witnessed Christmas carols and mummery flourishing in all their perfection in the most frequented part of Devon. In many districts of Yorkshire, however, the county in which the scene is judiciously laid, ancient usages exist in more entire preservation; and all, or nearly all, the customs which are described as fostered by his hero Mr. Bracebridge, together with others of which no mention is made, were within the last fifteen years voluntarily kept up among the labouring classes as sources of annual enjoyment, and matters 'coming home to their own business and bosoms.' The poorest peasant would have considered the neglect of the genial ceremonies of yule-cake, yule-candles, and the yule-clog, as equivalent to the loss of caste; the paste-egg, or rather pasque-egg, was duly eaten at Easter, as in Russia and Catalonia, and when presented to a lady obtained the same privilege as in the former country. The 'merry night' was, and perhaps still is, duly celebrated in most farm-houses; and instead of the club-dance, which the Squire considers as a relic of the ancient sword-dance, this Pyrrhic manœuvre itself was exhibited by the young farmers of Cleveland in a manner requiring much grace, nerve and dexterity, and as dangerous to an unpractised eye as the Indian war-dance performed tomahawk in hand. The festival of St. Stephen also, whom the Yorkshiremen have by a convenient fiction erected into as mighty a hunter as Nimrod, is observed with most sportsman-

man-like solemnity by every rank and degree of dog, horse, man, donkey and leaping-pole, altogether composing a turbulent Highland host, amenable to no rules ever heard of in Leicestershire. We think, therefore, that, far from exceeding the limits of probability in this respect, Mr. Irving has hardly made the full use of northern customs, which was really open to him.

Nor can we see any thing overdrawn in the characters themselves. There are many whims which we daily see practised, much less natural, and less rational, than those of which the indulgence forms the business of the Squire's life; and having selected him as the scape-goat, on whom the whole weight of oddity was to be laid, the author has accounted consistently for these whims. Born with uninterrupted leisure, ample means, and an imagination lively in proportion to the measure of his talents; surrounded by the family portraits, the retainers, and the hospitable appliances of the House of Bracebridge; and possessing a sterling worth and benevolence of character, which render his person beloved and his eccentricities respectable, the worthy old gentleman experiences no molestation, either from persons or circumstances, in the enjoyment of his Utopia. As to Master Simon, 'the brisk parrot-nosed old bachelor,' he only labours in his vocation as equerry to his patron's stud of hobby-horses; and Ready Money Jack Tibbets, the sturdy freeholder, stands on his own basis as a Yorkshire dalesman of the old school. Into these three characters, and into that of General Harbottle, the author has thrown all his strength. 'The rest,' excepting the family servants, 'are, all but leather and prunella,' dull modern ladies and gentlemen, and mute personages of an inferior rank.

The Squire himself is described in the present work chiefly through the medium of his actions and opinions, and we question whether the slight portrait given in 'The Sketch Book' does not convey a better idea of the person and demeanour which Mr. Irving had in his mind's eye. Like the noble old Manchegan, however, in his lucid intervals, he is made the organ of the most high-minded and admirable sentiments; of which we select the following specimen:—

'Many of Lord Chesterfield's maxims would make a young man a mere man of pleasure; but an English gentleman should not be a mere man of pleasure. He has no right to such selfish indulgence. His ease, his leisure, his opulence, are debts due to his country, which he must ever stand ready to discharge. He should be a man at all points; simple, frank, courteous, intelligent, accomplished, and informed; upright, intrepid, and disinterested; one that can mingle among freemen; that can cope with statesmen; that can champion his country and its rights either at home or abroad. In a country like England, where there is

such free and unbounded scope for the exertion of intellect, and where opinion and example have such weight with the people, every gentleman of fortune and leisure should feel himself bound to employ himself in some way towards promoting the prosperity or glory of the nation. In a country where intellect and action are trammelled and restrained, men of rank and fortune may become idlers and triflers with impunity; but an English coxcomb is ipsexcusable; and this, perhaps, is the reason why he is the most offensive and insupportable coxcomb in the world."—vol. i. p. 217.

Master Simon is of a less high caste, but more divertingly and distinctly drawn; and though the general idea may have been taken, as is supposed, from Will Wimble, the portraits have as little in common as Monmouth and Macedon. The unassuming and almost half-witted loungeur of Addison no more resembles the quaint, busy, cock-brained, knowing little man of petty energies, than a tame guinea-pig does a squirrel, bouncing and jerking and caracoling round his tumbril cage, in the pert self-satisfaction of strenuous idleness. The whole character of Mr. Irving's old bachelor is a rich piece of comic painting; but perhaps its greatest merit consists in the dexterity with which the most invincible good humour, and a strong spice of still better feeling, are interwoven with the nervous fidgetting vanity which distinguishes it.—See vol. ii. p. 55.

As to the General, (whom the author has destined, as the Jocrisse of the story, to bear all the jests and buffets which occur,) the portraiture of his mind and body is equally vivid, though perhaps less difficult than that of Master Simon; as there is still a partial gleanings of such 'blades of the old school' at Bath and Cheltenham. 'His powdered head, side locks, and pig-tail,'—'his face shaped like the stern of a Dutch man of war, narrow at top, and wide at bottom, with full rosy cheeks and a double chin,'—the grave methodical vein of self-indulgence which runs through his morning walks, his loyalty, and his optimism, and the dulness of tact, so natural in a veteran sensualist, by which he disconcerts the antiquary's speculations on the Norman drinking-song,—compose altogether a picture which, we think, must have been a portrait drawn from nature; if it be, it has the merit of most spirited execution; if not, it deserves great praise for its conception.

Ready-Money Jack will probably be recognized by persons acquainted with the remoter parts of the county, as no very obsolete portrait of a genuine 'Yorkshire tyke.' Those who have not that local knowledge will at least find the sketch easy and unaffected, and more like an English yeoman in general, than the clap-trap farmers, who have so long edified the shilling gallery with maudlin sentiment, dressed up in polyglott brogue. Jack,

it is true, is a man of deeds rather than words; but his taciturnity and lion-like composure, so divertingly shown in the discomfiture of the pot-house reformer, are made to contrast strongly with the one burst of jocularity which he displays at the Captain's wedding, and the hospitable warmth with which he vociferates to his threadbare playmate, 'sit down there, Tom Slingsby!'

We ought by no means to omit honourable mention of the walking heir-looms in the shape of old family servants, both on account of their own diverting peculiarities, and for the sake of those gentlemanly and benevolent traits of character in the Squire, which they afford the means of developing. We could wish, however, that somewhat like a Yorkshire Cuddie Headrigg had been added to the list, a portrait towards which an actual visit to the north would have supplied Mr. Irving with rich materials.

As to the motley group of minor characters in the shape of idlers and retainers, we are confident that Miss Edgeworth would have sent them en masse to the Penitentiary or Tread-wheel, and visited the Squire with the fate of Sir Condy for countenancing them. Mr. Irving, however, probably from early experience of the busy, engrossing spirit of the Franklin school, is more tolerant to these waifs and strays of the human race. The gipsy tribe in particular, who, no doubt, dream but little of 'the singularly fine eye for colours, and the almost graceful carriage,' which he attributes to them, are as precious in his eyes as rough forest ponies in those of a Morland. We must *not*, however, confound the author in his good-humoured, desultory, vagrant vein, giving the reins to his imagination, with himself when girded up for the duties of a serious essayist. The difference is as great as between the good Squire, when presiding at May-day sports, and when delivering the noble sentiments which we have already quoted. In the latter character we recommend the following observations, as expressed by an enlightened stranger, (and in all probability secretly felt by most foreigners,) to the re-perusal of our migratory tribes of genteel economists, whose mansions have become 'the cities of the kites and crows.'

'It is thus, too, that so many become exiles from their native land, crowding the hotels of foreign countries, and expending upon thankless strangers the wealth so hardly drained from their laborious peasantry. I have looked upon these latter with a mixture of censure and concern. Knowing the almost bigoted fondness of an Englishman for his native home, I can conceive what must be their compunction and regret, when, amidst the sunburnt plains of France, they call to mind the green fields of England, the hereditary groves which they have abandoned, and the hospitable roof of their fathers, which they have left desolate, or to be inhabited by strangers. But retrenchment is no plea for an abandonment
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of country. They have risen with the prosperity of the land; let them abide its fluctuations, and conform to its fortunes. It is not for the rich to fly because the country is suffering: let them share, in their relative proportion, the common lot; they owe it to the land that has elevated them to honour and affluence. When the poor have to diminish their scanty morsel of bread; when they have to compound with the cravings of nature, and study with how little they can do, and not be starved; it is not then for the rich to fly, and diminish still further the resources of the poor, that they themselves may live in splendour in a cheaper country. Let them rather retire to their estates, and there practise retrenchment. Let them return to that noble simplicity, that practical good sense, that honest pride, which form the foundation of true English character, and from them they may again rear the edifice of fair and honourable prosperity.—vol. ii. p. 13.

Like the author of *Waverley*, Mr. Irving enters, with the eye of a Bewick or a Ward, into all the little amusing habits and predilections of the brute creation; without going the length of 'hailing the ass brother,' he contrives to awaken that interest in the caprices and enjoyments of these humble friends, which laughingly, but effectually, serves the cause of humanity, and which we will venture to affirm, is a more essential feeling in a well-constituted mind, than that 'music in the soul,' which our great bard requires under such a heavy poetic ban. The whole chapter on the Rookery is an animal comedy, so happily kept up, that we know not which part to select; and in the taking of Starlight Tom, the dogs on both sides play their parts in a most characteristic, and we can hardly call it unnatural manner, which enlivens the whole scene. Cowper extols those who can see charms

'In the arch meaning of a kitten's face'—

but Mr. Irving, by dint of a few demure traits of feline virtue, has contrived to interest us even in Dame Heyliger's old cat, and has fairly earned the gratitude of the species whom he so justly styles 'a slandered people.' As a satirical contrast, the following varieties of the canine fungus, called lap-dog, are admirably exact in their comic painting.

'One is a fat spaniel, called Zephyr—though heaven defend me from such a zephyr! He is fed out of all shape and comfort; his eyes are nearly strained out of his head; he wheezes with corpulency, and cannot walk without great difficulty. The other is a little, old, gray-muzzled curmudgeon, with an unhappy eye, that kindles like a coal if you only look at him: his nose turns up; his mouth is drawn into wrinkles, so as to show his teeth; in short, he has altogether the look of a dog far gone in misanthropy, and totally sick of the world. When he walks, he has his tail curled up so tight that it seems to lift his feet from the ground; and he seldom makes use of more than three legs at a time, keeping the other drawn up as a reserve. This last wretch is called Beauty.'—vol. i. p. 75.

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The same good taste and minute observation characterize those frequent allusions to sylvan life, which in most hands would grow at last monotonous, but which in Bracebridge Hall, as well as in the Sketch Book, are made to address both the mental and bodily eye. In the chapter on Forest Trees, there is a meditative moral dignity very much reminding us of Southey's early poem to the Holly, and which could hardly have been surpassed, had the mantle of Evelyn himself fallen on our cousin of New York. The peculiar charm, indeed, of both these works appears to us to consist in the well balanced union of the different sensibilities belonging to the poet, the philosopher, and the forester; a union constituting that state of mind in which Shakspeare might have written 'As You Like It,' under a favourite oak in the wildest part of Charlecot Park, on one of those May mornings, when, in the words of the old romance so appositely quoted, 'lovers call ageyne to their mynde old gentylnes and servyse, and many kynd dedes which were forgotten by neglygence,' and when, in short, every particle of the mental and physical nature seems unaccountably sweetened, and all our generous feelings and poetical reminiscences awakened. The following passage will show better than any observations of ours, the peculiar tone of thought to which we allude. The author is speaking of the feelings with which he was affected on his first arrival in England, and in his early wanderings through it.

† But, in fact, to me every thing was full of matter; the footsteps of history were every where to be traced; and poetry had breathed over and sanctified the land. I experienced the delightful feeling of freshness of a child, to whom every thing is new. I pictured to myself a set of inhabitants and a mode of life for every habitation that I saw, from the aristocratical mansion, amidst the lordly repose of stately groves and solitary parks, to the straw-thatched cottage, with its scanty garden and its cherished woodbine. I thought I never could be sated with the sweetness and freshness of a country so completely carpeted with verdure; where every air breathed of the balmy pasture, and the honey-suckled hedge. I was continually coming upon some little document of poetry in the blossomed hawthorn, the daisy, the cowslip, the primrose, or some other simple object that has received a supernatural value from the muse.—vol. i. p. 8.

In spite, however, of the pleasure which Bracebridge Hall has afforded us, we can see nothing in it, which might not have been compressed into the space of one volume. The *make-weights* (for we can give them no other name) which are thrown in to round off the work, more properly belong to Mr. Irving's recent publication, the '*Tales of a Traveller*;' in fact they are, for the most part, told by the same imaginary narrators, and we shall, therefore,

therefore, consider them under the same heads. Thus, 'the Stout Gentleman' naturally stands at the head of the list of tales recounted by the 'Nervous Gentleman,' who is again introduced in Mr. Irving's newly published work. It is indeed a most amusing specimen of that piquant cookery which makes something out of nothing. 'The bulbous candlewicks, and the bulbous man, his last lingering companion in the traveller's room; the utter desolation, which the dripping stable-yard presents—the miserable drenched cock—the cow standing to be rained on—the vociferous ducks—the dispirited cur—and the forlorn spectral-eyed horse—are in admirable keeping as features of a minute and rueful caricature.

'The Bold Dragoon' is not inferior in its way. 'The gusto is thoroughly Milesian, and affords a lively idea as well of the recounter as of his grandfather the hero, both 'easy, slashing, saucy and sunshiny;' with a rich vein of imagination and a strong leaven of slang, blundering hap-hazard upon a bright idea, an apt illustration, or a picturesque image: insomuch that we can hardly wonder at the final fascination effected on the little taciturn Schiedam distiller.

'He outsat every one at table excepting the little fat distiller of Schiedam, who sat soaking a long time before he broke forth; but when he did, he was a very devil incarnate. He took a violent affection for my grandfather; so they sat drinking and smoking, and telling stories, and singing Dutch and Irish songs, without understanding a word each other said, until the little Hollander was fairly swamped with his own gin and water, and carried off to bed, whooping and hiccuping, and troling the burthen of a low Dutch love-song.'—vol. i. p. 61.

Nor ought the bewitched old furniture to be forgotten, which is touched and grouped in the true style of Douw or Schalken. Altogether the Nervous Gentleman is an amusing interlocutor; and his own words which follow are an amusing apology for the wildness of his vagaries, and the apocryphal turn of his narratives, (though not for that vein of indelicate allusion by which he stands exclusively distinguished from any other of Mr. Irving's narrators.)

'I was hag-ridden by a fat saddle of mutton; a plum-pudding weighed like lead upon my conscience; the merry-thought of a capon filled me with horrible suggestions; and a deviled-leg of a turkey stalked in all kinds of diabolical shapes through my imagination.'—vol. i. p. 86.

As to old Dietrich Knickerbocker, whose wild New York legends are scattered through the 'Sketch Book' and 'Bracebridge Hall,' and meted out in a double allowance in the 'Tales of a Traveller,' we must say he begins to grow somewhat superannuated. We are not so ungrateful as to forget the burst of laughter

laughter with which we welcomed the entrée of that prince of love-lorn scarecrows, Ichabod Crane, nor the comic vein of wild transatlantic humour and adventure, which gave such an air of originality to the revived story of Rip Van Winkle. We could even also fancy ourselves infected with somewhat of the witching influence ascribed to the very air of Sleepy Hollow, a snug drowsy visionary feeling like that which one may indulge in an arm-chair by owl-light.

‘When glowing embers through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom.’

The Money-diggers, however, (such is the title under which the Knickerbocker division of the *Tales of a Traveller* is marshalled,) is a puny degenerate bantling: and apparently made up, like Frankenstein's unruly puppet, of the parings and shreds of its brethren. The same dozy, burly, Dutch burghers, demure Dutch cats, and Dutch goblins as solid as the money bags they guard, are met with, as in former tales, with hardly any variation but in name; and the style, whimsical and original as it once was, loses its character from constant repetition. Mr. Irving states that the adventure of the Young Painter among the stories of the Italian Banditti is taken almost entirely from an authentic narrative in manuscript; we could easily have believed the same of the whole of that part of the collection. Probably he has been favoured with a sight of the journal of Tom Popkin himself or his fair sisters, for we seem already to have read it by instalments in all the magazines and newspapers of the day. The Benighted Travellers is probably the production of the youngest Miss Popkin, with the recollection fresh in her mind of Marguerite and the banditti-scene in the prohibited pages of Monk Lewis. One exception we must make—the story of the Young Robber—it ought not to have been written—it ought not to be read—the feelings which it excites are not tragic horror or pity, but pure unmingled disgust: it is simply shocking to the feelings of our nature. We do not say that such things may not be; for there is no sounding all the depths of our unfathomable nature; but if such things be possible, they are not fit subjects for narration; and if the book should ever reach a second edition, we trust Mr. Irving will expunge it.

It is with great pleasure that we turn from productions which Mr. Irving honestly confesses to be the sweepings of his scrap-book, to the tale of ‘Buckthorne,’ whose adventures, together with those of his friends, occupy the second division of the tales. In this instance, finding the contents of the said scrap-book run short, he has been driven to tax his own invention in good earnest, and the result is excellent. From the evidence of this tale,
which

which abounds in point and incident, it seems probable to us that he might as a novelist prove no contemptible rival to Goldsmith, whose turn of mind he very much inherits, and of whose style he particularly reminds us in the life of Dribble. Like him, too, Mr. Irving possesses the art of setting ludicrous perplexities in the most irresistible point of view, and we think equals him in the variety, if not in the force of his humour. The scenes in the cathedral town form a strong contrast to the broad farce of the strolling company, and the sorrows of the poor ex-columbine; while the respective descriptions of the principal tragedian, and Iron John the miser's servant, are in as different a taste from each other, as the broad flowing freedom of Rowlandson, and the dark, worm-eaten, characteristic touches of Quintin Matsys.

'There was a ferocious tyrant in a skull-cap like an inverted porringer, and a dress of red baize, magnificently embroidered with gilt leather; with his face so bewhiskered, and his eye-brows so knit and expanded with burnt cork, that he made my heart quake within me as he stamped about the little stage. I was enraptured, too, with the surprising beauty of a distressed damsel in faded pink silk, and dirty white muslin, whom he held in cruel captivity by way of gaining her affections, and who wept, and wrung her hands, and flourished a ragged white handkerchief from the top of an impregnable tower of the size of a hand-box.'—vol. i. p. 274—5.

'He was a tall, bony old fellow, with a dry wig, that seemed made of cow's tail, and a face as tough as though it had been made of cow's hide. He was generally clad in a long, patched livery coat, taken out of the wardrobe of the house, and which bagged loosely about him, having evidently belonged to some corpulent predecessor in the more plentiful days of the mansion. From long habits of taciturnity the hinges of his jaws seemed to have grown absolutely rusty, and it cost him as much effort to set them ajar, and to let out a tolerable sentence, as it would have done to set open the iron gates of the park, and let out the old family carriage that was dropping to pieces in the coach-house.'—vol. i. p. 265.

He can also be grave with a good grace, as is shown in the following reflections which occur to Buckthorne after a dear-bought fistie victory over a contumacious porter.

'"What is the Five's Court," said I to myself, as I turned uncomfortably in bed, "but a college of scoundrelism, where every bully-ruffian in the land may gain a fellowship? What is the slang language of "The Fancy" but a jargon by which fools and knaves commune and understand each other, and enjoy a kind of superiority over the uninitiated? What is a boxing-match but an arena, where the noble and the illustrious are jostled together into familiarity with the infamous and the vulgar? What, in fact, is the Fancy itself, but a chain of easy communication, extending from the peer down to the pickpocket, through the medium

medium of which, a man of rank may find he has shaken hands, at three removes, with the murderer on the gibbet?—vol. i. p. 343.

He might with equal truth have said 'at one remove,' or 'at no remove all;' for ruffianship, like misery, 'makes a man acquainted with strange companions.' Too much praise, indeed, cannot be bestowed on the strictly moral tendency of *Buckthorne*. Throughout the whole of the ludicrous incidents with which the tale abounds, Mr. Irving has never once abused the latitude which the subject afforded him, and of which Goëthe has made such filthy use in *Wilhelm Meister*. With a hundred foibles, the hero is not suffered to become vicious, and while the mean and malignant passions are forcibly exposed in the person of the old miser, the portrait of the good clergyman, *Buckthorne's* private tutor, is drawn with a flow of persuasive moral eloquence, which would be broken by quoting any particular part. In the same spirit is the following description of *Buckthorne's* visit to his native village in maturer life, on the pathos and nature of which we will not enlarge.

'As I was rambling pensively through a neighbouring meadow, in which I had many a time gathered primroses, I met the very pedagogue, who had been the tyrant and dread of my boyhood. I had sometimes vowed to myself, when suffering under his rod, that I would have my revenge, if I ever met him, when I had grown to be a man. The time had come; but I had no disposition to keep my vow. The few years which had matured me into a vigorous man, had shrunk him into decrepitude. He appeared to have had a paralytic stroke. I looked at him, and wondered that this poor helpless mortal could have been an object of terror to me; that I should have watched with anxiety the glance of that failing eye, or dreaded the power of that trembling hand. He tottered feebly along the path, and had some difficulty in getting over a stile. I ran and assisted him. He looked at me with surprise, but did not recognize me, and made a low bow of humility and thanks. I had no disposition to make myself known, for I felt that I had nothing to boast of. The pains he had taken, and the pains he had inflicted, had been equally useless. His repeated predictions were fully verified, and I felt that little Jack *Buckthorne*, the idle boy, had grown to be a very good-for-nothing man.

'This is all very comfortless detail; but as I have told you of my follies, it is meet that I show you, how for once I was schooled for them. The most thoughtless of mortals will some time or other have his day of gloom, when he will be compelled to reflect.

'I felt on this occasion as if I had a kind of penance to perform, and I made a pilgrimage in expiation of my past levity. Having passed a night at *Leamington*, I set off by a private path, which leads up a hill through a grove and across quiet fields, till I came to the small village, or rather hamlet, of *Lenington*. I sought the village church. It is an old low edifice of grey stone, on the brow of a small hill, looking over fertile

sterile fields; towards where the proud towers of Warwick castle lift themselves against the distant horizon.

A part of the churchyard is shaded by large trees. Under one of them my mother lay buried. You have no doubt thought me a light, heartless being. I thought myself so; but there are moments of adversity, which let us into some feelings of our nature, to which we might otherwise remain perpetual strangers.

'I sought my mother's grave: the weeds were already matted over it, and the tombstone was half hid among nettles. I cleared them away, and they stung my hands; but I was heedless of the pain, for my heart ached too severely. I sat down on the grave, and read over and over again the epitaph on the stone.

It was simple,—but it was true. I had written it myself. I had tried to write a poetical epitaph, but in vain; my feelings refused to utter themselves in rhyme. My heart had gradually been filling during my lonely wanderings; it was now charged to the brim, and overflowed. I sunk upon the grave, and buried my face in the tall grass, and wept like a child.—Yes, I wept in manhood upon the grave, as I had in infancy upon the bosom, of my mother. Alas! how little do we appreciate a mother's tenderness while living! how heedless are we in youth of all her anxieties and kindness! But when she is dead and gone; when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts; when we find how hard it is to find true sympathy;—how few love us for ourselves; how few will befriend us in our misfortunes—then it is that we think of the mother we have lost. It is true I had always loved my mother, even in my most heedless days; but I felt how inconsiderate and ineffectual had been my love. My heart melted as I retraced the days of infancy, when I was led by a mother's hand, and rocked to sleep in a mother's arms, and was without care or sorrow. "O my mother!" exclaimed I, burying my face again in the grass of the grave; "O that I were once more by your side; sleeping never to wake again on the cares and troubles of this world."

'I am not naturally of a morbid temperament, and the violence of my emotion gradually exhausted itself. It was a hearty, honest, natural discharge of grief, which had been slowly accumulating, and gave me wonderful relief. I rose from the grave as if I had been offering up a sacrifice, and I felt as if that sacrifice had been accepted.

'I sat down again on the grass, and plucked, one by one, the weeds from her grave: the tears trickled more slowly down my cheeks, and ceased to be bitter. It was a comfort to think that she had died before sorrow and poverty came upon her child, and that all his great expectations were blasted.—vol. ii. pp. 6—11.

After the evidence of Mr. Irving's powers afforded by the last quoted passage, he must in future be true to his own reputation throughout, and correct the habits of indolence which so considerable a part of the '*Tales of a Traveller*' evince. The indulgence which he so fairly deserved at his outset, as an ingenious stranger; intuitively proficient in the style and ideas of the mother-country; must

must now cease, and he must be considered in future as not only admitted to the full freedom and privileges of the English guild of authorship, but amenable also at the same time, as an experienced craftsman, to its most rigorous statutes.

It may be doubted, perhaps, whether Mr. Irving would succeed in novels of a serious and romantic cast, requiring, as they do, heightening touches of the savage and gloomy passions. Every thing in his style and conceptions is of a happy and riant nature, except when saddened for a moment by those touches of pathos which come and pass like April clouds; and the darker shades of revenge, remorse, and ominous presage, which hang over the *Bride of Lammermoor*, like the thunder-cloud over *Wolf's Crag*, appear never to gather over his mental horizon. But there is a class of novel for which he possesses every requisite; and which is at once popular and capable of great improvement: the art of blending the gay, the pensive, and the whimsical, without jarring and abrupt transitions, so as to take by surprise the stubborn reader, who resists the avowed design of making him wretched, is so rare a gift, as to have compensated in the case of *Sterne*, for want of plot, and digressions which often degenerate into stark nonsense; and combining, as Mr. Irving does, so large a share of the indescribable humour of *Sterne* with a manly tone of moral feeling, of which the latter was incapable, we are convinced that moderate labour and perseverance might enable him to make material additions to our literature in the style to which we allude.

Whether or not however we are likely to see our wishes realized, we may congratulate him on the rank, which he has already gained, of which the momentary caprice of the public cannot long deprive him; and with hearty good will, playfully, but we hope not profanely, we exclaim as we part with him, 'Very pleasant hast thou been to me, my brother Jonathan!'

ART. XI.—*Apology, addressed to the Travellers' Club; or Anecdotes of Monkeys.* London. 1825.

THIS is a little *jeu d'esprit*, from its wit and size very fit to be read, but on the latter, perhaps on both, of these accounts, an inconvenient subject for a review; for to dissect it is like carving a lark, and to make extracts is positive plunder. It treats of sailor monkeys, their wives and bears; of Scotch monkeys, and chattering monkeys, of Mr. Joseph Hume; of associated monkeys, of ourselves; of domestic monkeys, of French advocates, and Spanish girls; of powdering monkeys, of emptying a sack of flour on a company of undertakers; of London monkeys, of

guardsmen; of tucking up cats in bed, of discovering the interior of Africa; of making a tune of colours and an arithmetic of smells, of political economy, and of Mr. Locke's metaphysics. As a sample, (such a one as a wing is of a partridge,) we will take and convert to our use and that of our readers, the two sailor monkeys:—

'The first of these sailed on board a frigate, and, though always in scrapes, was the favourite both of cabin and ward-room, and indeed of every mess except the midshipmen's, being perhaps disliked by these young gentlemen, for the same reason that poor cousins (as a French author observes) are ill seen by us, to wit, for approaching them too nearly in nature.—pp. 2, 3.

'All his pranks, however provoking at the moment, seemed only to make him a greater favourite with the crew. The captain himself, who studied pug's happiness as much as the others, and who perhaps thought he might be somewhat steadied by matrimony, was anxious to provide him with a wife.—p. 7.

'For some time the happiness of the wedded pair appeared to be complete; and the frigate sailed upon a summer cruise during their honeymoon. The husband, however, soon grew indifferent; and indifference was soon succeeded by disgust. This was manifested by angry looks, chatter, and even blows upon the female persevering in her attentions.

'All were much disappointed and scandalized at the evil success of so promising a union.

'At length, however, an apparent change took place in the husband's conduct, and was hailed with correspondent joy by the ship's company. Their pleasure was, however, of short duration, for the traitor, having one fine day decoyed his wife out to the end of the fore-top-gallant yard, as if to show her something at sea, and set down with her on the spar, slipt his paw under her sitting part and tumbled her overboard.

'I never shall forget the momentary horror with which this was witnessed by all, with the exception of a French captain then a prisoner on board, who, turning to the second lieutenant, exclaimed, "*Parbleu, Monsieur, ce drole-là a beaucoup de caractère.*"

'Another sailor monkey, who came under my cognizance, if he did not show so much character (or, to speak better English, so much mind) as the first, was certainly a beast of infinite humour. He went to sea, accompanied by a bear, with a relation of mine, who was captain of a small sloop of war, and who professed to take them with a view to keeping his men in good humour.—I believe it was to minister to his own amusement. Probably both objects were attained.

'The monkey principally extracted his fun from the bear. This beast, who was of a saturnine complexion, indulged himself much in sleeping on the sunny side of the deck. On these occasions the monkey would overhaul his paws and twitch out any hair which he found matted by tar or pitch, the suffering which to remain seemed to be a great scandal in his opinion.

'At other times he would open Bruin's eyelids and peep into his eyes,

as if to ascertain what he was dreaming about. The bear, irritated at such liberties being taken with his person, used to make clumsy attempts to revenge himself; but his persecutor was off in an instant. The rigging was, on these occasions, his place of refuge. Thither he was indeed followed by his enemy; but poor Bruin was but an indifferent top-man, and seldom got beyond *lubber's hole*.

The monkey, on the contrary, was famous for his activity, and for some time was entitled by the sailors, "Deputy-captain of the fore-top." He obtained this designation from a very singular practice. Having observed the excitement produced on deck by the announcement of a sail a-head, which, as well as the chase which followed, seemed to be highly agreeable to him, the fore-top became his favourite station; from whence he made his signals with great energy, chattering with a peculiar scream when any vessel was in sight, and indicating by signs in what direction it appeared.

Pug continued to volunteer his services for some time in this manner, and constantly found his reward. But, at length, upon the sloop's getting on bad cruising-ground, he found his employment dull, and, by way of enlivening it, amused himself with giving false alarms.

He was started for this by the boatswain's-mate, and lost his rank of Deputy-captain of the fore-top. In lieu of which, moreover, he was now-named *Monk the Marine*; a denomination which he certainly knew to be opprobrious, as he resented it with grimaces, chatter, and, whenever he dared, with blows.

Though he was fond of the excitement of a chase, he was not supposed to have good nerves, and those who had seen him in action (he was, after the first experiment, always sent below) made but an ill report of his steadiness under fire.

This poor monkey came to a melancholy end. He had observed a sick lieutenant, who breakfasted after the rest of his mess, making his tea, and being accidentally left alone in the gun-room, determined to imitate him. He however succeeded ill in his mixture; for he infused a paper of tobacco which was lying on the table, into the pot, instead of tea, and afterwards swallowed it with its accompaniments of milk and sugar. This ill-imagined beverage produced the most fearful commotion in his inside, attended with long and loathsome vomitings; of which he finally died.

The doctor, who was a materialist and an atheist, and a most quarrelsome fellow, (he had killed two brother officers in duels, one for only calling him Dr. Gallipot,) attended him with more care than we had expected; but the poor beast (as the purser said) was outward-bound, and could not be recalled.

The surgeon pronounced that Pug died of the *iliac passion*, and announced this as a reason for believing that man was but a better breed of monkey.—pp. 11—21.

Our author discovers a strong tendency towards the doctrine suggested in the last sentence. Indeed we question whether he would allow any superiority in man over monkey, except

in moral virtue. On that topic his candour (considering that he is a professed apologist) is exemplary. He admits that the general conduct of his favourites must fill them with remorse, if their consciences have not been seared by habitual enormities; and rejoices more than charity will allow us to do, in the too probable damnation of Redgauntlet's friend Major Weir. And if he exempts them from original sin, properly so called, he attributes to them, on the other hand, much sin which he confesses to be highly original. There have not been wanting, every one knows, great opinions to maintain that the faculties of men and of brutes differ rather in degree than in kind. The delight of a pointer when his master puts on his shooting-jacket, is at least *primâ facie* evidence that his ideas are associated as well as our own. Who that has heard the stifled bark and whine of a sleeping hound, can deny that he dreams? and ignorant as we are of the theory of dreams, to dream at least implies memory and conception. And we can ourselves relate an instance, which did not reach us through the ivory gate at which our author dismisses his listeners, where a terrier displayed cunning, that would have done honour to an Old Bailey attorney. Our Oxford readers are probably aware, that dogs are forbidden to cross the sacred threshold of Merton common-room. It happened one evening that a couple of terriers had followed their masters to the door, and while they remained excluded, unhappily followed the habits rather of biped than of quadruped menials, and began to quarrel like a couple of Christians. The noise of the fight summoned their masters to separate them, and as it appeared that the hero of our tale had been much mauled by a superior adversary, the severe bienséances of the place were for once relaxed, and he was allowed to enjoy, during the rest of the night, the softness of a monastic rug, and the blaze of a monastic fire—luxuries which every initiated dog and man will duly appreciate. The next day, soon after the common-room party had been assembled, the sounds of the preceding evening were renewed with tenfold violence. There was such snapping and tearing, and snarling and howling, as could be accounted for only by a general engagement;—

The noise alarmed the festive hall,
And startled forth the fellows all—

but instead of a battle royal, they found at the door their former guest, in solitude, sitting on his rump, and acting a furious dog-fight in the hope of again gaining admittance among the quiet *ordines deorum*. We have heard that he was rewarded with both the grandes and the petites entrées; but this does not rest on the same authority as the rest of the narrative.

To return to our author: we will make him one request, which perhaps was never made by reviewers before—that when next he writes, it may be more at length; and we will promise him a longer article, for we conclude at present, leaving much unsaid upon monkeys, dogs, and metaphysics, simply in order to approach the usual and decorous proportion between the dimensions of the critique and the critiqué.

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- ART. XII.—1. *A Charge delivered at the Primary Triennial Visitation of the Province of Munster, in the Year 1823.* By Richard, Archbishop of Cashel. Dublin. pp. 53. 1823.
2. *The Case of the Church of Ireland stated, in a Letter, respectfully addressed to his Excellency the Marquess Wellesley, in reply to the Charges of I. K. L.* By Declan. Dublin. pp. 91. 1823.
3. *Case of the Church of Ireland stated, in a Second Letter; &c.* Dublin. pp. 86. 1824.
4. *An Inquiry whether the Disturbances in Ireland have originated in Tithes, or can be suppressed by a Commutation of them.* By S. N. London. pp. 48. With an Appendix. 1823.
5. *Miscellaneous Observations on I. K. L.'s Letter to the Marquess Wellesley; on Tracts and Topics, by E. Barton; and on the Letter to Mr. Abercrombie by ———.* By S. N. Dublin. pp. 83. 1824.
6. *Observations occasioned by the Letter of I. K. L. to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant, professing to be a Vindication of the Religious and Civil Principles of the Roman Catholics of Ireland, together with a prefatory Notice of his Defence, &c. &c.* London. pp. 122. 1824.
7. *Short Statement relative to the Bishop's Court in Ireland, and the Conduct of Tithe Proctors in that Country.* London. pp. 16. 1824.
8. *A Letter to the Hon. Pierce Somerset Butler, occasioned by his Speech at the Kilkenny Meeting on the Subject of Tithe; together with Observations on I. K. L.'s Defence of his Vindication.* By a Munster Farmer. Dublin. pp. 28. 1824.
9. *Thoughts on Tithes.* By a Munster Farmer. Dublin. pp. 21. 1824.
10. *A Letter to Daniel O'Connell, Esq. occasioned by the Petition adopted at the late Aggregate Meeting of the Catholics of Ireland.* By a Munster Farmer. Dublin. pp. 33. 1824.
11. *Captain Rock Detected, or the Origin and Character of the recent Disturbances, and the Causes, both Moral and Political, of the present alarming Condition of the South and West of Ireland,*

- Ireland, fully and fairly considered and exposed.* By a Munster Farmer. London. pp. 450. 1824.
12. *Substance of the Speech of the Right Hon. Charles Grant, delivered in the House of Commons on the 22d April, 1822, on Sir J. Newport's Motion on the State of Ireland.* London. pp. 67. 1822.
13. *A Speech delivered in the House of Peers, Thursday, June 10, 1824, on Occasion of the Third Reading of the Irish Title Composition Amendment Bill.* By John, Lord Bishop of Limerick. London. pp. 115. 1824.

THE affairs of Ireland have within the last three or four years excited intense and general interest in this country. Among other topics, the state of its church establishment would naturally have its place, and that place a prominent one. The degree, however, in which it has engaged public attention, both in and out of parliament, appears to us, we confess, out of all proportion. We had understood Ireland to labour under many and complicated evils; but were we to give credit to what very many say, or have said, (for their tone has latterly been much altered,) we should suppose those evils to be but one, or at least to spring wholly from one source—the existence of the protestant church by law established. From its nominal adherents as well as from its avowed foes, from those who pretend to have only its spiritual interests at heart in their proposals for its temporal depression, as well as from those who honestly denounce it in the mass as an unmitigated and unmitigable evil, assertions so unqualified, and details so overwhelming, have been reiterated against it, that its friends have hardly dared for a time to appear in its defence. It was supposed to be impossible that there should be no foundation for so much censure; and although the case should not in proof appear quite strong enough to justify its overthrow, and the confiscation of its revenues, yet that it stood in need of a most extensive reformation and retrenchment, few were found bold enough to deny.

Some indeed there were, as in every good cause there will be, whom this general clamour did not overpower; and several valuable publications in defence of the Irish church had issued from the Dublin press, and appeared in London, before the speech of the Bishop of Limerick was delivered last June in the House of Lords; but in general they were anonymous, and in this country little known. That speech awakened immediate attention. No one could doubt the intimate acquaintance of that prelate with the whole merits of the cause which he pleaded, while his personal character was a sufficient pledge for the correctness of his statements. We rejoice that the speech is now before the public; we have placed by the side of it several excellent pamphlets of a similar

similar tendency; and in the course of our remarks we shall make a free use of them all. If, on the one hand, for convenience sake, we should frequently, while adopting their sentiments and even words, omit to cite them formally by name, this general acknowledgment we hope will be deemed a sufficient apology: while on the other, if it be said that it is but an inconclusive course to adopt the statements and the reasonings of one party in the dispute—our answer will be that arguments must be considered by themselves, and are of equal weight, from whatsoever source they are drawn; while, of facts, we shall only use such as are stated from the knowledge of the parties, or confirmed by our own information—facts capable of contradiction if false, but which never have been contradicted as such.

The observations which we made in a former Number * on the nature of TITHES, render it unnecessary to go into that general question at present. Assuming therefore upon the present occasion the principles which we then established—we proceed to affirm, that the claim of the church in Ireland to this species of property is not less clear and undeniable than that of the church in England. With regard to this latter, it is not easy to ascertain either the precise time at which tithes were introduced, or the exact authority by which in the several districts they were ceded to the church. But the origin of tithes in Ireland can be more distinctly traced. It dates at least from the reign of King Henry the Second, whose first act it was, as sovereign of the country, to ratify the proceedings of the Synod of Cashel, which, among other matters, had passed the following decree:—

‘That all the faithful do pay to their parish church the tithe of animals, fruits, and other increase.’

The creation of all other property in that country is subsequent to this decree. At the time when the synod was held, none of the native landholders had been ejected; but since that period, every acre of Irish ground has been at different times forfeited to the crown; and the new proprietors, who have come successively into possession, have received their estates as gifts from the crown, subject to this prior interest. It is obvious that in this view of the case the general merits of a tithe system, or an endowed establishment, as well as the validity of this first gift, are wholly beside the question. The gift may have been unwise, unnecessary, impolitic, or illegal; but can they take the objection, who have been content to accept the remaining nine parts of the land from the same authority; or if they can, will they thereby advance themselves a single step towards the conclusion, either that the gift was made

* No. LVIII. Art. X.

at their expense, or that, if revoked, the subject-matter would of course and of right belong to them. To arrive at this, they must be prepared to maintain, that a grant of nine parts entitles the grantee to the tenth, which has been before given to another person. Our readers will not misunderstand us, as intending to put this short argument as a solution of the whole question; we put it only as an answer to the erroneous claims and complaints made on the ground of right on behalf of the Irish landed proprietor.

If then the tithe-owner takes no more than his tenth, he does injury to no man. Now what, in this respect, has been the general conduct of the Irish clergy? This is a question of fact, and we invite inquiry into it.

The province to which we are most frequently referred for evidence of their alleged oppressiveness, is the province of Munster. It is there that the greatest outrages have been committed, and that the tithe-system is supposed to be superlatively odious. Of late years the most disturbed part of Munster has been the county of Limerick; and in meeting the assailants of tithes in that district, we front them in the very field in which, as we believe, they would wish to take their stand. This subject has been examined by the author of the 'Inquiry, &c.' He states what these tithes have been on an average of seven years, commencing in 1814; and as this average is taken from the records of the Vicar General's Court, in the diocese of Limerick, and the sums there awarded exceed considerably the amount of those agreed upon in private bargains, he certainly does not put the case in the most favourable point of view. The result of the calculation is, that the sums charged for tithes in the county of Limerick are, *on an average*, but the thirtieth part of the crop, instead of the tenth;* and if Limerick, then, be only a fair average of the island, we may reasonably conclude that, throughout Ireland, the church receives in *general* not much more than one-third of the sum to which, under the name of tithe, it is entitled by law. If a doubt be raised of the general accuracy of this result, and it be asked why the incumbent is content to sacrifice nearly two-thirds of his property, rather than take the tithes in kind, we answer, that the same motives which induce a clergyman in England to be contented with a moderate composition, are doubtless to be found in operation upon the Irish clergy; but the incumbent in Ireland has, besides, difficulties of his own to contend with, 'either the agency of a combination, by which he is very much embarrassed, or (what is far more likely) the prohibition of Captain Rock, exhibited in blood as a warning to all audacious parsons.'

* Inquiry, p. 11.

Still, it is said, that whatever be the conduct of the clergy in regard to their tithes, nearly all the evils with which Ireland is afflicted, are to be traced directly or remotely to the tithe system; that it has given rise to successive insurrections, and that the country never can be at peace till this grievance shall have been entirely done away.

Upon this subject we are disposed to go great lengths. We not only admit that if the distresses of that fine country can be traced to any source, which it is in the power of Parliament to reach, a case is made out which justifies inquiry; but we allow farther, that if the undoubted right of the clergy to their tithes be generally so exercised, or even if the right itself be such, as to be oppressive to the people, it is a fit subject for Parliamentary regulation and restraint. But what we grant in reference to property in one case, we must demand also in another; and should it turn out upon inquiry, that the miseries of the Irish population are to be traced essentially to the landholders or to the system which usually prevails in the management of their property, they must allow that here likewise is a proper subject for the interference of Parliament.

‘I admit,’ says a writer on this subject, whose language we adopt, ‘that no private right should be suffered to be a public wrong. *That* is an evil which the governing power in the state *must* have a power of remedying by the eternal law of self-preservation. But I require to have it clearly proved to me, that such an evil *exists*, and exists in such a degree, as to admit of no other remedy than that which I. K. L. proposes, and which should never be resorted to, except in cases of the last necessity. Suppose Parliament, after due deliberation, came to the resolution, that it was rightful and fitting to deprive the Duke of Leinster of his possessions, it appearing to them that such a measure was absolutely necessary to the safety of the state; I entertain no doubt of their competency so to do, as I entertain no doubt of the right that an individual possesses to cause the amputation of his little finger, when such a step is necessary to the preservation of his life. All that I ask, then, is, not to sacrifice the property of the clergy, which they hold by the most ancient and sacred of all titles, to any less urgent necessity, than would be sufficient to justify a similar measure in the case of any other subject.’*

But having thus far acceded to the implied principle of these reformers, demanding only the impartial application of it, we are at issue with them upon a fact; where is the proof that the insurrections in Ireland are to be traced to the tithe-system? We affirm, on the contrary, that among the various commotions which have taken place in that country for the last twenty years, only

* Observations occasioned by the Letter of I. K. L. p. 45—6.

one can be mentioned where the payment of tithes was the prominent grievance; and we challenge those who maintain the contrary assertion, to bring forward their proof.

The* first of that series of unhappy transactions, in modern times, occurred in 1760; this was a rising in Munster: the grievances complained of were the inclosing of commons, the turning out of the old tenantry in order to throw many farms into one, and the encouragement given to grazing. The first employment of the *Levellers*, as these insurgents were called, was the levelling of fences and the houghing of bullocks. The first objects of attack, were not the clergy, but the landlords. This commotion disturbed the south of Ireland for several years.

In 1763 and 1764, the appearance of the *Hearts of Oak* in the county of Armagh originated in a grievance connected with the system of road-making. One of their first proceedings was to swear several gentlemen on the commons of Armagh, not to lay on more than a farthing an acre land-cess towards the repair of high-roads, and to make no new levy for private roads.

In 1769, the counties of Down and Antrim were convulsed by the *Hearts of Steel*: these discontents had their source in the new letting of a great estate, the terms of which being the payment of large fines, a considerable proportion of the tenants were unable to obtain renewals, and had recourse to violence against such persons as ventured to take their farms. This was purely a question between landlord and tenant.

In each of these disturbances the effect naturally outgrew the immediate cause. It is to be expected, that when the lower classes begin to redress their own grievances, they will soon find occasions for discontent, which had not previously occurred. The rebellion of Jack Cade was not specially intended, in the first instance, to 'banish thin potations;' but our poet is true to nature, when he introduces this same reformer as he advances in his career, declaring that he will make it felony to drink small beer. Accordingly, in the cases above mentioned, other subjects of complaint were presently discovered, and with the energy which belongs to such associations, they proceeded to remove them. Those who had been injured by the encouragement given in Munster to grazing, undertook, after a time, to regulate rents, and to free themselves from tithes; and the *Hearts of Oak* and the *Hearts of Steel* were not tardy in following that example, declaring, that to demand rent for bog was a grievance, and finally resisting the payment of tithes and attacking the rights of the clergy.

* See Speech of the Right Honourable C. Grant in the House of Commons, April 22, 1822; and Inquiry, &c. by S. N. p. 3.

We come, however, in 1786, to a disturbance which commenced by assailing the property of the church; this was the primary object of the *Right Boys*. It had required a period of six and twenty years since the Munster disorders, in 1760, to convince the peasantry of any part of Ireland that their distresses were very intimately connected with tithes; but when we consider how comparatively easy it is generally found to contend with the clergy, and how probable it is that there were not wanting interested persons to suggest to them that a little effort would release the lands from this charge altogether, it cannot exceedingly surprize us, if the violence, which had in former instances been excited by other causes, should for once be primarily directed against the claims of the church; it did not, however, proceed far, till, as in other instances, it went beyond its first objects, and brought the rate both of rent and labour under its controul.

We pass over the *Peep of Day Boys* and *Defenders*, the rebellion of 1798, and the subsequent disturbances down to the year 1821, because we are not aware that any attempt has been made to connect the commencement of those disasters with the operation of tithes. And with respect to the recent insurrection, which has for nearly three years distracted the county of Limerick, it is well known that the original excitement was the conduct of an agent of a great absentee proprietor, and the first demand, an abatement of rents on a single estate.

'This,' says Mr. Grant, 'was the proximate cause, and without reference to any other circumstances, it is obvious how widely the peace of a county would be affected, when a body of tenantry amounting to 20,000 persons were thrown into a state of furious agitation.'—*Speech*, p. 8.—'From the rents of a single estate,' observes the author of the *Inquiry*, 'and the condition of its tenantry, the views of the confederates were extended to rents, and tenants, and taxes, and cesses, and tithes; to the magnitude of farms and the quantity of land to be allowed as demesne, and the terms on which ground was to be set for planting potatoes, and the price to be paid for labour, and the persons to be employed, either as labourers or servants.'—*Inquiry*, p. 8.

This brief sketch will suffice to show the degree of credit to be attached to the charge, which ascribes the sufferings and excesses of the lower Irish to the operation of the tithe-system.

But if tithes have not actually excited these disturbances, still it may be and has been contended, that they are among the *exasperating motives* of discontent; and the mode of arguing to this conclusion is somewhat curious. The farmer, it is intimated, forgets in bargaining for his land to take into account his liability to tithe; he agrees to pay his landlord a rent correspondent in value to the whole produce—a statement remarkable, to say the least of it,

it, from the mouths of those, who are in the habit of representing tithes as the great and standing grievance, which hangs like a perpetual weight on the spirits, and withers the hearts of the agricultural population. If this pretended forgetfulness really took place, it is obvious that there would be no difference in rent under the same circumstances between land subject to tithe and that which is tithe-free; but this is so far from being the fact, that 'whoever will be at the pains of inquiring into the rents of the two classes of land, will find that there is not only a difference, but that the difference is always considerably greater than the tithe actually paid.' So much for the fact. But we beg to ask a question, which the objectors seem to have overlooked. If the tenant make no account of the tithe in his covenant with the landlord, does the landlord pass it over in his bargain with the tenant? Is *he* likewise troubled with a short memory? or does he indeed take advantage of the poor man's ignorance and fatuity to extort, under the name of rent, a return for the property of another?

That the difference of religion between the great mass of those whose hands pay the tithes, and the clergy who receive them, may occasion dissatisfaction, cannot be doubted; and by way of proving the reasonableness of that dissatisfaction, much is frequently said about the hardship of supporting two establishments, and of paying a priesthood, who give nothing in return. Let us take the matter first on the adversary's own ground: suppose tithes to be a remuneration for the services of the clergy: suppose them to be *contributed* from some quarter: who are properly the contributors? Certainly the proprietors of estates. But who are the proprietors? By a vast and overwhelming majority, *the Protestant nobility and gentry*. If therefore in Ireland the Protestant establishment be maintained by contribution, it is maintained by Protestants. But in truth, as we have already shown, the Protestant establishment is maintained by the landowners of neither creed, but by its own property. Neither does the Roman Catholic tenant, whatever may be his notions, contribute anything to its support; he stands precisely in the same situation with every Protestant tithe-payer; he takes his land with the reservation of one tenth as the property of the tithe-owner, whether this tithe-owner be lay or clerical; his relation to the incumbent is in this respect simply that of a debtor to his creditor: it is an affair purely temporal: the impropiator may, like the Duke of Devonshire, be a lay rector, or, like the incumbent of a parish, be a minister of the church; in each case the tithe must be paid, because it is the property of the individual who claims it.

All the chief landholders in Ireland are protestants, the greater part of the tenantry is Roman catholic; is it deemed a hardship

ship upon the tenant that he is to pay rent to a protestant landlord? if not, why is he to be commiserated because having carried into his barn the property of the clergyman, he has to pay for it about a third of its value?

'If,' observed Mr. S. 'it was a severe hardship upon a Roman Catholic peasantry to pay *tithes* to persons who performed no service in return, it was a still greater hardship to be compelled to pay a much larger sum, *that is, the rent*, to persons who not only performed no service to them, or their religion, but whose only title to their income was, *that their ancestors had overturned that very religion which the payers of rent professed*. Besides,' he added, 'the people might feel that the tithe was the only property in Ireland which had not been forcibly wrested from themselves. "Your property, Sir," said he to Mr. Hewson, "was taken from an Irish family, for supporting the religion of their country, and bestowed upon your ancestors for destroying it; but there was one part, which did not belong to the original proprietor, and that was the tithe. It should be natural, therefore, that the descendants of that proprietor, although they may be extremely indignant that you are receiving the rents which they may consider *their right*, should feel much more calm about the tithe, which was not theirs in the old time, and which would not be theirs now, were they, up to this day, the proprietors of the soil."—*Rock Detected*, p. 80—82.

It will however be said, that the tenant, who is the person most interested, will not be easily persuaded that he does not pay *tithe out of his own property*; and this perhaps is true; he may have been long induced to believe, that if he could escape the claims of the clergyman, he would have more of the produce for himself. There are persons in England who hold the same language. But before we admit the difficulty of persuading a man of plain understanding, that the tithe is as much the property of the clergyman as the rent is the property of the landlord, we must have reason to believe, that the experiment has been tried.

Much stress has been laid upon the vexatious circumstances connected with the present mode of tithe collection, and not without reason; but these are not necessarily connected with tithes; and any arrangement on the principle of the tithe-levying or tithe-composition bill would go far to put an end to them.

According to the old usage there occur undoubtedly many circumstances of irritation. On the one hand, the viewing of the crops; the visits to estimate the tithes; the appearance of the proctor to declare its amount; the mode of payment by notes, involving not unfrequently a course of legal processes at the sessions; the habit, founded on mistaken kindness, of allowing arrears to accumulate, and of giving receipts on account, &c. And on the other hand, the practice of preventing the viewers of the crops
from

from coming upon the land; of swearing them not to give evidence, or carrying them off, and sometimes murdering them; of assaulting the proctors, stealing their account books, and by every mode of violence depriving the clergyman of the means of ascertaining the value of his property: these mutual causes of dissatisfaction call loudly for a remedy; they belong not of necessity to the tithe-system, and every friend to order and humanity would rejoice to hear that they were extinguished for ever.

It is not within our purpose to detail the various improvements which have been suggested, whether for the protection of the clergy or the farmers, because they are accommodated only to the existing state of things; and we hope that this system will speedily give way to the kindly operation of those parliamentary measures to which we adverted above.

By these bills incumbents are enabled to let leases of their tithes for twenty-one years. When the parties more immediately interested express their desire to carry the provisions of the Composition Acts into effect, commissioners are to be appointed to ascertain and fix an equitable equivalent for the tithes, to be calculated upon the average for the seven years preceding, of all the sums *paid, agreed for, or adjudged to be paid* on account of tithes: but should the composition previously settled by private agreement be below such average, the commissioners have no power to increase it. Having thus determined upon the equivalent, they are next to divide it among all lands within the parish, not being tithe-free, whether arable or *depastured*, equally in proportion, and according to the true annual value. The agreement thus accepted and settled may either continue in force for twenty-one years without any variation, or may be altered every seventh and fourteenth years according to the price of corn in the Dublin Gazette during the seven preceding years.

Now it is obvious that, in addition to the encouragement thus given to agriculture, by spreading in just proportions over land depastured as well as arable the amount of tithes previously confined to the land in tillage, the tendency of these acts is completely to do away all that series of petty vexations which occur between the incumbent and the tenant in the valuing and collecting of tithes; and that if they were adopted throughout the country, they would speedily convert the entire tithes of Ireland into standing rents. It is likewise obvious that the clergy, having generally been contented with one-third of their property in tithes, must, if they accede to this composition, deprive themselves of the means of approaching nearer to their actual value: they will sacrifice, for the sake of peace and tranquillity, the remaining two-thirds,

thirds, certainly for a considerable period, and in all probability for ever.

What then has been the reception which the tithe composition bills experienced from the clergy?

‘ Their effort to give effect to the first was general, perhaps I might say universal; at least it was so in Munster. It has not even been pretended that the terms upon which they offered to agree were unreasonable, nor will any be so hardy as to deny that the ill success of that bill is to be imputed to the laity. The tithe-composition bill of the last year afforded to the clergy another opportunity of showing by what spirit they were actuated. As soon as it had passed they in every quarter came forward to offer to their parishioners the choice of adopting it, though its provisions were such that they ran the risk, with great probability against them, of being reduced in three years to two-thirds of the income which in the preceding seven they had received; for such was the proportion which the average price of corn bore in the autumn of 1823, compared with the rate at which it was to be valued against them by the commissioners under the bill.’—*Miscell. Observ. on I. K. L. by S. N.* p. 18.

It is our sincere hope that the gentry of the country may on this occasion be influenced by the same feeling with the clergy, and endeavour, so far as they have the power, to give to these acts an operation as extensive as it must be beneficial. And such we doubt not will be the conduct of many among them; but in asserting the rights and vindicating the character of the church, we cannot conceal our unwilling conviction that a spirit of hostility to the welfare of the establishment, which has long been cherished in that country, still exists in many districts, and exerts itself, as of old, in the aggrandizement of the landholder at the expense of the church.

By the original grant of King Henry II. the entire tithes of Ireland became ecclesiastical property. In the sixteenth century Henry VIII. rent from the Irish church one-third of its tithes to be bestowed upon his personal favourites. The example thus set, was, after a long interval, followed by Swift's Legion Club, the Irish House of Commons in 1734. These persons, under the grave pretence of *zeal for the protestant religion and of a desire to check the progress of popery and infidelity*, voted that lands employed solely in the pasture of cattle should be exempt from the charge to which, under the name of agistment tithe, they had hitherto been subjected. It was a happy thought, certainly, to find the protestant interest advanced by a resolution which so materially promoted their own. They inherited not those tithes by descent; they had no title to them by purchase; yet from that moment all the fine demesnes of the country were exempted from the charge, and the great landholders put the proceeds into their own pockets. The history of mankind does not furnish an example
of

of a more hypocritical and shameless robbery. The natural effect of this vote—for, lawless as it was, it had immediately the force of law—was to compel the clergy, by the diminution of their incomes, to abate somewhat of their former indulgence in collecting that which remained; and to occasion the necessity of uniting parishes in order to provide for them a decent subsistence. But for these things the landlords cared little; having secured themselves, they left it to the tenant and the proctor to settle matters as they could.

At the Union, that vote, which had hitherto been merely a resolution of the Irish House of Commons, was for state-reasons, which it is not our province to examine, passed into a law: the church, therefore, is at last legally deprived of the tithe of agistment, and it has legally, although for no pecuniary consideration, been for ever transferred to the landlord.

After this specimen of zeal for the protestant religion and of hatred to infidelity, we cannot but suspect, when we see the landlords eager to enter, on whatever pretext, upon a new crusade against tithes, that possibly the recollections of 1734 are not altogether extinct, and that, with the alleged view of benefit to others, there may be a special reservation of some advantage to themselves. If the tithes are to be wrested from the church, we would ask, are they to be given away or sold, and to whom?—if sold, according to what mode of calculation will their value be estimated? Is it not intended in either case, that they shall become the property of the landlord? If so, on the first hypothesis it will be a simple repetition of the transaction in 1734; he will get the whole as a gratuity: on the latter supposition, he will have the difference between the purchase-money, which, on the average estimate, would be one-third of the value, and the entire worth of the tithes.

From the subject of tithe we proceed to the more general question of the REVENUES of the church, as consisting of tithe and glebe. And combining the two species of property, we are assured from a variety of quarters, that Ireland has, beyond all comparison, the richest church in Europe: 'that the pastors of the church are surfeited; that the trains of their wives are borne by pampered slaves; that the crowd of their offspring is followed by a splendid retinue; that the church establishment is preposterously, insultingly rich, that it is a mighty reservoir, an omnivorous church; that it is weighed down by a golden plethora, that it is sinking under an idle and invidious load of wealth.' There is something amusing in this declamation; the faculties of the reformers seem to be overwhelmed by a mixture of astonishment and indignation at the dazzling splendour which they contemplate—they ransack the store-rooms of metaphor, they exhaust
language

language for apt means of conveying to others a picture of this bloated hierarchy. But metaphor is weak, and language poor, to give even a faint idea of the tremendous original.

Statements, however, such as these, have been made so repeatedly, and disseminated so industriously, they have proceeded from so many and such quarters, that when the Bishop of Limerick ventured to speak in the House of Peers of the poverty and privations, which have for some time past been endured by the Irish clergy, he was greeted with a cry which seemed to indicate the opinion of his audience, that he had, with too much gallantry in the cause, stated something monstrous and incredible. ‘Yes, my Lords,’ (replied the bishop, with the ready celerity of his nation,) ‘and I say, hear, hear, hear; and I wish the noble lords who cheer would accompany me to Ireland and there visit the humble residence of the parochial clergy, and there see with their own eyes the shifts and expedients to which those respectable men are reduced.’—p. 27. This is, indeed, the knowledge which it is desirable to impart, and this is the trial to which it would be well if the Irish clergy could be submitted. In the mean time, let us with such means as we have, examine into the several particulars of ecclesiastical revenues.

1. AS TO EPISCOPAL PROPERTY.

Mr. Wakefield, who is with a certain set of calculators great authority on this subject, estimates the estates of the under-mentioned sees, *if fairly let*, at the following sums:—

The Primate’s	£140,000 a-year.
Derry	120,000
Kilmore	100,000
Clogher	100,000
Waterford	70,000

530,000

The *actual* revenue of the five sees is stated at £53,000, and the *actual* revenue of the whole bench at £146,000. Another estimate, supposed by the same class of persons to be still more correct, makes it amount to £185,700. The *real* rental, it is added, of the Irish ecclesiastical property cannot fall much short of a million.

To this imaginary rental, this sum which might be annually received by the bishops for their estates, *if fairly let*, appeal is continually made, as to a conclusive proof of some nameless waste, or unaccountable neglect of a property, to which, however, they are at the same time represented as clinging with unwarrantable

and insatiable cupidity. It is supposed, that grasping as they are and have been, they are yet so blind and so destitute of common advisers, that they have not even yet learned how to let their property at two tenths of its value, and that all the rest is suffered to be absolutely unprofitable both to themselves and to the community. This reasoning, (be it said without offence,) though it may have been reared and nourished here, could have sprung up originally in the rich soil of the sister-country only.

For the purpose, however, of reducing these overgrown sees, so long as they shall be permitted to stand, into more tolerable dimensions, one plan of the reformers is to limit the archbishops to what is called a curtailed income of £8,000 a year. This is certainly no illiberal allowance, so far indeed from it, that we are assured by the Archbishop of Cashel, that it would augment considerably the value of his see; and we learn from the Bishop of Limerick that, except the lord primate, the other archbishops might make a similar statement; the gain to them would be, we understand, from £1,000 to £3,000 a year. The Bishopric of Limerick is much short of £5,000 a year; and the Bishop of Ossory, during the eleven years of his occupancy, has received on an average less than £3,500 per annum. The average of the Irish sees is computed by Mr. Leslie Foster to be about £5,000, which the Bishop of Limerick considers sufficiently accurate, rather perhaps exceeding than falling short of the truth. It should be observed too in this statement of the real revenue of the Irish sees, that there is nothing to be added for commendams, but in the single instance of the bishopric of Kildare—a poor see with more than ordinary expense attached to it, and without a residence, or a cathedral. To this the deanery of Christ Church, in Dublin, is attached, which gives it both in effect. In every other instance the Irish bishops are solely maintained by the revenues of their sees, and are for this reason among others most exemplary in their residence.*

But erroneous as the statements of Mr. Wakefield and others are with respect to the real value of the episcopal estates, and the actual receipts of the bishops from them, it is not intended to be disputed, but that an immense disproportion exists between them. Some explanation of this will be asked, and we cannot do better than give the answer in the Bishop of Limerick's words.

* It may not be amiss, that I should here explain how the bishops' estates are leased, and how renewed, in Ireland. This subject is, in this country, very imperfectly understood; and a right understanding of it

* I will make no exception," says the Bishop of Limerick, "for I know not of one."

cannot fail to remove many existing prejudices. The leases run (with a few trifling exceptions) for one-and-twenty years. The rents are very low; sometimes almost nominal. The renewals are annual; the tenants each year surrendering their leases and taking out new ones. The fine is usually fixed at one-fifth of the value of the lands, after having deducted the reserved rent; that is, on a calculation which, according to Sir Isaac Newton's tables, allows the tenant *eight* per cent. on his renewal fine. And this beneficial interest is, in fact, unless the improvidence or the perversity of the tenant prevent it, a permanent property; as permanent as any other estate whatever.—*Bishop of Limerick's Speech*, p. 38.

We are not now considering whether this is a simple and economical mode of valuing property; but when it is proposed to take the episcopal estates into the hands of government, and by letting them at their full value, to raise a sum which, besides providing for the bishops, should also furnish a compensation to the parochial clergy for the sequestration of their tithes, though it is sufficiently obvious who are to gain by the abolition of tithes, we would ask the reformers whether they have considered who are to lose by the change, who are in fact to furnish the compensation? Certainly not the bishops; we have shown that they will gain by the substituted income; but the lay tenantry, who for the space of 200 years have enjoyed beneficial leases of the episcopal lands. It is clear, indeed, that these estates are, in actual enjoyment, the joint property of the bishops and their leaseholders; the latter enjoying nearly four-fifths for their proportion.

It is argued, however, that whatever be, or whatever has been the moderate course pursued by the bishops in their dealings with their tenantry, still the actual amount of the property is enormous, and that it is in the power of any of them to abandon that course, and by abstaining from renewals to bring the whole into demesne, and to re-grant it to the members of their own families. We have stated what the practice has uniformly been; and where no abuse is alleged to have taken place, and so much positive mischief must certainly result from an alteration, it would be rather unprecedented, we imagine, to venture on the strong measure of a violation of the rights of property, merely through the fear of a contingent and possible abuse.

'The renewal fines taken by the Irish bishops in most instances greatly exceed half the revenue of the see. But, for argument sake, and to allow the utmost advantage to the opponent, I will assume the fines to form but half the income. Now these fines, on this reduced estimate, amounting to half his yearly revenue, the bishop, who wishes to see his leases out, must forego for the space of *twenty* years. This he must do at the risk of his intermediate death; and (considering the period of life at which men commonly attain the rank of bishops) the risk is not inconsiderable. To cover it, he must insure his life, at the expense, we

will say, of £1,000 a year. Let us now see how the case stands. I will take the yearly revenue of the see, at Mr. Leslie Foster's average of £5,000.

Income	£5,000
Deduct Fines	2,500
	<hr/>
	2,500
Deduct Insurance Premium	1,000
	<hr/>
Remains to the Bishop	£1,500

* Thus, for the space of twenty years, our imaginary bishop (for when in real life can such a bishop be found?) would voluntarily reduce his income from £5,000 to £1,500 a year. And for what object? That, at the end of twenty years of poverty, he and his family after him may enjoy the whole revenues of the see? By no means. A moiety of the value must, by act of parliament, be reserved to the episcopal succession. A moiety, therefore, only, can remain to the bishop's personal heirs. But even of this moiety, one-fifth must be paid by the heirs in perpetuity, as a fine in order to make their interest permanent. And is it then, this remote chance of a reversion at the end of twenty years, not of the whole estate, but of two-fifths of it,—is it this uncertain, problematical, fractional *vista*, seen through the dimness of advancing years, which shall induce a man of sense, of education, of fair acquaintance with the world, to compromise his character, and bring down on himself and his posterity, the maledictions of a ruined tenantry? Is it credible that any one man could be so absurd? This, however, is a question not respecting one man, but *two-and-twenty* men. And that any *twenty-two* men should form a conspiracy thus to impoverish, thus to degrade, thus to send themselves down with infamy to the grave, is a supposition so utterly beyond belief that I can waste words upon it no longer.—*Bishop of Limnicks's Speech*, p. 39—41.

2. A single sentence will suffice for THE PROPERTY OF THE DEANS AND OTHER DIGNITARIES of the Irish cathedrals; for these members of the church are not generally, as in England, possessed of estates; their income, where they have any, is derived for the most part from the tithes of livings, attached to their dignities; on which they are bound to reside like any other of the parochial clergy. The estates which formerly, as in England, were attached to the chapters, were swept away in times of public commotion: and their livings, constituting the smallest part of their income, alone remain. Some of these dignities, having no parishes, are literally worth nothing.

3. Concerning the incomes of the *parochial clergy*, notwithstanding the confidence with which the amount is sometimes settled, it is really impossible to speak with much pretension to minute accuracy; Mr. Wakefield proceeds by a very summary method;

method;* making no allowance for unprofitable land, and assuming that every acre is worth a rent of forty-five shillings; that the produce of the soil, whatever be the description of that produce, is equal to four times the rent; that every incumbent receives the full value of the tenth part of the land in his benefice, whether pasture or arable, after the rate of nine pounds an acre, he concludes that each incumbent in the dioceses of Cashel and Emly, receives upon an average, £4,536 per annum. Every one who knows any thing of the country, knows that this guess-work calculation is utterly unfounded in fact; the Archbishop of Cashel, who has examined and exposed it, will furnish us with an instance in proof of what we say; three distinct benefices, Caherconney, Kilmore, and Rochestown, containing altogether 2,429 acres, and which ought, according to Mr. Wakefield, to produce above £2,000 a year, do not, in fact, produce altogether a clear income of more than £160 a year.

There is something cruel in these charges, for charges they are intended to be, and they have the effect of charges, on the clergy of Ireland, in respect of the incomes of parochial incumbents. Those, who make them, well know that the right to property is not affected by its magnitude; they know, too, that at this particular period, these incomes, whatever be their amount, have almost universally suffered most serious reductions; yet, by way of swelling a general chorus, as it should seem, they select this moment and these circumstances to inveigh against what they are pleased to call the enormous revenues of a luxurious clergy.

With such men, the statements of the Bishop of Limerick will not be likely to have much effect; but there are others, whom it is of more importance to convince, who will give them their due weight.

* Some of the Irish clergy I know, who, but for their own private fortunes, which they bountifully spend, could not maintain themselves in the church. Others I rejoice to call my friends, men devoted to their calling, yet qualified to move in the most exalted sphere; men respectably, sometimes nobly, allied, who, with benefices nominally of large value, have not only been obliged to put down their carriages, and resign those moderate unostentatious comforts, to which they were habituated from early youth; but who find it matter of difficulty to educate their children, and to provide the common necessities of life. Yet these men are not chargeable with any extravagance either of themselves, or of their families; they have not in their expenditure surpassed the bounds of prudence; except perhaps (but you will forgive them this wrong) they may have somewhat exceeded in bounty to the poor.—*Bishop of Eimerick's Speech*, p. 29, 30.

* See the Archbishop of Cashel's Charge; Appendix.

'The incomes of the parochial clergy it is somewhat difficult to ascertain * * * * Availing themselves of this inherent difficulty, our adversaries have settled, at their own discretion, the *nominal* revenues of our poor parochial ministers, varying the amount as they found their statements too strong to go down. At first they assumed an average of £800; then, by a single evolution of their calculating machinery, they bring out an average of £500 per annum. But we have a surer ground of computation. At the beginning of the present year, about 90 parishes had compounded for their tithes, under the act of last session. The average income of these parishes was above £400. But then they were parishes of the higher order; and we should take a lower average for the benefices throughout Ireland. On this subject I am not, of course, prepared to speak positively; but from the best information I have been able to procure, it is my opinion and belief, that, including the curates, (whose salaries, varying from £75 to £100 per annum, are deducted from the receipts of the beneficed clergy,) £250 would be a fair average income. In the year 1786, Bishop Woodward calculated the average at £140, and, in stating an increase since that period, of eleven twenty-fifths, I have more than made allowance for any intermediate increase of tillage and advance of prices.'—*Bishop of Limrick's Speech*, p. 47—9.

In taking, as the basis of the calculation, the returns of parishes in which compositions under the statutes have been made, a moment's reflection will suffice to show, that the case is put in the most unfavourable way for the clergy. As there is no agistment tithe in Ireland, the graziers, where they predominate, will of course prevent a composition from being made, because the payments under it being apportioned over the whole acreage of the parish, the arrangement has the effect of bringing their lands, which are in effect tithe-free, into payment. The parishes then which are the least productive to the incumbent, in proportion to the number of acres in them, are not taken into the average. On the other hand, where the larger part of the parish is arable, and the corn-growers can outvote the graziers, there compositions are readily entered into; but these are the parishes in which the legal emoluments of the incumbent are the highest—and the compositions of course bear some proportion to them; any average, therefore, drawn from them alone, is drawn from a partial basis, and will be higher than in fairness it ought to be.

We have now said all that we deem necessary upon the revenues of the Irish church; and we are satisfied to leave the right under which they are held, the spirit in which it is enforced, and their actual amount, to the consideration of every unprejudiced mind, without any further remark. Parts of our subject, far more important in our estimation, remain before us to be considered; what the clergy receive is a slight question in comparison to the question which follows, how they demean themselves, and what they

they give in return. To these points we now address ourselves ; and first, of their residence on their benefices.

The *non-residence of the Irish clergy* has long been the theme of strong and repeated animadversion. From the statements, to which we are accustomed in this country, it might be supposed that they in general have little connexion with their preferments, beyond the receipt of their exorbitant incomes, which are to be spent in procuring themselves the idle pleasures of Cheltenham, Bath, Harrowgate, or Brighton.

So far as the Irish prelates are involved in this accusation, we presume that nothing need be added to the declaration already cited from the Bishop of Limerick. What then is the case with the rest of the clergy ? and by what evidence is their supposed delinquency in this particular established ?

In proof of this alleged non-residence, appeal has been triumphantly made to the diocesan returns laid before Parliament, and there can be no question that these returns, if taken unconnected with circumstances which explain them, would imply, on the part of the clergy, considerable non-residence. Were the returns from the dioceses in England to be examined by a stranger, even by a candid stranger, he would be apt to fall into similar mistakes on the same subject ; and although charges of this nature are not brought forward against the English clergy, by those who are conversant with the country, and know the falsehood of them, and how easily it would be detected, yet we have before us at this moment, in a work of some reputation, a paragraph in reference to the English church, of precisely a similar description.

‘ On the subject of non-residence,’ says this author, ‘ I cannot express my astonishment. The speech of Lord Harrowby left me in absolute amazement. This is the most rotten part of your whole system. What, Sir, do your clergymen, after the solemn vows of ordination, feel themselves at liberty to desert their cures, and give up the salvation of their flocks to the care of accident, &c. ? For what purpose were the ministers ordained ? For what purpose were they presented to benefices ? Was it that they might obtain sufficient money to support them in a pleasant town ? in an agreeable circle of acquaintance ? in a round of pleasures ? And are there 6120 such ministers in the established church of England ? I cease to wonder that men of consideration among her members are alarmed at her danger : I cease to wonder that dissenters multiply in the astonishing manner mentioned by Lord Harrowby. Such clergymen certainly believe nothing of the gospel, and care nothing about their ordination vows or the duties of their ministry.’ — *Daught's Travels in America*, vol. iv. p. 430.

So wrote a most respectable man, who had no hostility to the church of England, and who could have no private motive for degrading the character of her ministers. He had collected his

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Much that has been said about non-residence would probably
 have been spared, had the term been rightly defined, and had it
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 a non-resident clergyman?

The definition given of such a person by the Bishop of Lime-
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 another, the former benefice being provided with an efficient sub-
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 division

information from unexplained returns, and the same error is generated by the diocesan returns from Ireland.

The difficulty arises, not from inaccuracy, but from want of fulness, in the several returns, and yet more from the manner in which they have been made up. The return of each diocese is given independently of all the rest; whereas a collation of each with all, would have been indispensable in order to a fair view of clerical residence. For the clergyman who is absent from one benefice is generally (so few, indeed, are the exceptions, that one might almost say universally) resident upon another. An instance has lately occurred in another house, which may serve to exemplify the kind of mistakes into which persons may fall, who, without any local knowledge of Ireland, undertake to draw conclusions from the parliamentary returns respecting the residence of the Irish clergy. An honourable gentleman there thought proper to select a dignified clergyman of the north of Ireland, and hold him forth to public reprobation as a most unconscionable pluralist, as monopolizing at the same time preferments of great value in the diocese of Raphoe, and the diocese of Armagh. Now, what is the real state of the case? This clergyman has a christian name and a surname. Another clergyman has a christian name and a surname. The two clergymen happen to have the same christian name and the same surname. And from this identity of nomenclature, the honourable gentleman, without further inquiry, has brought the severest charges against a respectable and unoffending dignitary. To this fact I allude, at once as a specimen of the manner in which private character is trifled with; and as a case in point, to prove that persons unacquainted with Ireland ought to inform themselves, before they make assertions always hazardous, often not altogether reputable to those, who do not take this trouble. It is my hope that, before the commencement of next session, this inquiry will be rendered easier, by a body of diocesan returns prepared in a more full and satisfactory manner than any, which have yet been made. And, in the mean time, I will say, that so far as my knowledge extends, those clergymen who hold two benefices by faculty, usually reside on that benefice, where their services are most needed; while, on the other, they invariably retain an effectual curate, and not uncommonly reside alternately on both preferments.—*Speech of the Bishop of Limerick.*—p. 11—13.

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division of the year; or absence on the several grounds sanctioned by the law, or where there is no church or house in which to officiate or reside, is not to be held up to reprobation as non-residence in the culpable meaning of the word. With these preliminary remarks,—to what, we demand, does this crying evil of non-residence amount?

Upon this subject, his Grace the Archbishop of Cashel, who has been so recently transplanted from the bosom of the English church, and who must, therefore, be supposed to carry with him not merely ample knowledge of the English establishment, but also an entire freedom from those Irish prejudices and partialities, which, in the opinion of some, may lighten the weight of the Bishop of Limerick's testimony, must be admitted to be a very competent authority. In the valuable appendix to his Charge, in which he considers this subject fully, he says:—

‘ When the cases are impartially compared, it will not be found that the Irish are less resident in their respective parishes than the English clergy; on the other hand, I firmly believe that they are more so. To this latter point I would not have at all alluded, had not invidious comparisons been publicly made, to the great disparagement of the former.

‘ It is well known to all who are in the slightest degree acquainted with ecclesiastical law, that no incumbent is deemed resident, although he lives in his parish and performs the duties of it, unless he resides in the *glebe-house*. To punish him, therefore, for such an unavoidable non-residence, where no glebe-house exists, neither can nor ought to be in the power of any jurisdiction whatsoever. Now it is notorious that many benefices in Ireland are not only destitute of glebe-houses to reside in, but likewise of churches in which the incumbent can officiate. Surely then such cases should be duly distinguished from those where houses of residence are provided. The situation of Ireland is in this respect very different from that of England. There, a benefice without a glebe-house or a church is a circumstance of very rare occurrence; here, from the effects of civil commotions, from the poverty of those who were interested in rebuilding them, from the paucity of protestants in the individual parishes, and other causes, it is but too frequent. * * *

‘ Let these benefices, then, be put out of the calculation, and the instances of non-residence in Ireland will, I am persuaded, be far from numerous.—*Charge of the Archbishop of Cashel. Appendix, p. xliii—xlv.*

But the Irish clergy suffer not merely from unexplained, but from mistated or misunderstood, returns. Thus, in the same appendix, the archbishop adds:—

‘ A member of the House of Commons is reported to have urged the following statement in support of a motion which he brought forward, (March 4, 1823,) to impress upon the legislature the necessity of seizing and re-modelling the property of the church at its pleasure.—“ The
return,

return for the diocese of Waterford,* which I have accidentally turned to, shows, that of the rectors in that diocese, *four only* are resident, *nineteen* being non-resident; of the vicars, *fourteen* are resident, *thirteen* non-resident; making a total of *eighteen* resident, and *thirty-two* non-resident clergy. This is only one of a number of dioceses in the same or a similar situation." That this statement of Mr. Hume is incorrect, the parliamentary return of the Bishop of Waterford, to which he professedly refers, sufficiently proves. But, in truth, he seems to have quoted this document at *second hand*, extracting his account from the anonymous pamphlet which I have before quoted. He states the number of benefices to be 50, so does the author of the pamphlet; but the Bishop of Waterford, in his public return, the original of both accounts, states that number to be only 41. Nine more, indeed, are added, but not numbered, because they are benefices without cure, or merely appropriations, and have each a vicarage endowed. Not attending to this circumstance, the writer alluded to, and Mr. Hume after him, enumerates these nine livings twice over, both as rectories and vicarages; so that, in fact, his numbers, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, relate to the same parishes as numbers 28, 39, 29, 24, 20, 15, 15, 12, 13; the former referring to the appropriate rectories without cure, the latter to the endowed vicarages with cure. These nine rectories, therefore, are complete sinecures appropriated to churchmen; but there are twenty other rectories in the same diocese with vicarages endowed, of which churchmen are not impropiators, but of which a wealthy peer, the Duke of Devonshire, is sole impropiator. If then these impropiators are bound to reside upon each of their rectories, where, as churchmen, they have no duties to perform, is not the noble impropiator, by a parity of reason, equally bound to reside upon each of his? But in truth, as sinecurists, neither the one nor the other have, in law or equity, any obligation of the kind annexed to the property which they possess.

Had Mr. Hume, instead of trusting to the erroneous calculations of this pamphlet, consulted the original document, he could not have fallen into so glaring a mistake. He would there have found, that the whole representation given by the author upon whom he relied, was altogether inaccurate. He would there have found the following fair recapitulation and summary upon the point, drawn up by the bishop himself, respecting both his dioceses. "In the diocese of Waterford," his lordship says, "are eleven benefices with cure of souls. *The clergy are all resident on their benefices, or so near as to perform the duty of them.* In the diocese of Lismore are *forty* benefices with cure of souls. Of the beneficed clergy, *twenty-four* are resident, either on their benefices or so near as to perform the duty of them. *Eight* are resident on other benefices, which they hold by faculty; two are exempt under the provisions of the statute 48 Geo. III. c. 66; *six* are absent with the permission of the ordinary. There is also an endowed chapel, on which is a church, a house, and resident minister."

Is it not here evident, that, instead of *thirty-two* out of *fifty* incum-

* Lismore is here evidently intended. The two dioceses are united under the Bishop of Waterford.

bents, six only out of forty-one are liable to be questioned for non-residence? The bishop, indeed, does not give the reasons for the absence of these six incumbents; but by reference to his previous detail of particulars, it appears, that there were no glebe-houses* upon any of their livings; and that two of the number were engaged in duties, the one as preacher, the other as vicar choral at Lismore. —*Charge of the Archbishop of Cashel. Appendix, pp. xlix—lii.*

The sequel of this story is curious and instructive. The Charge from which the preceding extracts are taken was published about the end of October, 1823. On the 6th of May, 1824, Mr. Hume is stated in the newspapers to have delivered in the House of Commons another speech, in which, for the second time, he brings forward the same criminations, derived, a second time, from the same episcopal returns—a second time accidentally turned to. We state the passage as the Bishop of Limerick cites it from the Morning Chronicle of May 7, 1824:

“ In looking to the numbers of resident and non-resident clergy, he (Mr. Hume) would take up the last volume upon that subject which had been laid on the table. He first came to the dioceses of Waterford and Lismore. He then found that there were resident 4 rectors, absent 19 ditto. Resident 13 vicars, absent 13 ditto. Resident 1 curate. Making in the whole—18 resident and 32 absent clergy. (Hear, hear, hear.) Of these there were many pluralists, holding some two, some three and more livings. (Hear, hear.) He mentioned this case only as one example out of many instances; and what he had to state of this single county, ought to be enough to satisfy the House as to the necessity of inquiry.” —*Bishop of Limerick's Speech, p. 20.*

We have called this curious and instructive; the instruction which may be drawn from it, however, it is not for us to lay before our readers; it will suggest itself to them readily enough. If Mr. Hume is not misrepresented by the newspaper in question, there is a dilemma put to him by the bishop, to which we should be glad to draw his attention.

We have seen that in the dioceses of Cashel and Waterford there are no *culpable* non-residents. From a minute statement of the case as it respects the diocese of Limerick, we arrive at a similar conclusion. Out of the ninety-three benefices in that see, it does not appear that one instance can be adduced where the charge of non-residence can be fairly substantiated. We have not the means before us of going through the reports from other dioceses in the same way; but this is hardly necessary, for it is stated upon the whole, both by the Bishop of Limerick and the Attorney-General for Ireland, that throughout the whole of that

* From the Bishop of Limerick's speech it appears, also, on the authority of the Bishop of Waterford, that there are no churches on any of these six livings.

island there are not above twenty or thirty beneficed clergymen who, in the true sense of the word, are non-resident, *i. e.* unoccupied by active clerical duty in some one part or another of that country.

There remains yet another part of the same question, and that too of equal, indeed of greater, importance; the judgment which ought to be formed of THE CHARACTER, QUALIFICATIONS AND SERVICES OF THE CLERGY; for the residence of an incumbent can be of little service, it may be a positive mischief, unless his conduct, and the estimation in which he is held, be such, as to make him an object of love, respect and imitation to his flock.

It would be absurd to maintain concerning any class in society, and therefore concerning the ministers of any church, that every individual is precisely of that character and renders those services to the community, which distinguish the best of the order; out of 1300 clergymen in Ireland it would be strange indeed, if no instances could be adduced of conduct discreditable to their holy calling. Admitting, therefore, that the clergy ought to be tried by a somewhat severer rule than other men, as being under some peculiar obligations, and influenced by some peculiar motives, which do not equally apply to other members of the community; still the fair question is, what is the general conduct, what are the general merits of the body; and it is weakness or something worse to infer against all from the conduct of a few; it *must* be something worse, something which deserves more reprobation than we feel disposed to bestow, to blazon abroad and exult over the faults of the few for the purpose of raising a prejudice in the public mind against the many.

An opinion has gone forth, that in Ireland nothing is more easy than for persons unqualified for clerical duties to find their way into the church, and that in many instances they are advanced to its most honourable and lucrative preferments. So little is there of truth in this notion, that a strictness, which in England would be deemed exceptionable and even impracticable, is exercised in Ireland towards every candidate for holy orders.

'We have,' says the Bishop of Limerick, 'no *litterates* :* none of that class, who in this country prepare themselves by private study at a trifling cost, for the profession of the church.' To this class unquestionably belong many, who may be reckoned among the most useful and exemplary of the parochial clergy; and the bishop carefully guards himself against the imputation of treating them with disrespect; but 'the fact is,' he observes, 'that our Irish clergy *all* receive an *expensive* education. Most of them are

* Candidates for holy orders, who have not been educated at the University.

the University of Dublin: and no person, who is
 that University, will be disposed to cast a doubt
 with which its students are trained, or on the
 those who obtain its testimonials, must in

*Church in Ireland.
 be questioned for worship
 reasons for the absence
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services which the clergy thus educated
 it must be admitted, in the first place,
 one parts of Ireland their field of strictly
 vably narrow: not however so narrow,
 and has been asserted, and zealously dis-
 emies. As, on the one hand, the number of
 and is swelled by millions beyond its real amount,
 the protestants is proportionably reduced; the purpose
 the same in both, the founding an argument for the abolition
 the order, and the destruction of the Established Church.

Thus, it has been stated, that there are but thirteen or fourteen
 hundred protestants in the whole diocese of Waterford: upon the
 authority, however, of the bishop of that diocese, it appears, that
 there are above 1300 communicants in the city of Waterford alone;
 which, according to the common proportion, will give a popula-
 tion of above 9000 souls adhering to the Established Church in
 that city. The protestants throughout Ireland, including the
 presbyterians, have been computed by Mr. Leslie Foster at
 1,840,000. And it ought to be known, observes the Bishop of
 Limerick, that the presbyterians in Ireland are on most friendly
 terms with the Church: that they grow up under its shadow;
 frequently attend its worship, and not uncommonly train up their
 sons, not only as lay-members of it, but as clergymen.'

Among the tests of the diligence and zeal of the parochial
 clergy, to which a fair inquirer would naturally refer, may be
 reckoned the following: What is in any given case the proportion
 of communicants at the Lord's Supper to the protestant popula-
 tion? and what is the number of children publicly catechised?
 In the Speech of the Bishop of Limerick is given, by way of
 specimen, a brief statement of facts, which forms an answer to
 these questions as far as regards the city of Limerick, the diocese
 of Ferns and Leighlin, that of Cork and the city of Dublin.
 This last report is the most important, and we shall cite it

' CITY OF DUBLIN.

' In six of the parish churches (the others are proportionally attended)
 the average amounts are as follow:—

Number of attendants at morning service	-	-	-	9800
Monthly communicants	-	-	-	1165
Communicants at festivals	-	-	-	6650
Cases in which the sacrament is received throughout the year, in				

these

these six churches, without regarding the repetition of the same person	34,100
Alms collected weekly, and at sacraments, in these six churches	£2,360
Children catechised in five of these churches on Sundays	1340

The number of catechumens in the sixth church has not been returned; but it is *above* the average of the other five.

At the two cathedrals, the congregations are limited only by the extent of the buildings: on a rough calculation, they average at from 2000 to 3000. The charity sermons preached in five of the above-mentioned churches produce annually 2000*l.*; into this calculation, St. Peter's Church, and the Magdalen Asylum, (in which are many charity sermons each year,) are not taken.

In a single parish church (St. Mary's), there is a congregation of 2700; monthly communicants, 480; festival communicants, 2100; children catechised, 630; average annual collection of weekly and sacramental alms, 530*l.*; collection at *parochial* charity sermons, 550*l.*

In the Church of St. Peter, last Easter day, the communicants were 2000; the Sunday collections, 520*l.*—p. 62.

But admitting, as we have done, that the field of strictly ecclesiastical duty is in many instances very narrow, we are very far from admitting that this is the whole extent of the duty imposed on the clergy of Ireland. The duties of a profession must always be relative to the state of society and the circumstances of the country—that which we should not only not require, but be unwilling to see performed by the English clergy, the state of Ireland makes it even necessary for her clergymen to undertake. Those who know them best, will best testify to the manner in which they answer the call.

Were we to follow the Bishop of Limerick in his exposition of the laborious services, performed by the clergy of Dublin as members of different charitable boards, and governors and inspectors of various hospitals and schools; and by the clergy generally throughout the island; were we to examine the sums raised in the churches of the establishment, the amount of which is in some cases applied altogether to the relief of the poor Roman Catholic population; were we to consider the spirit of beneficence thus fostered and diffused even among the poorest of the people, and in a degree unexampled in other countries: should we dwell upon the social, civil, and moral services which, from the peculiar circumstances of a country not merely deserted, but drained also, by so many of its opulent landholders, the natural guardians and protectors of the peasantry, it necessarily falls upon the clergy to perform, services of the last importance as matters now stand, to millions of our depressed and unfortunate fellow-subjects, it might be concluded that the strongest prejudices would be disarmed, and that men of this character

character and of these labours would receive the tribute of praise which is their undeniable due; but party-spirit has neither eye nor ear for that which is lovely in form or good in report; and as it has selected the time of their poverty to insult them for their wealth, so has it chosen the period of their most valuable exertions to stigmatize them for their inefficiency.

The recent sufferings of the inhabitants in several extensive districts in Ireland, from the failure of the natural supply of food, and the benevolent endeavours both of individuals and the government of this country, to provide means for encouraging industry, and to prevent, by plans of general improvement, the recurrence of scenes so painful to humanity, are fresh in the recollection of all our readers. And who, let it be asked, were the persons most active in seconding these attempts, and most indefatigable in carrying them into effect? and to whom, at the present moment, are the eyes of every judicious friend to Ireland especially directed? We should in each case most assuredly turn to the clergy?

It was not the Archbishop of Tuam alone, a prelate whose name is almost identified with Christian charity, and whose merciful labours are above all praise, who ministered to the suffering peasantry in the hour of their deep distress; neither is that distinction to be confined to the higher orders of the church; the clergy in general were exemplary for their readiness to render every assistance in their power.

'As collectors and distributors of bounty,' says the Bishop of Limerick, 'as purveyors of food, as parcellers of employment, as overseers of labour, on roads, in bogs, in public works; by their exertions in these and similar departments, the Irish peasantry of those deserted districts (under Providence) were saved from famine and its attendant pestilence, and I would hope, were formed to permanent habits of industry, morality, and grateful feeling.

'For these labours of our clergy did not cease with the emergency of 1822. English bounty had been not merely full, but overflowing; and hence, the London Committee were enabled to make provision, in the ten most distressed counties of Ireland, for lasting improvement. In each of these counties, a considerable fund has been appropriated, under the management of a board of trustees, for the promotion of industry, chiefly in the way of charitable loans; and here the parochial clergy are among the best co-operators. They exert themselves to encourage the cultivation of flax, to superintend the manufacture of wheels, to distribute with their own hands the implements so manufactured; to pay domiciliary visits, for the purpose of observing and ascertaining the progress of industry; and this, not as it might be in an English parish, through the collected and concentrated population of a village, perhaps, and its small surrounding territory, but through

through bogs, across mountains, over miles of scarcely accessible country, swarming with a distressed population. I can lay my finger not only on parishes but districts in Munster, where the judicious exertions of the parochial clergy are absolutely creating manufacture, and giving a new spring and alacrity to the people. Missionaries of civilization, they are, in this way, preparing for the social, and moral, and ultimately, the religious improvement of a most improveable population. These things, I state not on my own sole authority; I appeal to the published report of the Irish Distress Committee. I appeal also to the Commons' report on the state of the Irish poor, now on the table of this house.'—*Speech of the Bishop of Limerick*, p. 78.

It was not without reason that a distinguished professor of St. Andrew's complained, while occupied formerly in his ministerial labours at St. John's, Glasgow, of the additional burthen thrown, by acts of parliament, upon himself and others of the clergy, to the serious interruption of their studies and to the consumption of much valuable time. But the state of things in Ireland leaves no alternative: if the Irish clergy should refuse to take upon themselves many offices which, although in themselves kind and humane, have nothing in them peculiarly ecclesiastical, those offices must often remain unfulfilled; and accordingly, the legislature is not very sparing in its requisitions, nor are the clergy disinclined to comply with them, however painful and laborious. The state of the smaller gaols and bridewells, for instance, is represented to have been such in many particulars as was shocking to humanity, and in a moral view they were not less objectionable, being little better than nurseries of vice and irreligion. By an act passed in 1822, for the better regulation of prisons in Ireland, all bridewells and smaller prisons are placed under the gratuitous inspection of the parochial clergy; whose business it has thus become to see to the provision of wholesome food, and all other necessities for the prisoners, as well as to superintend their discipline and morals. In what manner they discharge these new obligations may be seen by the official statement of the inspectors; it is just such a statement as every friend to the church and to humanity would wish to peruse. To this public testimony the Bishop of Limerick has added a private letter from one of the inspectors, (Major Woodward,) than whom we can hardly conceive a more competent witness, who, in the course of his duties, has yearly traversed the whole south and west of Ireland, his usual circuit being about 3,000 miles.

'I must, as a public officer, whose duties call him into close contact with them throughout the most remote, and (by all others of the higher classes) deserted parts of the kingdom, declare, in common justice, that were it not for the residence and moral and political influence of the parochial clergy, every trace of refinement and civilization would disappear. They

'They have now in the kindest manner added the care of the poor prisoners in gaols, which were scenes of misery and oppression, to the various duties in which they supply the place of the natural guardians of the peace and prosperity of the country; and had not the resource been provided by the prison act, I should have despaired of effecting any radical reform.'—*Major Woodward in Speech of Bishop of Limerick*, p. 89.

We must add one other testimony upon this head, to which we attach great weight, and which we cite, we confess, with peculiar pleasure. It is the testimony of a young man, of one whose party connexions might have been supposed likely to lead him in a different direction; who, having the means of informing his own mind, has had the heart and industry to do so; and, having from proper materials formed his own judgment, has further had the courage to declare it openly and fearlessly, and to lend no feeble or heartless aid to a cause which some of its natural friends deserted, and which its powerful and numerous enemies were bearing down by clamour, boldness and misrepresentation. Conduct like this was worthy of a representative of that Earl of Derby's who died for the monarchy and the church, and encourages us to look forward with the most pleasing anticipations to his future character as a statesman. It augurs well too for the interests of Ireland.

'Mr. Stanley,' says the author of *Rock Detected*, 'was on the estates of his noble grandfather, visiting in person and alone the cabins of the tenantry, seeing with his own eyes their condition, and leaving behind him a remembrance that will make his generosity and benevolence and encouraging condescension, well known and loved with enthusiasm by the grand-children of the men to whose hearts he imparted a hope to which they had long been strangers. Oh! that he was imitated!'—*Rock Detected*, p. 196.

We join most heartily in this concluding wish—these are the visits which the Bishop of Limerick solicits—it is in this way that the members of the British legislature can best inform themselves of the condition of Ireland, and the real merits and character of the Irish clergy. What however was the testimony which such a visit induced Mr. Stanley to afford?

'In ardent and sincere attachment to Ireland I will yield to no man, and there are few sacrifices too great, in my opinion, to purchase her tranquillity and happiness. I cannot however believe, that her happiness or her prosperity are retarded by the existence of the church establishment. I know that of late years, the efforts of the press have not alone been exerted to excite that belief in the public mind. In private circles there has been carried on a system of insidious attack, a species of conversational calumnies, (if I may use the expression,) the object of which is to collect all the personal crimes and vices of individuals, to heap together every rumour of invidious scandal or malignant detraction, for

the purpose of throwing them on the whole body of the church. I will only say, if the same exertion had been employed in publishing the splendid instances of individual merit, which are to be found amongst its members, that church would stand, at the present moment, far above the boldest attempts of calumny. In fact the cases of abuse are exceptions from that mass of rectitude, which is not less admirable for being found in the shade, and their very prominence goes to prove the strength of the rule; and that the church establishment not only *ought* to be, but *is* superior to any other equally numerous body, in all the highest duties imposed upon mankind.

But, it is asked, if such are the benefits which the clergy of Ireland render to their countrymen, to what cause are we to assign their alleged unpopularity? Why is it that their characters are so little understood, and their services so little regarded?

If the fact be that they are generally unpopular, it is indeed a circumstance of rather a singular nature; it is indeed extraordinary that the lower orders should be wholly insensible to kindness; that those, who are amongst the best friends of the poor, who meet them not only with benevolence of purpose, but with that which is welcome to every heart, and especially to the heart of an Irishman, with courtesy and suavity of manner; who stand honourably aloof from all that vexatious and despicable system of jobbing unhappily so prevalent in the sister-island; and who, in addition to spending all their income in the country from which they receive it, employ their time and their talents in ministering to the wants of the distressed, should by those very persons be viewed generally with hatred or aversion—this, we repeat it, is a circumstance of rather a peculiar nature, and not very creditable to the peasantry of Ireland. But, in truth, this is but an assumption, or an inference from partial premises, so often and so loudly repeated that it has gained almost universal belief; but standing upon no better grounds, and no more capable of bearing examination, than the statements respecting the wealth, non-residence, and inefficiency of the clergy, which we have already considered. The Bishop of Limerick's speech is full upon this point, and satisfactory, because it is not merely the expression of opinion or feelings, in which he might well be supposed to be prejudiced, but it is full of facts and appeals to authorities. We will not, however, cite him alone, to show that although attempts have not been wanting to excite a feeling of hostility in the people against the parochial clergy, they have hitherto wholly failed.

'Assuredly, the protestant clergy in Ireland are *not* odious to the people. On the contrary, I believe in my conscience, and I know from a thousand other proofs, that, when the people are left to the free exercise of their judgments, and the natural flow of their affections, the clergy, as individuals, and as a body, are among the most popular, if not entirely
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the most popular, members of society. But whether they be the most popular, or nearly the most popular class, is not the question; it is whether they be odious and detestable to the people of Ireland; and on this point, were it practicable, I could fearlessly appeal to the people of Ireland themselves. But why need I appeal beyond these walls? Petitions lie upon the table of your lordships' house signed by multitudes of Irish Roman Catholics in the least protestant parts of Munster, praying that they may have more protestant clergymen sent to reside among them. And I would ask several noble lords, who now sit in this house, but who commonly reside in Ireland,—especially I would ask the noble earl who presented those petitions, whether the protestant clergy of Ireland are odious and detestable to the Irish people? and on their reply I would cheerfully rest my cause,—my cause I must term it, for I rejoice, with no dishonest satisfaction, to mingle and identify myself with the Irish parochial clergy.

But I can adduce facts for which I can vouch. I shall do so, merely in the way of example, and leave it freely with your lordships to estimate their value.

I know a parish which, from peculiar circumstances not within the controul of the bishop, was for several months left vacant, and unprovided with a resident minister. The population were predominantly Roman Catholic; and they had an excellent pastor of their own communion; but still they absolutely felt as sheep without a shepherd, and were yearning for a protestant clergyman.

In the unhappy year 1798, in the county of Tipperary, in a most disturbed parish, from whence the gentry had fled, one person stood his ground, safe, unmolested, uninjured, though unarmed; he was the protestant vicar of the parish. The very rebels came in a body, and requested permission, without payment, to gather in his harvest. Why? Purely from affection; certainly not from a community of political feeling; for a more loyal subject did not, and does not breathe, than this clergyman.

In the county of Limerick, in the most unquiet district of it—the very focus of insurrection, an insurrection caused by the state of *absentee* lay property, less than two years ago, the few resident gentry had their houses garrisoned, their windows bricked up, candles burning at noon-day, sentinels posted at their doors; they could not so much as walk into their shrubberies unattended by armed protectors. In this very district, within a stone's cast of those garrisoned and barricadoed houses, during the disturbances of 1821 and 1822, resided the clergyman of the parish, a dignitary of the diocese—his house unguarded, his doors unprotected, his windows open; no arms, no unusual precaution; his rides and walks uninterruptedly continued—and he suffered not the least violence, not the slightest insult; a twig of his property was not injured; he was as free from apprehension, as if his residence had been in Palace Yard. These facts I learned, I may say witnessed, on the spot; and on my giving the clergyman credit for his conduct, his modest reply was—

"I cannot take credit to myself for any thing remarkable; I merely

treated the people with common civility and kindness; and when they were sick, was ready to give them a little wine."

'The fact is, that, in various instances, the protestant clergy by their influence kept away disturbance, or suppressed it where it had found entrance; or if, from causes too deeply rooted in the frame of society, the evil had risen beyond their power of conciliation, one exempt spot, one oasis in the desert, one place of refuge, one Zoar was to be seen athwart the burning plain—the glebe and the glebe-house of the protestant parish minister.'—*Speech of the Bishop of Limerick*, pp. 95—98.

'I acknowledge myself,' says the Munster farmer, 'to have been brought over from a very hostile feeling to the establishment, by the conduct of one clergyman in my neighbourhood. In the year 1822, when the people were threatened with a famine, this clergyman *alone* protected the catholic peasantry of a very populous parish. This parish contained the mansion of a nobleman of vast estates, and absentee propensities. If he were a Corinthian pillar, it was only by his weight he was felt. He left his own tenantry in part, and the people around him to perish; the gentry followed his example, and no subscription was raised for the poor. In this difficulty the rector of the parish came forward: he was the father of a large family—he was a man of no property, except the moderate income which he derived from his parish, and yet he undertook, alone, the task of providing sustenance for the people, procuring food for them, by being their security with those who sold, and waiting until the people found the means of repaying him; and I rejoice to say, that he found them generally faithful to their words.'—*Letter to the Hon. Pierce Somerset Butler*, p. 27, 8.

'The protestant clergy of Ireland,' says the Author of the *Letter to Mr. O'Connell*, 'are generally foremost in plans of active benevolence; and the poor, whether catholic or protestant, turn to them most readily, and, I believe I might say, most successfully, for relief.'—p. 32, 3.

From the statements already before the reader, it will not be difficult to decide upon the merits of those various plans which have been propounded for the alteration or reformation of the Irish church. Whatever modifications they may admit, the design and tendency of them all is, in one way or another, to plunder the church of its property and to reduce the number of the protestant clergy. Let us suppose any one of them determined upon and put into action, the tithes granted to the landholders, and the ranks of the prelates and subordinate clergy thinned; would this arrangement be calculated to remove the miseries of the people? Is it by rooting out the only class of well-educated men, who must necessarily reside and spend their incomes upon the spot, and who are employed, as we have seen, in a thousand offices of charity in a country where such ministrations are specially wanted, that you are to relieve the distresses of a harassed and discontented population? Would it not be the wish of every enlightened patriot to increase the numbers of men thus resident and thus employed, and

to add to the sums thus expended? Would it not be a blessing beyond the possibility of calculation, if you could fix in every parish in Ireland a well principled proprietor, who should make it his object to promote the happiness of his neighbourhood, and employ his entire income among those, by whose industry it was raised? Such a race of persons you have in the clergy of Ireland; not collected in a luxurious capital, but scattered through all the districts of wretchedness, and each in his own spot, and in immediate contact with the poor of his own parish, carrying on to the utmost of his power that great work of improvement and civilization, which the legislature is so anxious to promote. Here is an instrumentality which you cannot create by an act of parliament, and which, in every view of benevolence, whether it regards the present time or the future, is of inestimable value. Will parliament be persuaded to destroy it? Is it by delivering up the entire peasantry of Ireland to men, who make it their boast that their property involves no duties, and too many of whom consequently discharge none, that you expect to ameliorate the condition of the people, to silence their complaints, and to calm their perturbations? The truth is, that since the vexatious contentions about the mode of collecting tithes have been done away by the composition acts, or can speedily be done away, if the gentry will forward the measure,* there is not among the manifold evils which afflict unhappy Ireland, a single cause of dissatisfaction which the abolition of church property and the extinction of the clerical order would diminish; there are many which such a change would materially exasperate.

The great and overwhelming curse of the country, as the authentic testimonies of all rational and judicious observers demonstrate, is the degradation, the abject condition, of the lower classes; a finer race of men than the Irish peasantry, more nobly gifted and more generously disposed, is not to be found upon the habitable globe.

'Were I to say,' remarks an able writer, 'that they have not been brutalized by their unfortunate circumstances, I should be giving them no small praise; but it would not be sufficient. Amidst all the wasting influences of time—all the calamitous vicissitudes of revolution—the peasant is still a noble ruin, and attests by many a monumental relic, the primitive dignity of his nature.'—(*Declan. The Case, &c.* p. 87.)

No Englishman can visit these men in their own country, even

* Since this paragraph was penned, we rejoice to learn, from good authority, that the amended tithe-composition act is coming rapidly and widely into operation. The peasantry and farmers in the south of Ireland are generally desirous to compound. The clergy are anxious to meet their wishes; and, in many instances, the landed proprietors are, in this particular, beginning to discern their true interest.

in their meanest habitations, without finding awakened in his mind a very strong feeling of kindness and respect; but, to use an expression which we heard applied to them many years ago by a gentleman in the south of Ireland, they are absolutely ground to powder: there is too frequently no sympathy between the landlord and his tenants; and rents are enormous.* It cannot be otherwise, because the proprietors of the soil, for the most part, are wandering to more inviting places of residence, and leave their wretched dependents to the tender mercies of middlemen and agents. To what an extent this is the case may be conjectured from a single instance; in the county of Kerry a person may travel twenty miles together without seeing the residence of a single country gentleman. Were we to fix upon one particular evil, as paramount to all the rest, we should mention absenteeism. The very term is appropriated to the non-resident gentlemen of Ireland; it has no application to any other country; and how much does that word imply! It appears that from the county of Limerick alone there is annually drawn by absentee proprietors the sum of *three hundred thousand pounds*; from the county of Kerry, the sum of *one hundred and fifty thousand*. The whole sum annually abstracted from Ireland by absentees is estimated at not less than three millions sterling! Is it necessary to point out with what a train of mischiefs this system must be connected? By the absentee not one of the kind offices which take place between an English landlord and his tenant, growing, as they *do* grow, out of habits of personal acquaintance and daily intercourse, is ever likely to be discharged; mutual distrust, mutual bickerings, mutual hostility, extortion and harshness on the one hand, disaffection and hatred on the other, are the natural results of absenteeism; it claims exemption from all duties and acts conformably with the claim. But upon this subject, so vitally important, other persons shall speak for us; we are deeply desirous to produce an impression, but nothing, that we could say, would be likely or entitled to receive the attention which must be paid to the authority of Dr. Jebb; the indignant and unceremonious but forcible and eloquent remonstrance of the Munster farmer; or the feeling and conciliatory expostulation of Mr. Grant.

'In a certain western county,' says the Bishop of Limerick, 'during the calamitous summer of 1822, a subscription was raised for the relief of

* 'It is not long since shrove-tide passed over without a single wedding among Lord ———'s numerous tenantry, because they were afraid that his lordship would suspect that where there were weddings, there was money, and would act accordingly; and it was but the other day a gentleman told me gravely that he paid five hundred a year for the service of God's ministers, and explained himself, by stating the amount of what his tenants paid in tithes to the rector, and what they paid for the various religious rites to the priest of the parish.'—*Rock Detected*, p. 150.

the poor, by the resident gentry, land-owners, and clergy. Application for assistance was made to the absentee proprietors, who annually abstract from that county the sum of eighty-three thousand pounds. And what was the amount of their congregated munificence? My Lords, it was *eighty-three pounds!* not a farthing in the pound of their annual Irish income! Had these proprietors been resident at home, this could never have happened. They could not have witnessed the complicated wretchedness of famine, of nakedness, and of disease, without some effort to relieve it. But they were Irish absentees; and their contribution amounted to eighty-three pounds.—*Speech of the Bishop of Limerick*, p. 74, 5.

‘I have heard landlords and ladies,’ says the Munster farmer, ‘*who, if they thought for an instant, must have known that they were themselves the real cause why the people suffered*, direct the attention of members of the associations to matters totally unconnected with the general distress. “Now, don’t you think, that the church establishment is a horrid bore? Don’t you think that three thousand a year is a great deal too much for any pair of lawn sleeves; and could not the parsons live a very comfortable life, and keep good wives, that would nurse their pigs, and wash their children’s faces very well, *if we allowed them three hundred pounds?*” And who are the people who thus dogmatize with such a flippant and pragmatic philosophy? Frequently they are persons who have strained the exertions of their wretched tenantry until the instruments of torture have snapped; who have been maintaining a shadowy affectation of finery in circles where they were admitted to a kind of scornful toleration, and, in order to sustain the appearance which procured them permission thus to attend at the threshold of honour, have been wringing from the hearts of their forlorn dependants the humble comforts which had been so hardly earned; and who, when oppression could procure no more, returned with the stern grasp of necessity upon them, and imported themselves with their poverty and peevishness, in return for the large revenue they send annually away for the satisfaction of their creditors in England. Oh! this dreadful absenteeism! Who has ever looked upon a group of the peasantry of Ireland, and has not mourned for their desertion? And to think of the love and the homage from which our absentees fly away! I well remember when the name of —, would have sent a trumpet tone into all hearts within the limits of an extensive county. I remember well, when there needed but that name to rouse, into any action of labour or of peril, as fearless and as gallant a host as ever the sun looked down upon. And he who could thus “wield at will” the energies of a fine people, before whom, I am convinced, if danger assailed him, ten thousand men would have made a wall of their dead bodies, rejected the God-like office to which he seemed called, of being the benefactor of such multitudes, for the effeminate and debasing pleasures that alienated him from all good; and now, even in the neighbourhood of his magnificent but desolate mansion, his name is associated with evil, and pronounced in a tone that seems the very echo of disappointed hopes and affections.’—*Rock Detected*, p. 333—6.

‘I would it were in my power,’ says Mr. Grant, speaking of the absentees,

sentees, 'to carry to their hearts such an appeal as the exigency of the case demands—to re-excite in them those recollections of home and of country, which I am sure are not extinguished, but only dormant. I would remind them how little justice they do even to themselves, in abandoning the post which has been assigned to them by Providence, and sacrificing all the high obligations arising from rank, birth and station. I would implore them to reflect how little they consult either their own happiness, or the good opinion of their countrymen, in forsaking the discharge of those duties, which ought to be cultivated by them not merely from a sense of obligation, but, even if obligation were not concerned, from a regard to their truest interests and highest dignity: duties not to be executed as tasks, but to be enjoyed as privileges—the duties of protecting, of enlightening, and of tranquillizing the people committed to their care. I would tell them that it is in vain to look for incompatible advantages—that they cannot draw their rentals from their native country, and lavish them in travel or amusement abroad, and at the same time hope to have a healthy, contented, well-principled, and loyal tenantry at home.'—*Speech of the Right Hon. Charles Grant*, pp. 47, 48.

Now in what way can the extermination of the clergy, and the sale or confiscation of church property, diminish these acknowledged and overwhelming evils? Will the subtraction of that wealth from Ireland, which now, according to the reformers, enables 12 or 1300 clergymen to wallow in luxury;—will the addition of it, or any part of it, to the sums drawn out of the country by absentees, be the most direct or most successful mode of curtailing the cupidity of landlords, or raising the character and increasing the comforts of the poor? Is this the panacea for the deeply seated maladies of a sensitive and despairing people? Admirable scheme of reformation! a most original method of diffusing comfort and contentment by exasperating sufferings already so difficult to endure, and from the Pandora's box of Irish affliction expelling even the last refuge of the miserable—hope!

And can it be supposed that a British parliament will lend itself to such monstrous injustice? What security can there be for property of any description, if that which is unquestionably the most ancient in the island, and to which no man, except the ecclesiastical order, can urge the slightest claim, is to be swept away? what at no distant period, after such a precedent, must be the fate of those estates to which multitudes of poor miserable men can and do point as the inheritance of their fathers, and as of right belonging to themselves? What answer shall be made to the exclamation of these unhappy outcasts; 'that park under the wall of which I live, and that mansion and demesne, which I can scarcely venture to approach, are mine: they were wrested from my family by violence, and I hope to win them again.' Let the landed

landed proprietors, who vote for plundering the church, look well to the consequences :

— ' Eheu !

Quàm temerè in nosmet lege•1 sancimus iniquam !'

But while we mention this, we rely upon a higher principle, upon the compassion of parliament for the depressed population of Ireland, and its firm regard to the high claims of truth and justice and religion. That regard has been evinced upon too many occasions to suffer us to doubt for a moment of its activity upon the present ; if, indeed, we were disposed to appeal to motives, that come more personally near to the hearts and interests of the British part of the legislature, we would venture to remind them that this is not a merely Irish question ; although it is the present policy indeed of the reformers, to separate the two branches of the Protestant Church of this empire, and to represent the character and fate of the one as by no means connected with the other. The time, indeed, is not yet come for a successful attack upon the Church in England : it is rooted at present too deeply in the hearts of the people : they feel too strongly how close is its association with their best sympathies and most grateful recollections, with the liberties and the greatness of their country ; and they have within these few years given ample proof, that they are not yet disposed to resign it. We are told, therefore, that the cases are not analogous ; that the reasoning which applies to one portion of the church has no force in reference to the other. Our reply is, that their arguments (we call them such in courtesy) if successfully adduced against the ecclesiastical establishment in Ireland, will, ere long, be brought with augmented force against the church of our fathers in this country. Is it urged that in Ireland the tithes are a tax upon the land, unfriendly to agriculture, vexatious to the farmer, and a source of eternal heart-burnings and litigation between the tithe-owner and the farmer ? Is it affirmed that the clergy are wallowing in wealth, spending their time at watering-places, and rendering no service for their insulting riches ? and will not the same assertions be as colourably hazarded in England. Is it held to be a hardship upon the Irish Roman Catholic to pay tithe to a protestant minister, and will not the English dissenter exclaim on the same grounds, that he too is supporting a church which he approves not ? Is it affirmed that the Irish clergy are odious to the people, and will it not be discovered that a similar charge applies to the English ? Shall the apostolical character of the church in Ireland, and the antiquity of its possessions oppose no impediment in that case, and with such an example will they be regarded here ? Shall church property be sold, and the clerical order reduced or abolished, although in extensive tracts of country
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the clergy are the only resident gentry, the only effective instruments for civilizing and improving the people, and will the spoliators shrink from their argument, because our gentry are resident, and our people are civilized, and all the machinery of order and improvement is working with the steadiness and power of a steam-engine? Shall the legislature, well knowing that absenteeism is the bane of Ireland, and attaching inexpressible importance to the expenditure of their incomes by Irish proprietors in their native land, throw, nevertheless, into that bottomless gulph all the property of the church, and will that same authority be scrupulous in this country, where every parish is furnished with its nobles, its gentry, or its yeomen, and absenteeism is a term unknown? If it shall be by false representations that the reformers work the ruin and riot in the spoils of the Irish church, will they be likely to be bankrupt in those commodities, where to the stimulus of cupidity is added the stimulus of success? Archimedes himself could not have wished for a better standing-place to shake the world from, than the spirit of mischief would possess in the fallen establishment of Ireland to extend the convulsion, and effect the demolition of its kindred branch. But it will not be: we are persuaded that a high destiny yet awaits both branches of this united church: it has passed, like Christianity itself, through many storms and tempests, through evil report, and calumny, but, by the providence of God, it still survives: the same Providence will continue to watch over it, and distant generations will successively sit under its shadow, and rejoice in its fruits.

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